

The Times

XXTH YEAR.

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Five parts and magazine.

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WITH Dates of Events.
THE CHUTES—WASHINGTON GARDENS. A. L. ELIOT,
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SHOOTING THE CHUTES—Now Open.
WEEK OF SUNDAY, JULY 7—NEW FEATURES.
SEE TODAY AND TONIGHT A BARREL OF FUN.

NEW, MYSTERIOUS, INTERESTING, THE GREAT PARISIAN SENSATION
The CABARET DE LA MORT

Swimming Races—Pony Races—Cake Walks.
SPECIAL CAKE WALK CONTEST SATURDAY, JULY 18.
EDDIE GRIFFITHS Will coast the Chutes on a chainless cycle.

PROF. RABE—His Performing Bear—His Den of Reptiles.

HARMON—The Human Meteor.

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TONIGHT—A BRILLIANT FIREWORKS DISPLAY—TONIGHT.

Splendid Music—5000 Electric Lights—100 Novelties—Fairland Indeed.

Admission to Grounds 10 cents. Children 5 cents.

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100 Events July 15th to 26th inclusive 12 Days

RAILROADS will issue Reduced Tickets from all Points—TO CHAUTAUQUA

NOTE.—Noted Musicians, Distinguished Lecturers and Educators, making a programme which has never been equaled in Southern California, embracing 100 different events, including Four Grand Concerts, Five Operas, Seven Dramas, Lectures, Debates, Classes and general study classes. Unusual interest attaches to this year's meeting and exceptionally low rates made for all events and classes.

... PRICES ...
Special Session Tickets, admitting to all events \$3.00
Season Tickets, if purchased prior to July 15... \$2.50
Family Tickets, admitting five members \$10.00
Delegation and Clubs, purchasing 20 tickets \$25.00
Day Admissions... 25c, 50c and 75c

Address all communications and checks to ELANCHARD-VENTER BUREAU, representatives Chautauqua Assembly, 316 Blanchard Building, Los Angeles, Cal., or Long Beach Information Bureau.

B LANCHARD HALL—Tuesday Evening, July 16th, 8 o'clock
BURT ESTES HOWARD, Professor of Political Science, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, will lecture on the subject, "Education and Democracy."

General admission 50 cents. No reserved seats. Tickets on sale Parker's Book Store, 246 South Broadway.

S IMPSON AUDITORIUM—July 9, 1901—
Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, D.D., LL.D. Editor, Author and World-Renowned Lecturer of NEW YORK, will deliver his lecture on "Peculiarities of Great Orators."

Tickets 50c. Reserved seats \$1.00. On sale at Fitzgerald's Music Store.

O STRICH FARM—South Pasadena—
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE GIANTIC BIRDS
The most beautiful in the country to purchase. Poster, 10c. Postage, 10c.

B IG CURIOSITY STORE Cor. 4th and Main Sts. Melrose's Free Museum, opposite Van Nuys and Westminster Hotels. Visitors should not neglect the privilege.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL

Between Los Angeles and the Beaches—make it convenient for every one who travels via the

FORTY-ONE TRAINS

Between Los Angeles and the Beaches—make it convenient for every one who travels via the

Southern Pacific

SUNDAY, JULY 7.

CATALINA ISLAND... Take the S.P. Co. train from Arcadia Depot 9:30 a.m.; returning arrive Los Angeles 10:10 p.m. Quickest time—last outward landing—first homeward landing.

Leave Arcadia Depot 8:00 a.m., 9:05 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 12:05 p.m., 1:10 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:20 p.m., 4:25 p.m.; last train returning leaves Long Beach at 9:05 p.m.

Leave Arcadia Depot 8:00 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 3:05 p.m., 7:30 p.m.; last train returning leaves San Pedro Wharf at 9:30 p.m.

Leave Arcadia Depot 8:00 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 1:40 a.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 9:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 12:05 p.m., 1:10 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:20 p.m., 4:25 p.m.; last train returning leaves Santa Monica at 8:35 p.m.

All trains leave River Station 15 minutes earlier, stopping at New Junction, Commercial and First streets.

Five Los Angeles Stations—Seats for Everybody.

Ten-ride Tickets \$1.50—Good for Any One.

Pack your lunch and spend a day at the seashore.

Los Angeles Ticket Office, 261 S. Spring St.

CHEAP RATES—

EEEE EAST ooo

Buffalo, \$87.00, August 22 and 23.

Chicago, \$72.50, July 20 and 21.

Cleveland, \$82.50, September 5 and 6.

Colorado Springs, \$55.00, July 8 and 9.

Louisville, \$77.50, August 20 and 21.

Milwaukee, \$74.50, July 17 and 18.

The best service and the pleasantest way is furnished by the SANTA FE Ticket Office, Cor. Second and Spring Sts.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—
TWO BOATS ON SATURDAYS

To the Grand Illumination of Avalon Bay.

Steamer service from San Pedro wharves with trains, leaving Los Angeles as follows:

SOUTHERN PACIFIC—Arcade Depot.

Saturdays. 9:20 a.m., 5:08 p.m.

Other days 9:21 a.m.

Sunday Excursion allows 5 hours on the Island; other days 2½ hours. Fare for the round trip—Excursion, \$2.50; Regular, \$2.75.

Hotel Metropole always open. Island Villa open July 1st to August 31st. Cur

Mario Band of 22 Soloists. S.S. Hermosa leaves Avalon 2 p.m. every Sunday for Isthmus, returning 5:45 p.m.; late round trip \$1.00.

See BANNING COMPANY, 222 South Spring St.

GOOD TEMPLARS' JUBILEE PICNIC—

LONG BEACH, JULY 9.

The W. C. T. U., Anti-Saloon League and Good Templars will attend, taking

The Salt Lake Route Train at 8:50 a.m.

Other trains leave 10:30 a.m. and 1:40 p.m. Last train returns 6:45 p.m. Tel. Main 968.

Cut Rate Shippers
and from the East
Broadway Tel. M. 332.

PER WEEK 20 CENTS
PER MONTH 75 CENTS \$9 A YEAR.

AT HOME
TO REST.

**McKinley House
Tenanted.**

**President and Wife are
Again in Canton.**

**Mrs. McKinley Stood Journey
Remarkably Well.**

**Many Changes Made in Old
Homestead—Chats With
Old Friends.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)

CANTON, (O.) July 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] It was the hope of obtaining the largest possible measure of rest and quiet and personal comfort that prompted the President and Mrs. McKinley to reject the scores of invitations extended to them to pass their vacation at the residence of their friends or palatial summer homes of some of their friends, and to come to their own home in Canton. They arrived this morning and all was in readiness for their ease and comfort, thanks to the corps of servants who came from Washington a week or two ago, and they were conveyed to the house in their own carriage, drawn by their own horses, also sent from Washington.

The old home has undergone a great change since they last occupied it, to the casual observer, although in fact not much change has been made. All traces of the two Presidential campaigns have been removed; the lawn is covered with a bed of sod and dotted with numerous flower beds. Plants were sent out a week or two ago for this, but so well were they received and so well have they been cared for since, that they have already lost the appearance of newness and many of them were in bloom to greet the President and Mrs. McKinley when they arrived this morning.

The historic porch has undergone the greatest change. The old steps from which so many speeches have been made, still stands, but balustrades to either side of them make it an enclosed porch. An octagon extension on the north end connects with a new porch to the north side of the house, which also includes a new porte-cochere over a paved drive from the street and through the lawn to the stable, where the President's horses are now kept, instead of a boarding stable, as last year.

The home-coming of the President and Mrs. McKinley this morning was,

“WHAT DOES IT PROFIT A (LABORING) MAN?”



Laboring Man (sizing up the situation): I'm a d—d fool.

out of respect to Mrs. McKinley's condition, a quiet and undemonstrative proceeding, entirely informal in character, but a warm and cordial welcome from old friends. There was a large crowd at the station and one round of hearty cheers was sent up as the President and Mrs. McKinley appeared on the platform of their car. It was merely a suggestion of what the people would have liked to do had they felt free to call out the bands and make a formal welcome. But advice that such a demonstration might have an unfavorable effect upon Mrs. McKinley, restrained the enthusiasm and preserved dignified order about the station. Not even the old committees that have done duty since 1896 were there as such, but individuals who were on hand with a carriage to receive and look after the efforts of the station. The station platform was draped with flags, and flags were unfurled from public and private buildings all over the city.

Mrs. McKinley stood the trip from Washington remarkably well. She had a comfortable night on the train and was feeling as well as she has for some days, when she reached her own home. The limits of the station are Port Said at the entrance of the Red Sea, on the east, and a line running north and south through the Atlantic from the southernmost point of Greenland to Para, on the north coast of Brazil, and thence eastward. This includes the Azores and all of the waters of Europe and North Africa.

Admiral Cromwell has been until now commander of the South Atlantic station, and his new assignment creates a vacancy which will be filled by present by Capt. Pendleton of the Atlantic, now at Rio. The South Atlantic station is to be the Atlantic station, and the command will be given to Capt. Pendleton.

The delegates also announced that they were authorized to offer a contribution of \$100,000 to the Democratic National campaign fund. They explained that the Philippine people were convinced by the utterances of Mr. Bryan and his principal supporters that their only hope of justice and freedom lay in Democratic success.

On the other hand the policy pursued by the McKinley administration had advised Aguinaldo and his people that the Republican party had no intention to govern the Philippines other than as subject colonies.

Bryan's representative informed Aguinaldo's envoys that the Democratic party could have no dealings or bargains directly or indirectly, openly or covertly with men bearing arms against the authority of the United States. They were told that the Philippine question was being fought out as an issue of domestic politics, and that the American people could thresh it out and settle it among themselves without any outside suggestions or interference.

The Democratic spokesman said that if Aguinaldo believed his people's only hope of justice lay in Mr. Bryan's election, he should not have believed it possible that the Democratic candidate would secretly traffic with armed enemies of his country. The Philippine envoys were advised to leave New York at once and to inform their government that the Democratic party would have nothing to do with them.

The Filipinos were deeply disappointed, but immediately left New York and went to Toronto, Can., to communicate the answer of the Democratic leader to Aguinaldo.

**BAIT FOR
BRYAN.**

**Filipinos Tried to
Catch Him.**

**Offered to Contribute to
Campaign Fund.**

**Proposed to Surrender if He
Were Elected.**

**Democratic Candidate Could
Not Accept the Offered
Assistance.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)

NEW YORK, July 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The World's Washington correspondent says the world is authorized to make public the extraordinary fact that during the Presidential campaign last year Aguinaldo sent messengers to Mr. Bryan offering to surrender unconditionally in case a Democratic President were elected, and proposing a contribution of money from the Filipino revolutionary treasury to the Democratic election fund.

This remarkable disclosure throws a strong light on the real attitude of the insurgent government and its leaders toward the United States.

During Bryan's first visit to New York, after his nomination at Kansas City, two agents of the so-called Philippine republic appeared at the Hoffman House and asked to see the Democratic leader. Mr. Bryan declined to receive them. The next day they returned and renewed the attempt to secure a private interview with Bryan, but again they failed to see him. They insisted that their business was of overwhelming importance, but declined to give a hint of the object of their mission.

Later in the day they were informed that one of Bryan's friends would receive them in his hotel, but they were assured that they could not be treated with as officials of the revolutionary government, but as private individuals.

The two delegates of the Philippine government waited at the time appointed, and presented their credentials. They declared that with Bryan's approval Aguinaldo would at once issue a proclamation announcing that in the event of Bryan's election to the Presidency, the Philippine army would without condition surrender to the United States and trust the Bryan administration for a reasonable form of government, founded on the principles of the Constitution of the United States.

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SLAIN BY WILD BEASTS.

**New Mexican Shepherd Attacked
by a Female Bear and Her Cubs and
Frightfully Mangled.**

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
ALBUQUERQUE, July 6.—While herding a flock of sheep on the range between Cobolita and Ojo San Francisco, about thirty-five miles northwest of Albuquerque, Cerfino Jaramillo was attacked by a large female bear and her two cubs. His head and body were frightfully scratched and torn, and he died while being taken to his home in Los Duran.

THE PHILIPPINES
CLEAN-UP OF
INSURGENTS.

Col. Wint Scoops Them
at Albay Bay.

Rebel Leader Bellarmino
Surrenders.

Successful Operations by the
Sixth Cavalry—Taft and
Chaffee in Accord.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A. M. J.
MANILA, July 6.—(By Manila Cable.) The forces of the insurgent
leader Bellarmino, which recently have
been operating around Donsol, province
of Sorsogon, were driven across the
mountains by the Second Infantry and
captured by the Sixth Cavalry. Bellarmino,
with 100 men, had 84 horses, and
surrendered to Col. Wint at Albay,
one of the provinces of that name. One
hundred more rifles will be surrendered
tomorrow.

According to the official announcement,
Bellarmino surrendered Thursday last at Legazpi, on Albay Bay, with 22 officers, 315 men, and 3000
rounds of ammunition. The insurgent
president of that section of the country
and many Filipinos accompanied
Bellarmino, who gave himself up to
Col. Theodore J. Wint of the Sixth
Cavalry. In all since June 1, 1901, insur-
gents have surrendered in that district.
Col. Wint's command came from China
with Gen. Chaffee. Before disembark-
ing at Legazpi Col. Wint asked Gen.
Chaffee if he desired him to clean up
that part of the country. Gen. Chaffee
replied, "Yes, but I do not command
until July 1."

In three weeks Bellarmino was cor-
nered in spite of the theories of many
officers that cavalry could not be used
in effective operations in such a coun-
try.

The insurgent general, Caillies, who
surrendered at Santa Cruz, Laguna
province, June 24, and his friends have
offered to negotiate with Malvar, the
insurgent leader of Southern Luzon,
for the latter's surrender.

Former Filipino officers who belonged
to Malvar's command report that fifty
insurgents were killed and that many
were injured by the command of Lieut.
Montano during a two days' fight
in the province of Batangas.

The Twentieth Infantry has been or-
dered from Northern Luzon to Batan-
gas.

Civil Gov. Taft and Military Gov.
Chaffee are working agreeably together.
They are holding informal conferences
and are arriving at mutual understand-
ings, a state of affairs hitherto almost
unknown here.

REDISTRIBUTING TROOPS.
GEN. CHAFFEE'S PLANS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)
MANILA, July 6.—(Excluded.)
Gen. Chaffee plans a redistribution
of troops by stationing the troops
in the open country, and in
infantry in the mountain and forest
districts. Negros and northern Cebu will
be occupied by cavalry, and probably
the provinces of Laguna de Bay and
Nueva Ecija, and others. The cav-
alry in northern Luzon will be trans-
ferred, as mounted work is difficult
there.

Gen. Chaffee does not favor mounted
infantry. He considers cavalry well dis-
tributed as it is. He will reinforce
the troops in Samar, and send a strong
force to Bohol, drawing on the troops
in North Luzon and the pacific prov-
inces. These changes are possible,
now that the attention of the military
head is not distracted by civil affairs,
but they will be gradual, owing to the
lack of stock and transportation.

Gen. Chaffee does not think the time
ripe for the employment of native
troops. He proposes, however, to use
natives as scouts, but caution is needed
in the selection.

Gen. Chaffee will leave tomorrow for
three days' inspection in Bataan
provinces. He will subsequently visit
Laguna.

Referring to a story recently pub-
lished, Gen. Chaffee denies that he im-
plicated that Lady MacDonald, wife of
the British Minister, looted during the
official entry into Peking, on August 28.
He adds that it is impossible that
ministers said what they are reported
to have said regarding the conduct of
diplomatic wives, as it is well known that no
American woman entered the imperial
palace at the time. His only criticism
regarding the destruction of the Wat-
chon pagoda was that it occurred under
Sir Claude MacDonald's direction. This,
however, could not be construed into a
charge of looting.

CASUALTY LIST.

MACARTHUR'S LATEST REPORT.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P. M.)

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Hereafter all
ordinary casualties among the
troops in the Philippines and other
possessions will be reported to the
War Department by mail instead of by
cable.

Gen. MacArthur, under date of
Manila, June 1, reports the following
losses in the Philippines:

Absence of the liver—John A. Can-
niffe, Sixth Infantry, Bacolod, Negros.
Killed by comrade—William Cook,
Second Infantry, Masbate; George F.
Sensabaugh, First Infantry, Hilabuton,
Samar.

Vertebral—George Goetz, Thirty-
seventh Infantry, Legazpi, Luzon.
Insolation—Edward Grady, Seventh
Artillery, Legazpi, Luzon.

Vertebral—E. Grider, Third Cavalry, Vigan, Luzon; George W.
Smith, Third Cavalry, Vigan, Luzon.
Suicide—Wiley Matson, Twenty-
eighth Infantry, Pampanga, Luzon.

Dysentery—William T. Morris, ser-
geant, Second Infantry, Apalit, San-
chez. Lungs—Lutus, saddler, First Cavalry, Calamba, Luzon; Henry Koch,
corporal, First Battery, Field Artillery,
Hospital No. 3, Manila; John B.
Tracey, Signal Corps, hospital No. 3, Manila.

Result of gunshot wounds in action—
John Einfelder, corporal, Eighth Infantry,
Santa Cruz, Luzon.

Heat exhaustion—William Iltis, mu-
nition, Third Cavalry Company, Coast
Artillery, first reserve hospital, Manila.
Drowned—Frederick W. Martin,
Thirtieth Infantry, Vigan, Luzon; body
recovered.

Vertebral—Edward J. Brewer, Third
Cavalry, Vigan, Luzon.

Malaria fever—Bert Lewis, Forty-
eighth Infantry, San Fernando, Luzon.
In conclusion Gen. MacArthur says:

"With reference to our telegram of
July 21, the bodies of Sergeant Walker W.
Boone and Private Sherry Moran,
Troop F, Tenth Cavalry, have been re-
covered."

INDIAN TERRITORY
OPENING PROCLAMATION.

THE PRESIDENT HAS FINISHED THE
INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

Two New Land Districts and Three
New Counties Have Been Created in
the Recently-Ceded Area—Valuable
Timber Reserves.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P. M.
WASHINGTON, July 6.—The President
has signed the bill creating Indian lands
in the Indian Territory. The bill was
published in the newspapers of Monday morn-
ing. There is a vast area of the lands,
and thousands of people have been
waiting upon the borders for months
in order to be among the first to enter.

The opening of the new country will
necessitate the creation of two new
land districts and three new counties,
and they have been established by
proclamation of the President. The
land office for the First District is to
be located at El Reno, and the
Second at Lawton, named for the late
Gen. Lawton and located on the site
of the old Fort Sill. The lands embrac-
ed in the First District will be wholly
in the ceded country, and the
Second will be in the El Reno district
from both the Oklahoma City and
Kiowa districts.

The new counties are created
respectively, Custer and Anadarko,
and Kiowa and Kiowa, with Hobart
as county seat. Concho and Lawton
are also established.

The President has also issued a pro-
clamation designating the Wichita
Mountains, in the heart of the old
Kiowa reservation, as a forest reserve.
The lands thus reserved cover an area
of 58,000 acres, and are covered with
timber and undergrowth.

BRIEF HONEYMOON.

Lloyd A. Turner Described His Vir-
ginia Bride Two Days After Their
Elopement—She Sues for Divorce.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)
WASHINGTON, July 6.—(Excluded.)
Lloyd A. Turner, son of Gen. George
Turner, who married Miss Adeline
McGraw, of Richmond, Va., in this city
June 29, after an acquaintance lasting
two weeks, has deserted his bride in
Virginia, and she has now filed suit
for a divorce.

The express companies are working
aggressively to get the news to the
country, and the public is in a state of
anxiety.

Gen. Turner, who is quite a young
man, came here about June 1, and met
Miss Mayo, who was here visiting
friends. One day they went out and
got married, and there was something
approaching a social party among the
young woman's friends here. In
Richmond, where she stands very high
in society. For two days friends of the
young couple would not admit they
were married at all. Meanwhile the
bride and groom had gone to Virginia
to spend their honeymoon, and just two
days after the wedding day, Mr. Turner
left his bride he was compelled to go
north on business, and went away.
That's the last seen of him, and yesterday
Mrs. Turner brought suit for divorce.

Mr. Turner is reported to be a son of
a former naval officer stationed in San
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HER
ORTSArcadia
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Summer Resort

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smooth, safe beach;
delightful drives, golf
salt water baths, ele-
table and appointmentsReached by South-
ern trains and electric

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city hotel.

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ND BAYER Prop.

Hops Every

Evening.

Los Angeles at

returning home.

ED. DUNHAM.

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NEW HOTEL

The
Riviera

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contains 100 sunny

rooms, porcelain bath

s, electric lights, the

garden containing

6 square feet, furni-

the finest out-

ballroom in Cali-

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Catalina and

ounding country.

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GREAT MEN GONE HENCE.

Prof. Joseph Le Conte Passes Away.

Dies Suddenly During a Visit to Yosemite.

Prince Von Hohenlohe Expires During an Outing in Switzerland.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.1 YOSEMITE, July 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Prof. Joseph Le Conte of the University of California, expired suddenly at Camp Curry, shortly before 11 o'clock this morning of angina pectoris, a heart affection. So unexpected was Prof. Le Conte's death that only his daughter was present in the tent he was occupying at the time.

Mrs. S. M. Davis, a trained nurse, whose services had been secured of another patient at the camp, had been sent to the hotel for refreshments. Prof. Le Conte had not been feeling well since the night before, but did not think seriously of the attack, and seemed confident of quick recovery.

Prof. Le Conte and party arrived to the camp on July 4, and yesterday he seemed to be in his usual good health. He and his friends drove about the valley in the afternoon, returning to camp in the evening. He spoke of feeling somewhat exhausted and lay in a hammock for some time. Later in the evening he complained of occasional severe pains in the region of the heart, the same extending down the left arm. They did not impress him as serious at the time, and the species of attack was said to be the spasms. His ate an unusually hearty dinner, joking pleasantly and planning for the trip of the morrow, for he and his party were to go to Glacier Point this morning, where they were to remain two nights. The trip was to be made via the Vernal and the Nevada Falls, and on to the point.

Prof. Le Conte retired to tent No. 10 at about 9 o'clock, sleeping well until midnight, at which time he was awakened by violent pains in the region of the heart. Taking a remedy he had with him, he was soon asleep. At 4 o'clock he was again awakened by very severe pains in the heart. They were so severe this time that Dr. Edward R. Taylor of the Medical College and Dr. Wall of Berkeley, both old and dear friends of the deceased, were called. They applied such remedies as they had at hand. The patient in the mean time kept growing worse, and so at 6:30 o'clock a messenger was dispatched to the Sentinel Hotel for Dr. Charles Cross of San Francisco, who is spending the season in the valley.

Upon the latter's arrival a consultation was held, and all three agreed to the diagnosis that the distinguished patient was suffering from an attack of angina pectoris, a heart trouble, and that owing to his extreme age, 78 years, his condition was most serious.

Dr. Cross remained with him until about 10 o'clock, calling to his assistance two trained nurses he had in camp. At this hour he returned to the hotel for some medicine.

At 10:30 o'clock the professor remarked to his daughter that he felt very much oppressed, and asked that he be turned on his back. This was done, but afforded no relief. A few moments later he turned upon his left side, and at 10:45 o'clock he passed away. Up to almost the last moment he was conscious.

The remains of the dead scientist left here this afternoon at 5 o'clock in a special stage. They were accompanied by his daughter and Dr. Taylor. They will reach Raymond in time for the early train, and should be in Berkeley tomorrow afternoon.

THE UNIVERSITY'S LOSS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.1

BERKELEY, July 6.—The student body of the University of California were cast into the deepest sorrow today when the news of the death of Prof. Joseph Le Conte was received. Mrs. Le Conte is ill and was not informed of her husband's death.

Miss Caroline Le Conte was prostrated. On account of the illness of Mrs. Le Conte the funeral will be a quiet one.

Beside the widow, Prof. Le Conte leaves three daughters and a son. Mrs. Means Davis, wife of Prof. Davis of Columbia, S. C., who is a member of the faculty of the University of South Carolina; Mrs. Furman of Milledgeville, Ga.; Miss Caroline Le Conte of this city and Joseph Le Conte, Jr., an instructor in mechanics at the University of California, who is at present on his wedding trip in Kings River Canyon.

When seen tonight regarding the loss sustained by the University of California by the death of Prof. Le Conte President Roosevelt, Mr. William Howard Taft, the immediate presence of our great loss it is Joseph Le Conte as the man, even more than Joseph Le Conte, the scholar, who is in our thoughts. To those who have known him, who have felt the touch of his warm personality, I must believe it will always remain so. His soul was clear as a crystal. Even through the pages of his books show the warmth of his personality. For thirty-two years he has had a great vital power in the University of California. No man can estimate the value of the influence he has exerted. His students knew what he expected of them, and they answered him faithfully.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.1 OAKLAND, July 6.—Prof. Joseph Le Conte became connected with the University of California in 1889. He was born in Lincoln County, Ga., in 1822. His elementary education was received in a neighborhood school, and one of his teachers was the famous Alexander H. Stevens. In 1841 he graduated from Franklin College, in the University of Georgia. He then received a medical education at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, taking the degree of doctor of medicine in 1846. He practiced medicine at Macon, Ga., until 1859 and then went to Cambridge to study under the great Agassiz.

In 1851, Le Conte went back to Georgia and was elected to the chair of natural science at Oglethorpe University. He was engaged by the Confederate government as a chemist during the war, and in 1865 he came to

California. He enjoyed a national reputation as an educator. The funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

PRINCE VON HÖHENLOHE. GERMAN STATESMAN DEAD. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.1) BERLIN, July 6.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Prince Von Hohenlohe, formerly German Imperial Chancellor, died at Ragatz, Switzerland, last evening.

Prince Von Hohenlohe's death was generally unexpected here, as he left Berlin several weeks ago in the best of health, although his increasing weakness was evident. The Prince arrived at Ragatz extremely exhausted. His death is attributed to the weak-ness of old age.

The arrangements for the trans- portation of the body to Germany and for the obsequies are not yet definitely determined, and it is not known that the remains will be conveyed to the Hohenlohe ancestral home at Schillingfurth, where the family vault is situated and where the body of Prince Von Hohenlohe was interred. It is also expected that Chancellor Von Buelow will break his sea-side rest and attend the funeral.

Admiral Gervais, who has fixed his departure on his trip to Norway for Monday next, it is deemed likely that His Majesty will once more postpone the date of his starting on his trip in order to come to Berlin to attend the funeral. Prince Von Hohenlohe, His Majesty always called the Prince "Uncle Chlodwig."

The officials of the United States embassy here informed the corre-spondent that the prince had died of a heart affection. So unexpected was Prof. Le Conte's death that only his daughter was present in the tent he was occupying at the time.

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WESTCHESTER, July 6.—C. R. Crandall, president of the Sedalia Trust Company of Sedalia, Mo., died suddenly in a hotel here today. His death is supposed to have been caused by heart disease aggravated by heat. Mr. Crandall was 60 years of age.

Mrs. Le Conte is ill and was not informed of her husband's death. Miss Caroline Le Conte was prostrated. On account of the illness of Mrs. Le Conte the funeral will be a quiet one.

MORTIMER NYE.

PORTLAND (Ore.) July 6.—Dr. J. W. Watt, who was Presidential elector for the Republicans, died in 1876, died at his home in Lafayette today. Dr. Watt came into great prominence from the fact that Gov. Grover of Oregon, a Democrat, refused to issue a certificate to vote on the ground that he was a fourth-class postmaster at the time of his election. For a time it was thought that the election of the President of the United States hinged on Watt's vote.

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NEW YORK, July 6.—Gov. Gen. Wood's physicians report that the man from whom their patient is suffering is making his usual course, and that there have been no serious developments.

JOHANNES SCHMIDT.

BERLIN, July 6.—Johannes Schmidt, the famous Indo-German scholar of Berlin University, is dead.

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ARE TRIBAL LAWS VALID?

DECISION OF UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER IN INDIAN TERRITORY RAISES THAT QUESTION.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.1

KANSAS CITY, July 6.—A special to the Star from Vinita, Okla., says that United States Commissioner John Field, today in a replevin suit to recover some stock sold under the Cherokee stray law, that it being a tribal law, was not rated before any United States court.

This is a most important ruling to stockmen throughout the Cherokee Nation. It brings up the question of the validity of any tribal laws now in

SUCCESSFUL FRENCH NAVAL MANEUVERS.

POWERFUL FLEET PLAYING WAR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Plan of Campaign Has Some Very Realistic Features—Admiral Gervais Idol of the Navy—Submarine Torpedo Boat's Success.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

PARIS, July 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

Never before has France assembled in Mediterranean waters so formidable a fleet as that composed by the united squadrons of the North and Mediterranean, which, under the direction of Vice-Admiral Gervais, is executing maneuvers between Gibraltar and Bizerte. This great French arsenal and fortress, in the opinion of foreign and impartial navy experts here, is far more up to date and efficient aspect to armament and equipment than either of its British rivals, Gibraltar or Malta.

The fleet under Admiral Gervais's command consists of forty-three ships, every one of which is stated to be thoroughly efficient and fully manned. Besides twelve torpedo destroyers and one torpedo supply ship, there are fifteen battleships, five armored cruisers and seven protected cruisers. It is significant that the British Mediterranean squadron under Admiral Fisher, at the present moment could muster only ten battleships.

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FRISCO WINS ONE MORE.**LooLoos Lose Ten-round Battle Royal.****Hartwell's Support not Gold Plated.****Statesmen Lose to Cripples by Taking a Dose of Too Much Johnson.****BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**
SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—There was another great struggle for baseball supremacy at Recreation Park today, in which San Francisco beat Los Angeles by a score of 3 to 2, after ten exciting innings had been played. Each side made the same number of hits and every point was stubbornly contested from start to finish.

Evans pitched for San Francisco and Hartwell for Los Angeles, and each twirler added to his reputation. If anything, Hartwell was not accorded the support given Evans, which was doubtless responsible for the victory for the home team. Score:

LOS ANGELES.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.
PITTSBURGH, July 6.—Four hits in the first inning, including a two-bagger and a home run, were all that enough Taylor would be knocked out, but he recovered and scattered the hits after that. The attendance was \$300. Score:Pittsburgh, 8; hits, 9; errors, 1.
New York, 8; hits, 10; errors, 2.

Batteries—Hahn and Zimmerman; Taylor and Warner.

Umpires—O'Connor and Buslow.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Brooklyn played a pretty up-hill game and finally won out by fine batting and taking advantage of the local's error. Attendance, 5,000.

Chicago, 6; hits, 16; errors, 5.

Brooklyn, 8; hits, 14; errors, 2.

Batteries—Taylor and Kahoe; Hughes and McGuire.

Umpire—Nash.

SUMMARY.Run responsible for Evans, 2; Hartwell, 1.
Home-base hits—Householder, Hildebrandt, Hartwell.First base on errors—San Francisco, 1.
Home-base hits—Los Angeles, 2; San Fran-

cisco, 1.

Struck out—By Evans, 2; by Hartwell, 2.
Hit by pitcher—Nordyke, Krug.

Home—Krug.

Wild pitch—Hartwell.

Time of game, 3h. 45m.

Umpire—Graves.

CRIPPLES WIN.**YOUNGJOHN DID IT.****BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

SACRAMENTO, July 6.—Oakland won today's game, which was interesting. Youngjohn was effective and until the ninth inning only three safe hits had been taken from his delivery. Score:

SACRAMENTO.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.
OAKLAND, July 6.—The final in the tennis tournament were completed yesterday afternoon in a very spirited contest. In the semi-finals Hopkinson beat Abebehn, 7-5, 7-5; T. Brown beat Coppe, 4-6, 6-4; Paine beat Nicols, 6-4, 6-3; T. Brown beat Hildebrandt, 6-4, 6-4; Carter beat A. Brown, 6-2, 6-2; Carter beat Paine, 6-0, 6-1. This narrowed the contest down to T. Brown and Carter in the finals, Brown winning out in 6-4, 9-7, 4-6, 6-2. Both played a strong game throughout and Carter was the better player. As a veteran tennis player and has won many a battle, but the work was severe and the endurance of the younger man told in his favor. The prizes were a handsome stamped leather racquet case and a fine briar pipe. Claypool was prevented from taking part in the final, having sprained a tendon in his leg.**NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY.****BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The report from Brussels that former President Kruger is being urged to notify the powers that unless they intervene in the South African contest, he will commission privates, is not treated seriously here.

It is well understood as an outcome of the war with Spain that the United States government will never again accept the services of extraordinary emergencies, issue letters of credit, and the same reasons impel the government from recognizing any such warrants issued by any other nation, even that nation is still standing.

The board of pardons, both of the belligerents, by agreement, refrained from issuing commissions to privates, but it has now been many years since the fact of any respectable nation has been known.

In the case of Mr. Kruger, it is extremely doubtful whether he would, if the issue were forced in this way, be recognized as a de facto President, and thus to issue commissions to privates. That point would have to be settled at the outset and each nation whose commerce was affected or was threatened by the privates would determine for itself his competency.

It is scarcely to be expected that they would decide against their own commercial interests, that Mr. Kruger's supporters would find it difficult to secure general recognition.

The threat to send out privates without President Kruger's consent is idle. It is evident on here that such a threat would be picturesquely stupid, and the civilized world would sweep them off the seas if they should begin operations against the commerce of the nation.

KILBURN IN THE LEAD.**INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.) July 6.—The**

news this morning that it learns on good authority that Charles G. Dawes has recommended A. D. Lynch, now head of the insolvent bank department in the Comptroller's office, as his successor to the Comptroller of the Currency.

Mr. Lynch is from Indianapolis.

SEVEN-FT. opaque shades, 25c.**DETROIT (Mich.) July 6.—Miller's**

home on ball field errors nearly lost today's game for Detroit. The locals won in the eleventh. The attendance was 2,000. Score:

Detroit, 6; hits, 17; errors, 3.

Chicago, 5; hits, 9; errors, 4.

Batteries—Miller and Shaw; Katol and Sugden.

BALTIMORE-PHILADELPHIA.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

PHILADELPHIA, July 6.—After Bal-

timore had tied the score in the eighth

inning, the home team developed a

batting streak, and sent four runs

across the plate. With two men out

Crossan, at second, Howell gave

Seybold his last. Mattingly, who had

not been hitting, drove one to the

fence for a double, scoring Crossan and

Seybold, and tallied on Powers's triple.

The latter scored on Dolan's double.

The attendance was 5,700. Score:

Philadelphia, 8; hits, 9; errors, 2.

Batteries—Powell and Bresnahan;

Bernard and Powers.

BOSTON-WASHINGTON.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

BOSTON, July 6.—Boston took an

added contest from Washington today,

scoring Lee out of the box in two

innings. Geer, who succeeded him, was effective, except in the third inning. The attendance was 5,500. Score:

Boston, 5; hits, 7; errors, 3.

Washington, 6; hits, 5; errors, 4.

Batteries—Young and Criger; Lee, Geer and Clark.

CLEVELAND-MILWAUKEE.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

CLEVELAND (O.) July 6.—After giving Milwaukee two runs in the first

inning on errors, Cleveland batted Hawley out of the box in the fourth,

scoring six runs. Garvin, who suc-

ceeded him, struck out the first five

men up. The attendance was 3,200. Score:

Cleveland, 11; hits, 15; errors, 3.

Milwaukee, 6; hits, 8; errors, 1.

Batteries—Dewitt and Wood; Hawley, Garvin and Maloney.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

CINCINNATI, July 6.—Boston could do nothing with Hahn today. Nichols's home run alone saved the visitors from a shut-out. The attendance was 2,200. Score:

Cincinnati, 4; hits, 11; errors, 1.

Boston, 1; hits, 4; errors, 4.

Batteries—Hahn and Bergen; Pittin-

ger, Dineen and Kiltedge.

Umpire—Cunningham.

ST. LOUIS-PHILADELPHIA.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

ST. LOUIS, July 6.—Philadelphia drove Harper out of the box today, and then took turns about at the remainder of the St. Louis pitchers. The at-

tendance was 2,100. Score:

St. Louis, 9; hits, 12; errors, 0.

Philadelphia, 4; hits, 11; errors, 4.

Batteries—Harmer, Sutphen, Fisher,

Burns and Ryan; White and Jack-

litch.

NEW YORK-PITTSBURGH.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

PITTSBURGH, July 6.—Four hits in the

first inning, including a two-bagger

and a home run, were all that enough

Taylor would be knocked out, but he

recovered and scattered the hits after

that. The attendance was \$300. Score:

Pittsburgh, 8; hits, 9; errors, 1.

New York, 8; hits, 10; errors, 2.

Batteries—Hahn and Zimmerman; Pittin-

ger, Dineen and Kiltedge.

Umpire—O'Day.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—Four hits in the

first inning, including a two-bagger

and a home run, were all that enough

Taylor would be knocked out, but he

recovered and scattered the hits after

that. The attendance was \$300. Score:

San Francisco, 8; hits, 9; errors, 1.

New York, 8; hits, 10; errors, 2.

Batteries—Hahn and Zimmerman; Pittin-

ger, Dineen and Kiltedge.

Umpire—O'Connor and Buslow.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Brooklyn played a

pretty up-hill game and finally won

out by fine batting and taking ad-

vantage of the local's error. Attendance,

5,000.

Chicago, 6; hits, 16; errors, 5.

Brooklyn, 8; hits, 14; errors, 2.

Batteries—Taylor and Kahoe; Hughes

and McGuire.

Umpire—Nash.

NO COURTING TODAY.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

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Batteries—Taylor and Kahoe; Hughes

and McGuire.

Umpire—Nash.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

THE HAGUE, July 6.—Mr. Kruger

has definitely abandoned his Ameri-

can visit on account of traveling fati-

gues, as well as the clearly ex-

pressed attitude of the United States

government.

PRIVATEER TWADDLE.**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.**

BRUSSELS, July 6.—The Petit Bleu

says that Mr. Kruger has lately re-

fused to entertain proposals to arm

privates, but that the promoters are

again urging the former President of

the South African Republic to notify

the powers that unless they intervene in

the South African contest, he will

commission privates, is not treated

seriously here.

YOUNGJOHN DID IT.

THE OIL FIELDS
LOCAL PRODUCERS NOW
FIRMLY UNITED.

INDORSE PROPOSITION OF THE OIL
STORAGE COMPANY.

Committee Instructed to Draft Contract—Fine New Well in the Ojai Field—Indexed Maps of Kern Fields Oui—Fullerton Doing.

More than a majority of the local well owners holding membership in the Producers' Association were on hand last evening to receive the report of the Executive Committee relative to the handling of the home output, and from the evident harmony they are well satisfied with the progress made.

It was formally announced to the producers that it has been found impossible at this time to sell the entire output of oil at anything like a reasonable figure, and that after considering propositions from several sources, the committee has reached the conclusion that the only really available offer open is that of the Oil Storage and Transportation Company. This company's offer to handle the product for a period of five years on percentage basis was submitted with the endorsement of the Executive Committee.

It was also announced that the Union Oil Company has placed a very reasonable bid along the same lines, but for reasons, chief among them being the inability of that company to offer protection from Kern competition, the Oil Storage company's offer was accepted.

The proposition of the Storage company requires that the local producers agree to the following important items:

"First—The Storage company desires payment in oil to the amount of 100 barrels of oil each month, having on hand about 60,000 barrels. This will close out their oil stock, and they agree not to handle any oil, except under the conditions as above, as selling agents, for the ensuing five years, and only for members of this association."

"Second—A total of 350 barrels more per month, belonging to parties already contracted with the Storage company, which may become necessary to sell; this means 13,000 practically taking precedence over the oil deliveries of members of the association for the six months following."

"Third—All oil in the field, other than the above on hand with the Storage company, must be pooled, so that only one-sixth of the oil shall be saleable each month."

"Fourth—All members are to receive a price for the oil based upon the average selling price of all oil sold during the month by the Storage company, with the stipulation, however, that should the price per barrel be less than 65 cents, then this contract may be canceled and terminated."

"Fifth—At the end of each month, the Storage company will issue to each member a certificate showing the amount of oil to their credit at the close of the month unsold, being the excess of oil delivered over and above the pro rata share of sales belonging to all members. This certificate is solely subject to the terms of this contract, that is, all contracts of members of the association for the delivery of oil to any party or parties in this field, shall be superseded by the Storage company, when this contract becomes operative."

"Sixth—The Storage company to receive a commission of 5 per cent. for which they will be paid in oil, holding the oil, and pay 75¢ off oil on the 5th of each month, following that on which the delivery is made."

Each of these points was discussed at the meeting, with the result that a committee, composed of Maj. George Easton, L. G. Parker, M. P. McDonald, W. C. Allen, J. C. Daggert, A. O'Donnell, and E. A. Dorn, was appointed to draft a contract embracing the points set out, and others that may be thought advisable.

This committee will report at another meeting of the association, to be held Friday evening.

While by no means assured that the Producers' Association will close such a contract as suggested, the sentiment last evening was strongly in favor of such a move.

GOOD WELL IN OJAI.

A very satisfactory producer has just issued in the Ojai Ventura Oil Company, which recently purchased the principal holdings of the Oil Company in the Sulphur Mountain district.

last week the new well was put on a pump for the first time, and in four hours yielded twenty-five barrels of oil, just as the oil was running out of the tank that it will go about fifty feet in a day when it is running out.

As oil produced is of 20 to 25 gravity, it is considered a first-class producer.

The company is well pleased with a new well that is being sent out a

wig this week for well No. 2, which will be drilled at once.

INDEXED MAPS OF KERN.

One of the best oil publications that is appeared in sometime has just been issued by Hall, Barlow & Austin.

Bakersfield. It is a complete set of indexed maps of the oil fields of Kern and San Joaquin, book form, and contains complete maps of the Kern River, Kern, Midway, and McKittrick districts, with a record of all completed wells in those sections, and other information that will be of value to the many.

One of the strongest features of the publication is that all matter collected up to date and is stated on sworn authority that it is thoroughly reliable.

At the same time the same firm issued a set of maps of Kern, which were the best of the kind issued, and proved very satisfactory. The maps are more complete and better compact, with an index to each, are certainly the limit of perfection.

FULLERTON FIELD.

development in the Fullerton field is progressing on nearly all of the leases.

The Union Company in Brea Cañon has drilled the well in No. 23, on the th side of the cañon, 200 yards from abandoned Edison well, which was drilled to a depth of over 800 feet with striking oil.

J. M. Kellerman has drilled well No. 13 on this lease for Union at a depth of 1650 feet, it is put on the pump next Monday, with the same producer.

The company struck oil sand at a depth of 7 feet in well No. 23. A rotary is at work in well No. 14 to keep the sand of the casing. On the Samsinenech the Union lost its tools a few days ago, and will not be able to get them back.

The Union Oil Company has drilled well No. 10, 16, almost ready for the pump.

The Wizard Suspender.

is solid comfort and don't pull buttons off.

To Cure Dyspepsia.

DR. MEYERS & CO., 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles.



Cured Of
Itching Piles.

Edward Dunellen, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—"For seven years I was constantly ever free from the severe torture of itching piles, until I was given a remedy. Was told a surgical operation might save. One box of Pyramid Pile Remedy has relieved me of all trouble. It is never fails to quickly cure piles in any form. Free book by mail on piles, causes and cure. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich."

THE MINING FIELDS

GROWING DEMAND FOR
MOIBDENITE REPORTED.

MINERAL SCARCE, BUT SAID TO
EXIST IN COAST RANGE.

Mining Field of Tombstone is Now
Lively, and the Same True of All of
Southern Arizona—Magnetic Iron in
Other Places.

There is said to be a growing demand for molybdenite, a mineral that is known only in small quantities in this country and Europe, but which is known to exist in certain portions of the coast range in Southern California and Western M. Co.

Bayercock and Staples of this city received last week an order from England asking them to supply ten tons of the refined metal if it could be obtained. Heretofore there has been little demand for the mineral, which is usually found in older, metamorphic rocks, such as granite, gneiss, and in granite limestone, but not yet developed in this country but at present is being used almost exclusively in New York.

In appearance it closely resembles graphite, from which it differs, however, in its very thin flexible flakes. It is of a pure lead color, of about four to one-half 12 degrees gravity, and contains 41 per cent. molybdenite, the metal sought.

Owing to its expanding powers there is a demand for it among steel manufacturers. This All oil in the field, other than the above on hand with the Storage company, must be pooled, so that only one-sixth of the oil shall be saleable each month.

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DR. MEYERS & CO., 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

HOURS—9 a.m. to 12 and 1 to 4; Evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12.



DR. BUCKLEY'S VISIT.

The Prominent Methodist Divine Arrived Yesterday—His Movements While in This City.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley of New York arrived in the city yesterday, and registered at the Van Nuys. He was met by Presiding Elder Board, and other prominent Methodists.

Dr. Buckley is editor of the Christian Advocate, the leading organ of Methodism, and a prominent figure in all things pertaining to Methodism. He is a powerful preacher, and will be heard in Pasadena this afternoon, but not at all in Los Angeles today.

He will talk at the meeting of the Ministerial Association of the First Methodist Church, at 10:30 a.m. Monday, and will be given a reception on Monday evening, in the same church. This meeting will be presided over by Dr. George Loveland, presiding elder, and for which the following programme has been prepared:

Address of welcome on behalf of the Ministers of Southern California. Dr. R. S. Canfield: on behalf of the laity. Dr. D. W. Loveland: on behalf of Dr. Buckley. There will also be a musical programme, including a vocal solo by Miss Adella Brown.

On Tuesday evening he has been widely advertising lectures upon the Peculiarities of Great Orators.

He will speak at the Simpson Auditorium.

HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

Victims of Smooth Crooks at Fullerton and La Habra Ready to Open Their Purse.

FULLERTON, July 6.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] Dixon and Holm, who have been loafing around Fullerton several weeks, are the smoothest crooks ever seen in this town. They pretended to work on some ranches, but their employers were very suspicious. They entered the home of W. H. Hole in La Habra Friday, and stole a new light-colored suit, new suit, light-colored, and a 32-caliber revolver. In the afternoon they came to town and entered the room of Joe Smith, stealing a new \$30 tailor-made suit, a scarf pin and other valuables, worth at least \$90, and a soft gray hat with low crown. They borrowed all the money they could get in small sums.

The skipper, owing a \$20 bill at his restaurant, traced them to a swamp above the bridge between Fullerton and Anaheim, where they had been loafing around. They were traced to a stolen suit. They had only a few dollars when they left. W. H. Hole of La Habra and Joe Smith of this place will each pay \$50 for the arrest and conviction of Dixon and Holm, or half the amount for either of them.

READ in Saturday's Times.

POSSIBILITIES ARE EXTENSIVE.

The process of extracting magnetic iron from sand has been started in this city, will be the means of opening up many new fields if found to be satisfactory and practicable. Under a recent date the Arizona Republican says that there is an opportunity in Arizona for some bright man who has a good idea for improving the process for saving the magnetic iron which is found in large quantities in nearly every sand bar and river bed in Arizona. It nearly always accompanies the placer gold, and unless the gold is of great value, it is not always profitable to mine it.

It is of little use to be told that magnetic iron may be utilized for many purposes, but its saving must be cheaply done to be profitable. There is lots of it to be found, but the quantity in a ton of dirt is so small it does not pay to save by ordinary processes.

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association yesterday filed with the City Council a protest against the present ordinance compelling pharmacists to pay a registration fee every year.

The County Board of Education announced yesterday the successful applicants for certificates in the recent teachers' examinations.

Henry Schermann was remanded to the City Jail yesterday, a writ of habeas corpus having been denied him. He is testing the new liquor law, and has been defeated in the Superior Court. Now it is up to the Supreme Court.

Dr. W. A. Weldon of San Pedro has been given custody of his little son, Francis, after a long legal fight with the mother, Mrs. Annie Lusser of San Francisco.

On the charge of attempting to murder his wife, R. D. Trask was bound over in jail in the Police Court yesterday.

AT THE CITY HALL

PHARMACISTS OBJECT TO REGISTRATION TAX.

CITY COUNCIL IS REQUESTED TO AMEND THE ORDINANCE.

PARK IMPROVEMENTS AT THREE PLACES—CYCLISTS ASK COUNCIL TO PROVIDE DRY RIDE—TELEPHONE FRANCHISE AND NEW LICENSE ORDINANCES DELAYED.

NOTICES recently sent out to doctors, dentists and pharmacists by the City Health Officer have stirred up a considerable protest. These notices require all unregistered physicians, dentists and pharmacists to register within 30 days from July 1, and to pay a fee of \$2. The operation, according to the ordinance covering the case, must be repeated every year, and each time a physician is registered, the registering fee must pay the \$2 fee.

The ordinance was passed in June, and has never heretofore been enforced. When this condition of affairs was learned at the Health Department, the notices were sent out.

The chief complaint against the ordinance is that it requires a re-registration every year and an additional fee each time. The majority of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association yesterday met with the City Clerk the following day.

REWARDED.

Scattered the globe and

had sought for years

and had repaid him for

and that placed him in

which was an infallible

His command, Abb

o countries, making a

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among the members

Since then comes to Los

and the city are as marvelous

as a

and practice enjoyed by

a wonderful discovery

and medical world, and

encouraged by every

skill and learning

after others have fall

lives that had been

and are suffering from

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and how bad your

many years stand

and especially nature;

and proprietors, who have

convened to consent with

distance can be treated

and cases given proper

expense of caring to

in Broadway, are open

and his consulta

HOOD HERB CO.

Los Angeles, Cal.

PESTHOUSE.

ELEVEN PATIENTS REPORTED.

Of the eleven patients now in the house, none is suffering from smallpox, all being afflicted with varioloid, the majority of these patients are children from the Los Angeles Orphans' home, and, all, save two, are convalescing.

Varioloid was first found at the Orphans' home about three weeks ago, two children were removed to a posthouse. Since that time four others have been taken down with the disease and removed to the hospital. A few days ago a patient taken to the posthouse from the hospital, where he had been treated by the young woman who three days ago was taken there from the lodgings-house at No. 229 First street.

First street has developed at the wet-weather about a week ago, but Friday the posthouse there was raised. Dr. W. H. the City Health Officer, says unless new cases develop, which is not expected, the city will be free of the disease within a few weeks.

PARK IMPROVEMENTS.

DELAY AT HOLLENBECK.

There has recently been considerable

in the work of putting up the Hollenbeck Park band stand, and it

is not to be completed until September. A

Mr. W. H. Hartman, who is

already planning a folio

to commemorate the event.

new summer houses are in

of construction in Westlake

and will soon be completed.

new improvements in the

of Park Commissioners, the

for the sinking of a well and

a pumping plant at South Park.

Want Dry Streets.

Angels cyclists want dry streets

to ride. This was made evi

to the City Clerk.

petition bears from fifty to one

and all the time all

on the space between the

the blocks, be exempt from sprinkling.

petitions emanate from the Los

City Board of Trade, and they

with a committee adopted

that body last May. They will be

submitted to the Council tomorrow.

The Lady Undertaker.

M. H. Connell with Orr & Hines Co., the undertaker practicing in Los Angeles, filed suit yesterday against the Los Angeles Traction Company for personal injuries in a damage suit begun by Jeremiah Collier for personal injuries sustained in a collision on June 22 at the corner of Tenth and Hill streets. Plaintiff alleged that the cars of both companies were running at an unlawful rate of speed when they collided. He was aboard the Traction car. The accident took place in the grassy median that among other injuries he sustained a scalp wound just above the hair line on the neck, three inches long. He was indoors six days and his doctor's bill was \$35.

William Richards brought suit yesterday against the Los Angeles Traction Company for personal injuries in a damage suit begun by Jeremiah Collier for personal injuries in a collision on June 22 at the corner of Tenth and Hill streets. Plaintiff alleged that the cars of both companies were running at an unlawful rate of speed when they collided. He was aboard the Traction car. The accident took place in the grassy median that among other injuries he sustained a scalp wound just above the hair line on the neck, three inches long. He was indoors six days and his doctor's bill was \$35.

Beach Cottages Furnished

the ones that don't rust. Pittsburgh Co., 212 S. Spring st.

R. Rogers, Examiner U. S. Patent

Patent secured. 228 B. B. M.

P. M. Parker, Plumbing

605 South Spring st. Tel. red 351.

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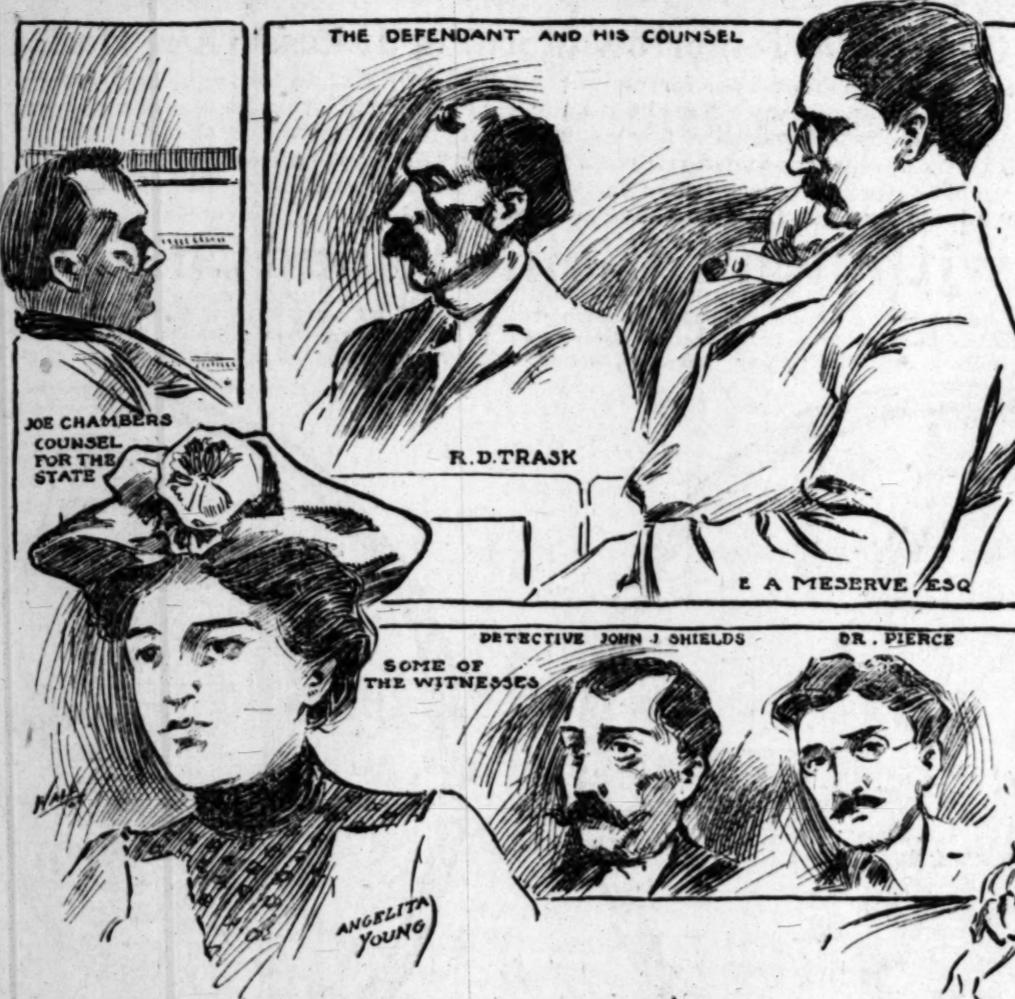
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1914. RAILWAY CO.

Consulting Engineers.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS.

THE DEFENDANT AND HIS COUNSEL



CAUGHT BY THE TIMES ARTIST IN THE TRASK WIFE-SHOOTING CASE IN THE POLICE COURT.

AT THE COURT HOUSE

TEACHERS SUCCESSFUL IN THE EXAMINATIONS.

RESULT ANNOUNCED BY COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION.

PFIERRIAN BACK IN JAIL.

FALL—DR. WELDON GETS HIS LITTLE SON—PFIERRIAN REMANDED TO THE CITY JAIL.

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STRIKERS IN THE SADDLE.

Smuggler-Union Mine in Union's Hands.

Fight Won Through Aid of Gov. Orman.

Freight-handlers' Strike at St. Louis Settled—Conference at Pittsburgh.

DENVER. July 6.—A special to the Republican from Telluride, Colo., says that with the positive information from Lieut.-Gov. Coates, a member of the commission appointed by the Governor to investigate the strike in the Smuggler-Union mine, that Gov. Orman would not send troops, and with the assurance from the mine managers of the district that they could not longer afford to close down to aid him, Arthur L. Collins, general manager of the Smuggler-Union, has this afternoon conceded several points, and a settlement between himself and the miners' union was made. This ends the strike. Many miners will return to work Monday, and within a few weeks the mine will be opened to something like its full capacity. The terms of settlement are looked upon as a victory for the miners, and tonight hundreds are celebrating in Telluride.

By the terms of the settlement, non-union men may be employed in the Smuggler-Union mine. It is certain however, that the union miners will not allow non-union men to remain so any longer than they can help. The union is permitted, through its president or any member of the commission, to present and order his discharge. This feature of the settlement is a distinct advantage to the union, and will enable the union to regulate unionism in the mines.

SETTLEMENT IN SIGHT AT PITTSBURGH MILLS.

ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE FOR JOINT CONFERENCE.

Shaffer's Threat to Call Out Eighty Thousand Mill Operators Had the Effect of Bringing About an Agreement to Talk Matters Over.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) July 6.—The strike of the American Sheet Steel Company, and the American Steel Hoop Company, mill employees will probably be terminated next week. Arrangements were made in this city today for the holding of a joint conference in Pittsburgh between representatives of both companies, which are members of the United States Steel Corporation, and representatives of the Amalgamated Steel, Iron and Tin Workers, for adjusting the existing labor troubles.

The agreement to meet in conference means virtually a settlement of the strike, inasmuch as the operating officials of the hoop and sheet companies would not have consented to meet the workers' committee unless there was good hope of immediate settlement, and it may be interpreted as a settled fact that all the mills now idle will be in operation by the last of next week, and that the strike which threatened the steel industry generally will be averted in its incipiency. It is stated on good authority that the conference will be held early next week, probably before Wednesday, and assurance is given that a settlement of the trouble will be speedily effected.

The operating officials of the steel companies will meet the workers' committee, and as the question involved is not one of wages, but the extension of organization control to so-called non-union plants, an agreement is likely to be readily made.

Some minor differences also exist in the tin-plate trade, and representatives of the American Tin Plate Company and the workers will meet to discuss the same. The United States Steel Corporation, has arranged a meeting with the Amalgamated Association for the union mills of the National Tube Company, the American Tin Plate Company and one plant of the National Steel Company, with a view to a settlement at the other plants in the Youngstown district.

The other plants of the South Chicago and Joliet plants of the Federal Steel Company have been arranged and can only be terminated by one side giving ninety days' notice of a desire for a strike. The other plants of this company, the Bayview Works, is operated under a special scale, and no trouble in reaching an agreement is anticipated. The only trouble the big corporation has with the Amalgamated Association is with the American Sheet Steel Company and the American Steel Hoop Company.

A statement tonight from a prominent Amalgamated official as to what brought about the proposition for a conference gives a clear idea of the fact that the American Tin Plate Company was given notice last week that if the steel-hoop and sheet-steel scales were not signed by the manufacturers by a certain date, name it, a strike in the close future, the Amalgamated Association's president will be instructed to enforce the authority given him by the constitution to call out union employees of the United States Steel Corporation.

The statement further adds that the general strike ordered by the Amalgamated Association would mean that 80,000 men in union mills would be directly affected.

CHICAGO SERVANT GIRLS.

THEY WILL FORM A UNION.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The Record-Herald says that "Mother" Jones, who did so much to encourage the coal miners in their strike in Pennsylvania a year ago, holding meetings and addressing them wherever a few could be got together, and who since has assisted the striking silk workers in New Jersey, and the carpet weavers in Philadelphia, to demand what their demands have been in Chicago the past week, assisting the committee of the Women's Trade Union Label League to organize the servant girls.

As a result of the work done by the committee with the aid of "Mother" Jones, several hundred servant girls have signed their intention of becoming charter members of the first Servant Girls' Union of Chicago, which

..100..

MORE BRAN NEW

Pianos

JUST ARRIVED.

Absolutely Lowest Prices. Easiest Terms.

BARTLETT MUSIC CO.,
235 S. Broadway, Opp. City Hall.

will be formed on Thursday night next.

STRIKERS HUNT MARSHAL.
NOVEL CINCINNATI COURT SCENE
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

CINCINNATI, July 6.—A novel scene was presented in the United States District Court when seventy striking machinists who had been enjoined by order of court, marched in a body to the office of the United States Marshal for the purpose of facilitating the service upon them which the marshal was bound to make. The strikers voluntarily took this course, realizing the difficulty of finding their members, some of whom are in camp. They desired in this way to give proof of their intention to obey the law.

MACHINISTS ENJOINED.
JUDGE STONE'S SWEEPING ORDER
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

CLEVELAND (O.) July 6.—Judge Stone, of the Common Pleas Court, today granted a temporary injunction to remain in force indefinitely against the striking machinists upon the application of the Cleveland Punch and Shear Company. Counsel for the machinists filed a notice of appeal. The decision is very broad and against nearly every contention made by the defendants.

The decision enjoins the defendants from picketing or patrolling around the works of the plaintiffs and from guarding the gates at the plant or the streets leading to the plant. It also enjoins the interference in any manner with the men now working in the plant either there or at their homes, or from intimidating their relatives or the members of their families.

SALMON-CANNING TRUST HAS BEEN PERFECTED.

WILL BE INCORPORATED IN NEW JERSEY MONDAY.

New Combine Absorbs About Thirty Independent Plants Which Will Enable it to Put Out Millions of Cases Annually.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
NEW YORK, July 6.—The first official announcement in connection with the organization of the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company, otherwise known as the salmon canneries consolidation, has just been made at the office of the organizers. It was authoritatively stated that the papers in the deal had been signed and that the new company will be incorporated under New Jersey laws, probably on Monday or Tuesday of next week. Incorporation papers are now being prepared. The new company will have an authorized capitalization of \$25,000,000, half preferred and half common stock with an authorized bond issue of \$7,500,000.

Among the most important companies entering the new consolidation are the Pacific American Fisheries Company, Pacific Steam Whaling Company, American Cannery, New Haven, Conn. Seaboard: Quadra Packing Company, Icy Strait Packing Company, Boston Packing and Fishing Company, Thimble Packing Company, Chilkoot Packing Company, Western Fisheries Company, Alaska Fisheries Packing Company, Alaska Fisheries Packing Company, all of Alaska.

These are the largest concerns. Others to be taken in are the total number of companies being taken in at about thirty. The total yearly pack of the companies, which it is now expected to take over, is placed at about 1,500,000 cases and it is said that the capacity of these plants could be increased by about 1,000,000 cases with out difficulty.

The steamship interests in the new company will be a very important item. The Pacific Steam Whaling Company has large fleet, including four ocean-going tugs and other craft. Negotiations are also pending with the Alaska Steamship Company and it is possible that the two may be absorbed. The Alaska Steamship Company operates a service between Seattle, British Columbia and Alaska. The principal competitor to the foregoing companies is the Washington and Alaska Steamship Company, which operates a fleet of four steamships. It is reported that J. P. Morgan & Co. have just closed the purchase of this line of steamships.

STOCKTON STRIKE.

BOTH SIDES HOLDING OUT.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.
STOCKTON, July 6.—There is no change in the strike situation here. The plumbers and the warehouse hands are still out, with no prospects of a settlement of the situation. The owners of the warehouses say they are not worrying at all, declaring that when the strike is over they will be able to get all the help they require.

The plumbers are determined not to submit to the demand of the bosses plumbers that they purchase tools. Each side is waiting for the other to give in.

MILWAUKEE MACHINISTS.

FILE A COUNTER-COMPLAINT.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

MILWAUKEE, July 6.—Members of the International Machinists Union, who were enjoined two weeks ago by the Vluter Manufacturing Company from interfering with the working of that plant, filed an answer today, making counter-charges of unlawful conspiracy. The answer asserts that about three hundred manufacturers and corporations unlawfully conspired, under the name of the National Metal Trades' Association, for the purpose of

\$40,000 Worth of Shoes.

Go on Sale Tomorrow Morning at Less Than Half.

Elegant new goods that have not been unpacked over forty-eight hours—we'd like to tell you the maker's name, because it's one you would recognize for high quality, but the goods were bought at such a great sacrifice that he would not permit his name to be used. He will tell you this much—the chance was offered us a few weeks ago at such a low figure that we thought it too good to be true, so we sent our shoe buyer to Massachusetts at once to investigate, and he closed them out and wired us of the best buy of his life. While in the shoe market he closed out the surplus stock of three other large shoe concerns, making in all between forty and forty-one thousand dollars' worth of shoes. Every available space in the great shoe section is piled

On sale at half and less than half its real worth. At eight o'clock tomorrow morning you are invited to the greatest shoe sale we have ever made—greatest in variety—greatest in values. Every shoe in the sale is made up in this season's styles—is strictly reliable and guaranteed leather from heel to toe. It matters not how small the price or how great the reduction, these shoes are sold under the "Jacoby" iron-clad guarantee, which relieves you of all risk and assures you of style and quality at the least price.

Known in Los Angeles.

Ceiling high with Men's, Women's and Children's Footwear.

On sale at half and less than half its real worth. At eight o'clock tomorrow morning you are invited to the greatest shoe sale we have ever made—greatest in variety—greatest in values. Every shoe in the sale is made up in this season's styles—is strictly reliable and guaranteed leather from heel to toe. It matters not how small the price or how great the reduction, these shoes are sold under the "Jacoby" iron-clad guarantee, which relieves you of all risk and assures you of style and quality at the least price.

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not how small the price
at the least price ever



This is a Clincher.

Twenty pieces fancy check nainsooks—quality sold in a regular way at 75c the yard; **3 3/4c** for quick clearance.

Here's a Hot One.

Forty-inch organdies in all the leading plain colors, sold usually at 15c the yard; **6c** to be slaughtered at only.

Think of it! Three dozen hard wood clothes pins **5c** for

Thirty feet of braided cotton clothes line; sale price **8c**

The popular "Gem" ice shavers, always sold for 50c; cut to **39c**

Good quality steel mincing knives; slaughter sale price **5c**

Excellent quality Glass Lemon juice extractors; sale price **5c**

Here's Another One

Fine black brocaded mohairs, hard finish, goods regularly sold at 45c and 50c the yard; **25c** price smashed to

The Best Yet

Genuine Barnsley bleached table damask, warranted absolutely all linen, satin finish, **\$1.35** **85c** value; yard

The celebrated "None-Such" combination cork screw and can opener **10c**

And again—"Defendor" wash boards, easily worth 25c; cut to **12c**

Heavy retinned Lemon squeezers, for quick clearance, cut to **10c**

Bleached muslin pillow cases, full size; marked down to **5c**

Good quality bleached and brown sheeting; now going at **5c**

A Record-Breaker.

Twenty-five pieces of fancy seaside flannels, goods easily worth 8c to 10c the yard; **4c** for Monday only

One of a Hundred.

Excellent quality brilliantines, for skirts or bathing suits, a full range of popular colors; price cut to

Large size japanned sugar boxes, value 60c; cut to **45c**

Two-foot carpenter's pocket rule, well worth 20c; cut to **10c**

Nickel-silver salt and pepper shakers, screw tops, cut to **38c**

American steamboat double indexed playing cards, per pack **10c**

Perforated chair bottoms, all sizes and shapes; cut to **26c**

Imitation ivory poker chips, box of one hundred, cut to **10c**

Large clothes basket, worth \$1.00, cut to **50c**

Excellent coffee or spice mill **25c**

Up-to-Date Department Store

113-115 North Spring Street.

MEXICO'S FUTURE.

Political Atmosphere Clearing—Peaceful Conditions Assured When a Change of Administration Comes.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

MEXICO, June 28, 1901.—The political atmosphere in Mexico is considerably clearer than it was earlier in the year. Surface indications go to demonstrate that whenever the hour may be ripe therefore, a change in administration will be effected with little or no complication worthy of serious consideration.

Several months ago, when the withdrawal of Diaz had become almost a matter of daily expectation, in view of the added, Diaz's impaired health and vitality, a goodly storm was aroused over the political field by all but clashing Presidential aspirations of two of the foremost members of the Mexican Cabinet, Reyes and Limantour, to-wit. Now the storm has passed, the two individuals named have reached some tacit agreement, in quiet reigns.

Reyes himself is, undoubtedly, the chief factor in this. With a commanding power of inspiration, for one of his age, which has been the admiration of the people and the mystification of his physicians, Diaz has completed his retreat from his recent severest indisposition, in the brilliant maturity, which made him master of the complicated affairs of the country as he found them at the outset of his career, again to the force of his age, and showing comparatively few traces of the years of his life. His appearance, as usual, is the signal for a quiet and reserved manifestation of esteem upon the part of those with whom he comes in contact, which is quite in contrast with, although far as sincere as, the more demonstrative exclamations which are showered upon him at such times when his appearance is of a purely natural, during his active life, in the military service, in this vicinity, national holidays, etc.

The political forecast herein given applies only, so far as accuracy is concerned, to the immediate future. The kaleidoscope of political events in this country is, however, so full of the risk of a hair trigger, so that a slight passing touch may change the present beautiful pattern for one in which the element of discord is not so prominent as it is now. It is, therefore, better to restore it as quickly or give way to an even more promising combination.

The political changes that are about to take place in the republic of Mexico will be of the greatest interest, and most interesting food for reflection, and a few strokes of a pen can lay wide open the mystery of what will be, and when it will take place, is blessed with an enviable foresight, indeed.

"CAMPEDOWN."

EMPLOYMENT FOR BOERS.

B. R. Balfour Suggests That the Prisoners on St. Helena Be Put to Tree Planting.

[London Standard:] B. R. Balfour, writing from Red Hill, St. Helena, under date of April 8, says: "As a visitor to St. Helena in a private capacity I cannot help wishing that some further employment could be provided for the prisoners of war. I heard of some cases of insanity, and it is only to be expected that the long-continued seclusion, enforced idleness and anxiety of the families should tell on the minds of some of the prisoners. There are many who would be grateful if some employment could be provided for them and who would be glad to work at the rate of 1 shilling a day in addition to the rations received from the government at some work which would be of public advantage."

"One of the things which appears to me to be most needed on the island is tree planting. It is lamentable to see how St. Helena is being denuded of trees. Forests within reach of the camps are being cut away simply to provide firewood for the prisoners."

"I wish to suggest that a fund should be opened at once to provide employment for a selected number of prisoners, and that tree planting be the object, of course, to the military authorities, however, I have no objection to the latter being satisfied with regard to the former, in making out his report to the authorities."

"Should my plan be taken up I propose to invite any two members of the Council of the Charity Organization Society of the island to be my member, and I have reason to hope that arrangements can be made which would enable many of the Boers to be employed in this way for the permanent benefit of the island, provided funds are forthcoming."

"Should my plan be taken up I propose to invite any two members of the Council of the Charity Organization Society of the island to be my member, and I have reason to hope that arrangements can be made which would enable many of the Boers to be employed in this way for the permanent benefit of the island, provided funds are forthcoming."

"Assume: Hello! How's your baby?"

"Newsp: I have no baby. We're living with my wife's folks now."

"Assume: How do you mean? What's the E. to do with the baby?"

"Newsp: It's 'our' Mary's baby now.—[Philadelphia Press.]

PONY EXPRESS.

Thinnest and Lightest of Paper Was Used in Order to Reduce Weight to a Minimum.

[Philadelphia Times:] "In looking over the old pony express of yesterday, a wholesale merchant, "I can assure you, a very singular document. It was a letter of instruction sent forty years ago by one of my uncles, then in St. Louis, to his agent in San Francisco. It related to the disposal of a lot of robes which had been shipped by way of the Horn, and although it contained over 15,000 words and a copy of a good sized invoice, it was written on just two sheets of paper. The paper itself was a sort of rough, opaque tissue, and the lines of the letter were folded the letter slipped easily into an envelope about three inches wide."

"Why it was got up in such a peculiar style was explained by the stamp on the corner which was on the old 'pony express' series of Wells, Fargo & Co., and was embellished with a picture of a man on horseback, spurring at a dead gallop across the plains. I knew, of course, that the Pacific route was a good one, but I never before realized what great pains were taken to reduce the weight to the lowest possible point. I am told that the letters were sent in little fast padded envelopes, shaped like the saddle and that they were always written on a specially prepared lesson."

"The one I have described must have required a great deal of work in several days, for the permanence, I would say, is beautifully executed and as clear and as legible as print. The stamp was on the denomination of one cent, and I have always found it hard to find a more striking reminder of the astonishing progress that has been made in this country in a trifile over one generation. Either it's lightness, its compactness and the cost of its carriage—spoke of dangers, difficulties and rude, primitive conditions. It is difficult to realize from the business."

"I met the new bride out on the boulevard; she's keeping house now. "How did she look—and how do you know?"

"Oh—she had on a lovely white frock, with a white rufflet, powdered in her hair, and she had a lot of bread under her arm."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"That's a bride and groom across the aisle." "How do you know?"

"I saw him dusting off her new shoes with a twenty-dollar bill."—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"I feel it my duty to let you all know that I have recently advised a young gentleman, who was suffering badly with kidney and bladder disease, to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' writes Frank Startz, M. D., of Platon, Fayette Co., Texas. "He bought four bottles from our druggist here, and after he had used the first bottle he began to improve. Sometimes he was unable to walk ten steps, now he can ride a horse without pain in his back and looks well and sound as a young boy. His age is only 28. He has suffered for nearly three years, and several other doctors called the case incurable, but I had confidence in Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for now I have been offered one hundred dollars several times for my kind advice, but I would not accept it because I want everybody to know what Dr. Pierce's famous medicine can do."

"This testimony is absolutely true, and the reason I haven't mentioned the young man's name is because he does not want to have his name published."

The cure of this young man by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" serves to enforce the proposition made in the beginning of this article, that health by exercise is impossible when certain diseases exist. A man who can "hardly take ten steps" is certainly incapable of active exercise.

More common, perhaps, than kidney disease, and often associated with it, is some disease or disorder of the liver. The following letter exhibits a specimen of the cures of "liver complaint" which have resulted from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I sent you a letter about a year ago," writes Mrs. J. Ellis Hamilton, of Farmington, Marion Co., Va. "I stated my case as plainly as I could, and received a letter from you a few days telling me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription'—a bottle of each. I used three of each, and feel like a new woman. Don't suffer any pain or misery any more. Before using your medicine I suffered all the time—had jaundice, caused from food not digesting properly. I would have sick headache three and four times in a week, and jaundice every four or five weeks. Could not do the work myself. I commenced using your medicines as recommended for liver complaint, and I am cured now. I asked our doctor if he couldn't cure me, and he said he could give me medicine to help me, but the trouble might return again. I discontinued it three years without any relief, only for a short time, and then I was as bad as ever. Haven't had sick headache since I took the first bottle of your medicine."

It is often the case that "weak" heart, torpid liver, kidney "trouble," and other diseases have their cause and origin in the diseased stomach. When the stomach is cured by the use of "Discovery," the other diseases are cured with it. When the cause of disease is removed, the effect stops.

If the dealer offers a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," remember that the sole motive of substitution is to enable him to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious preparations.

YOUR HEALTH can be preserved by the use of proper means. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery tells what you to do. This work contains 1000 large pages, and to send FREE on receipt of stamp to pay postage, and to mail ONLY. Send 51 cent postage stamp for the cloth-bound volume or only 21 stamp for the paper-cover.

Address: Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from nervous weakness, lost vitality, varicose, etc., and regain full strength and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1950 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the details.

Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory.

Details were received and I had no trouble in making out the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor.

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipts are free for the asking, and he wants every man to

me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir—Your method worked beautifully.

Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory.

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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—A Bachelor's Romance.

OPHEUM—Vanderbilt.

THE TIMES AT THE BEACHES.

Patrons of The Times desiring the paper delivered to them at any of the beaches may leave the necessary order at The Times office, or with any of the following-named agents:

A. E. Jackson, Santa Monica, 236 Third street.

Mrs. Thacker, Ocean Park, corner Hill and Second streets.

F. J. Schinnerer, Long Beach, Bank Building.

F. W. Clark, Catalina.

R. R. Commander, foot of wharf, Redondo.

Mrs. D. Sample, postoffice, Terminal Island.

Arrangements have been made for a special summer delivery of The Times at all resorts, and patrons will confer a favor by reporting any irregular or unsatisfactory service.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Children and Matches.

Children playing with matches yesterday afternoon set fire to a shed belonging to L. G. Parks, at No. 349 Hubbard street, and it was destroyed with nominal loss.

Died in Hospital.

John W. Kieff, who has been confined in the City Jail for a couple of days on the charge of vagrancy, died yesterday afternoon in the Recieving Hospital from acute alcoholism. Kieff was arrested in a box car on the night of July 4, by Deputy Constable Hill.

Happy Welshman.

The Cambio-American Society held a special meeting at Lincoln Hall, Friday evening, where a literary and musical programme was rendered, and refreshments served. The meeting was presided over by Rev. Lloyd Jenkins. The occasion was a very pleasant one, several new members were received.

Good-by, John.

George H. McCulloch, deputy United States Marshal, will leave this morning for San Francisco, with Lee Lock, Lee Fong, Hong Hor and Toy Non, the four Chinamen who have, within the past couple of months, been ordered to leave the city. They will sail on the Doric, on Tuesday.

Big Contract.

The Harr Realty Company of this city, has been awarded by San Francisco parties a contract to build a large summer hotel at Lake Tahoe. The total improvements contemplated will involve an expenditure of about \$60,000. The contract, which was given to the Los Angeles company in preference to competing contractors from San Francisco and other parts of the State.

Bishop of Ottawa Here.

Rev. Charles Hamilton, bishop of Ottawa, Can., arrived in California yesterday, and will spend two months vacation here. Next Sunday he will preach in the Church of the Epiphany, corner of North Sichel and Altura streets. Accompanied by Mrs. Hamilton and two daughters, the bishop will spend several weeks at Idyllwood in the Strawberry Valley, and in the San Jacinto Mountains.

Will Consider Brick.

The Board of Education met in adjourned special session yesterday afternoon to consider the plans for the new Sixth Ward school building. After an informal talk the meeting was called to order. Mr. Elmer, architect, and Architect Brown, were requested to prepare plans and specifications, showing the cost of the building in brick, as well as in wood. The motion was unanimously adopted, and in five minutes the architect called to order the board had adjourned.

Illinois Association.

The Illinois Association will hold its second annual picnic at Long Beach on Saturday, July 13. A musical and literary programme will be rendered at the Tabernacle in the forenoon. Among the speakers will be Congressmen H. J. Waters, Judge B. S. Smith and Sheridan A. Carlisle, East. The exercises of the afternoon will comprise a dance at the Pavilion and outdoor sports on the beach. Special trains will be run to the picnics. The Excursion Committee of the association consists of Sheridan A. Carlisle, chairman; Miss Carrie Reeves, Mrs. Carrie G. Dandy, Frank A. Waters and J. H. Krimminger. The association has a membership of about two hundred, and the coming event will probably be one of the largest gatherings in its history.

Pugnacious Tramp Surrenders.

William Trevafe, the pugnacious tramp who on July 2 was shot by Conductor F. Vetter of the Southern Pacific, at Ogilby's station near the mountains, died yesterday afternoon at the County Hospital. The cause of his death was spinal meningitis, resulting from the pistol wound in his head. An autopsy will be held today by the Coroner at Garrett's undertakers. On July 2, the tramp, who had invented and built a bicycle for himself, thus making him the youngest inventor and bicyclist in the United States. He is a bright, intelligent, manly and mannerly little fellow, whom everybody likes. He is the son of Conductor and Mrs. Joseph Vetter of Point Pleasant.

BREVITIES.

J. Neuhauer wishes to inform his parents and the public that he has removed his wholesale and retail human hair emporium and toilet parlors to 707 S. Broadway, where he has fitted up a high-class place with all modern improvements. He is the only one in the conveniences of his patrons. Thanking the public for their kind patronage in the past, he cordially invites their inspection at his opening on Tuesday, July 9, at his new quarters.

Mrs. Taylor, who agreed to order by express ladies' tailor, at prices that will surprise you. This week we will give a regular \$20. suit for \$20., silk lined throughout; \$25. suits for \$20.; gold suits for \$30.; strictly to order; gold skirt \$18. It is finished and guaranteed. The Philadelphian Ladies' Tailor, E. Goldberg, prop. Peter H. Remmert, 530 S. Broadway. Tel. Peter 1474.

Laundromy Made Trouble. Kansas City World: Miss Jessie Allen of Omaha, went to the dance hall of the Leopold, during the evening she was introduced to Van Cleve and danced with him several times. While the two young people were in a cosy corner Van Cleve carelessly marked his name on the card of the gentle Filpino, a dam.

The next week all the laundry came back marked "Van Cleve." She telephoned the laundryman and urged him to change the mark back to the "J." that had always identified her clothes. The laundryman forgot the order, and a second time laundryman took on the name of the rival. It would have been all

morning a special clearance sale of miscellaneous books, suitable for summer reading. The prices are hardly worth mentioning; they have been cut into little pieces and cannot be duplicated. Make your selection while the assortments last.

"The Tomorrow of Death" (sermon repeated by request) was the Rev. Dr. George Thomas Dowling's topic at Christ Episcopal Church, Flower street, at 11 o'clock. Until October this congregation will unite in canonical worship with St. Paul's parish at the Pro-Cathedral.

Turkish rugs are artistic as well as useful. You can now get them cheaper than ever. They are now on the market, as we will soon leave the city. Come in and make your own prices. Silk embroideries and many Egyptian curiosities at very little prices. N. G. Bails, 1050 Broadway, 12th and Fourth street.

Send donations of old clothing, furniture or food supplies to the Good Samaritan department of the Bethel Home.

Institutional Church, Vignes and Ducommun street, or telephone John 28, and wagon will call. Office hours during the day.

The Good Samaritan is a non-profit

organization.

If you have, but a small amount, to start with, we can do the rest to enable you to get a home of your own. Stop paying rent, and start in now. See us about it; cost nothing to investigate. W. G. Blewett, secretary, No. 101 N. Broadway.

Ladies, let me make your tailor gowns and golf suits now, as I will leave for an extended vacation August 1. J. Korn, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor, 210 S. South Broadway.

Keep the mouth out of your carpets—will renovate or store them. City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, J. Bloeser, 456 S. Broadway. Tel. M. 427.

The Natick House will serve roast turkey dinner today from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m.; music, 8:30 to 11 for 45. Music by Arend's Orchestra.

Campers can have free rental on beach at Ballona Harbor. There you combine surf and lake bathing; a delightful place for children.

Central Presbyterian Church, Rev.

A. Pritchard, D.D., will preach at 11 a.m. Y.P.S.C.E. meeting at 6:15 p.m.

Accordion plating, 3034 S. Spring.

Fancy art, side-knife plating, sunplated skirts a specialty. Main 307.

Furs stored and remodeled at D. Brown, 456 S. South Broadway, open City Hall. Tel. James 3496.

To time or arrival and departure of Santa Fe trains see "Time Card" in today's Times.

For sketching class in the mountains (oil, water, color, etc.) see Educational ad.

Zinnoman's Button and Button-hole Factory, 254 S. Broadway, rooms 3-6.

Corsets made to order, and corsets repaired, at 247 South Broadway.

Farmers, for grain insurance call on A. C. Gish, 101 N. Broadway.

Miss Wagner, China, exchange col-

Whitney Trunk Factory, 223 S. Main.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for Mr. Walters, Mrs. Ada Irvin, Edward P. Price, G. H. Price, Mrs. F. M. McCall, James F. Hurlson, Mrs. M. B. Hugo, John W. Crow, D. L. Churchill and Miss Helen Chasey.

The Jewish Intellect.

New York Sun: "I don't wonder" said Mr. G. H. Kress, who works on the East Side, "that the Jews consider themselves the chosen people. They are certainly superior to any other race in the same industrial and social station.

Well, to illustrate, a Jewish boy of about 19 spent the whole evening, a night or two ago, talking with me about Greek poetry. He has been three years before the mast, but has decided to give up the sea, and settle down here. He wants to do something he doesn't know, and asks me about it. This time it was literature. He asked me what literature is. It was in the course of the explanation that the talk on Greek poetry began.

"When he went away, he had the names of Homer's poems upon a slip of paper, in order to get them at a library. Imagine an American boy, in that station of life, doing such a thing."

"Then I have a girl of 14, to whom I am giving private reading lessons. All her life she has been a little mother. She has simply spent her entire time in tending of the house and children. She has been to school only three months in all. The poor child is just as grieved and ashamed over the fact that she cannot read as you or I would be; and her pleasure, when I told her I could teach her, was pathetic.

"He is a good boy, of average intelligence, but he is not the sort of boy that you would expect to find in a schoolroom.

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REAL ESTATE REVIEW.

"Liner" Sheet

Los Angeles Sunday Times

IN FIVE PARTS.

Part II—12 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

XXTH YEAR.

"HOUSE AND LOT"—The Times' Weekly Review of Real Estate and Building.

FACT AND COMMENT.

ent of the year
of prices or less
inspiring sale
arrow morning
trimmings an
can resist.
Hats.
in New York for
beautiful new creations
98c
\$1.75
\$2.98
\$3.75
\$4.88
\$6.98
White Sailors.

Of rough braid, straw,
trimmed with black grass,
grain bands, worth several times over the
price July 9c
Clearance.....

Children's Hats.

A big lot of untrimmed
shapes: assorted styles
and colors; for misses
and girls; July 18c

Finer Veils.

All the very choicest
styles are included; veils
regularly sold at \$1 an
48c, and the same
53c values. 35c
July Clearance...

Assorted Flowers.

Bellar sorts are 48c;
78c kinds are 58c; and
88c values are 88c, and
98c values in
July Clearance.....

The Great
Sale of
the Season.

er to Wear Direct

Cummings
t-term Shoes

FOR MEN

\$5

cut or Oxford. No
how much you pay,
won't buy any bet-
built in our own fac-
tory and sold direct to
the at one small profit;
any wonder they're
than other shoes!

ision Skins for a Miss.

and Broadway.

Subdivisions.

the rapid extension of electric
and transportation in the suburbs
of Los Angeles there appears to be an
opening for the laying out of
lots of generous size, say from
one acre to an acre and a half
in a half-mile in area. There
are many people who take much
pleasure in a country life, and whose
time is to some day to be able to retire
to a small country place. With the
boom of the trolley-car service,
which brings points twenty miles distant
from the business center within an
hour's ride, it is not necessary for these
people to walk until they retire from
the city in order to gratify their am-
bition. On a place of an acre or more
with an ample water supply, the
resident may amuse himself by
growing his own fruit, and vegetables,
milk, butter, and eggs, besides
ample room for ornamental
gardening and to keep a horse, or a
few of them. Even in the choicest
sections, within ten miles of
the city, an acre of good land, with
the cost of a fifty-foot lot in a good
section of the city. There is
no doubt that a subdivision of this
properly placed before the public,
will go off like "hot cakes."

Railroads.

the railroads, carrying people to
the summits, from which fine
surrounding country may
have become very popular

where they have been constructed. The
first of these was the celebrated
one railroad road to the Right, in the midst
of the Lake of Lucerne, from which one
of the finest views in the world can be
obtained when the weather is clear,
which it seldom is. There are several
large hotels on the summit, and others
scattered over the mountain side. Since
then half a dozen or more mountain
roads have been built in Switzerland,
and one daring enterprise of the kind,
involving an elevator through the solid
rock for the last part of the journey, is
now being constructed on the Jungfrau.
In this country the Mount Lowe rail-
road, perhaps the steepest in the world
on the cable incline, has attracted
world-wide attention. More recently a
mountain railroad has been built up
Tamaipala, on the Bay of San Francisco.
A more ambitious enterprise of
this kind is the Pike's Peak road, which
is now in the process of construction.
The total cost of the road is over
\$10,000,000. A trip up all the roads is
more or less expensive, and conse-
quently the patronage is comparatively
limited. There should be a good op-
portunity for some enterprising investors
to make money and accommodate the
public by building a short mountain
railroad up one of the numerous hills
that are found near Los Angeles, or
even within the city limits, from which
delightful views may be obtained. The
people make such ascents as pre-
sent, because, in the first place, the trails
are usually steep, and then, Americans
as a rule are very good at mountain
climbing. With a railroad of this kind,
connecting with one of the car lines
from the city, a comfortable pavilion at
the summit, and round-trip tickets sell-
ing at say 25 cents, or even 50 cents,
such an investment should prove profit-
able. The trip would, undoubtedly, be
made by thousands as a variation from
seaside excursions, which at present almost
monopolize the cuttings of Los Angeles.

Additionally, it may be remarked that
it is by no means the only city in
which such a condition of affairs prevails
to a greater or less extent. Real-
estate owners can surely well afford to
spend a liberal amount of their time
and money in aid of legitimate efforts
for municipal reform. In this connec-
tion the question of assessing real es-
tate assumes great importance. As the
American Register recently observed, in
our State, where the statute re-
quires assessments of real property to
be made at actual cash value, the as-
sessment rules lead about the same re-
sults as the true value of the property
is assessed as the value of silver does to
the price of wheat. The journal re-
commends to his following sensible re-
marks on this subject, which are worth
securing:

"There are two principal reasons for
inadmissible conditions. One reason is
that assessments, outside the rural com-
munities, are usually selected because
they have any skipper knowledge
of property values. This is especially
true in the larger cities, where assessors
are nominated. Even if the man ne-
cessarily a faultless citizen and a com-
petent business man in his particular
sphere of trade, if he has had no training
in the assessment of real property, he
will prove as inefficient in the assessor's office
as the soldier in a real battle.
"Another reason is the custom so
common of copying from the old as-
sessment rolls year after year. This
would be all right if values
remained stationary, but they don't. In
any city and every dead one, too, values
constantly change in some sec-
tions, increasing, in some decreasing.
As assessed last year, the business cen-
ters of cities the business centers move
more rapidly than the assessing
offices and the valuation at the old cen-
tral is far too high, while at the new
center it is too low.
The assessment rolls of a city ought
to form an index to the value of the
property described, but in most
cases where the old assessment rolls are
used year after year by an incom-
petent board of assessors, one would as-
soon think of consulting the almanac
as the official records, if he wished a
valuation upon any particular property.
A local board of assessors for an
entire city of the second or third class
should be composed of one architect and
two or three active real-estate dealers
all selected for their practical
experience and honesty. They should be
given a liberal salary, and be required
to devote their entire time to the duties
of their office. They should not be ex-
pected to control any causes, make
any conventions, nor organize any
local booms. With such a board,
the assessment rolls would be a fair cri-
terion of property values, and each
cent of real estate would contribute
its proportion of taxes, based upon
the true value of his property.

Subdivisions.
In the rapid extension of electric
and transportation in the suburbs
of Los Angeles there appears to be an
opening for the laying out of
lots of generous size, say from
one acre to an acre and a half
in a half-mile in area. There
are many people who take much
pleasure in a country life, and whose
time is to some day to be able to retire
to a small country place. With the
boom of the trolley-car service,
which brings points twenty miles distant
from the business center within an
hour's ride, it is not necessary for these
people to walk until they retire from
the city in order to gratify their am-
bition. On a place of an acre or more
with an ample water supply, the
resident may amuse himself by
growing his own fruit, and vegetables,
milk, butter, and eggs, besides
ample room for ornamental
gardening and to keep a horse, or a
few of them. Even in the choicest
sections, within ten miles of
the city, an acre of good land, with
the cost of a fifty-foot lot in a good
section of the city. There is
no doubt that a subdivision of this
properly placed before the public,
will go off like "hot cakes."

Railroads.

the railroads, carrying people to
the summits, from which fine
surrounding country may
have become very popular

reported that some gold nuggets have
been picked up. It looks as if Catalina
island would be a favorable location for
vineyards of some fine varieties of
wine grapes, such as are raised on the
Mediterranean.

West of Catalina is the small island of
San Nicolas, with a rugged coast that is
difficult to approach, even in calm
weather. It is mainly noted as a hunting
ground for those who collect relics
of the mysterious Indian tribes which
once inhabited the island.

Some distance north of these islands
we come to the four islands of the Santa
Barbara Channel, lying close together
off the coast of that name. The nearest
to the shore is Anacapa, a very
small piece of land, where, as men
said, there has been some talk of
establishing a gambling resort. Not
long ago, when the oil fever was at its
height, some exploring was done for
petroleum on this island.

West of Anacapa is the island of
Santa Cruz, the largest of the group.
Here there are a large number of sheep,
and some farming is carried on.

Still farther west is the large island
of Santa Rosa. Here there are also
sheep and a quantity of wine has been
produced. The soil is very poor, and
the vines are small. Like Ireland,
Santa Rosa is said to be free of
mosquitoes. Large quantities of abalone
shells, which contain a small amount of
small value, are collected around the
island. The island abounds in the re-
mains of its ancient inhabitants. Santa

island is said to be the home of the
"gang" of which the work is

must be stopped, and in either case the
future sale of lots has been seriously
handled.

"Various forms of gift enterprises,
bordering more or less closely upon the
lottery, are sometimes resorted to, but
such plans are not to be recommended.
The most practical and business-like
plan would be for the builder to
himself to start the building boom in his
subdivision, before making an effort to sell
vacant lots. This may be done in one
of several ways. Arrangements
may be made with a reliable contractor
and builder to erect several houses
of the style and cost suitable to the value
of the lots and condition of the class of
people whom it is proposed to interest.
The owner may pay the builder for
the houses, and then, by offering them
at any margin of profit, and reducing
the price to the buyer, the lots will be
sold at a small profit to the lots when
a home-purchaser has been secured.
The same result may sometimes be
achieved by direct bargains with the
builder. Offer to pay a number
of reliable men who would be
occupants of the property, lots at greatly
reduced prices, or even entirely free,
on condition that houses of a certain
cost shall be erected and occupied
within a specified time. The need to be
given anything like exceptionally
good investments.

"The details of procedure in this
method may be varied, but the plan is
to be followed.

"The real-estate market remains firm
and steady, and while there are no
traces of boom features, the number of
small and medium-priced sales con-
tinues to be large, and no piece of inside
business or prospective business
is to be overlooked. The idea that
there is no boom quite in the real-
estate line as summer approaches. He
said: "I have been in the real-estate
business fifteen years, but I did one
day this week the biggest day's work
I have ever done. I found a party wait-
ing to buy a seventy-five-foot frontage
on Westlake avenue near Sixth. I
closed the sale in a few minutes for
\$2150. At 9 o'clock I closed a sale of
improved property on Hill street for
\$24,000. At 10:30 o'clock I closed a sale
of close-in residence property on Hope
street for \$3000. About 11 o'clock I sold
another piece of business property on
Eighth street for \$1500. About 2 o'clock I
closed a sale of a small place on Pico Heights for \$550.
At about 2:30 o'clock I made I made
for a customer a loan of between \$75,000 and
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Real Estate.

LINERS.

WANTED.

To Purchase.

WANTED—**TO BUY**. WOOLNER, 221 W. 2d st., John 2481. 5 1/2-story, corner, south. Hope and 15th. 6-room house, southwest. \$10,000. A bargain of a number of lots together. House west of Main, between 16th and 17th. 6-room cottage near 26th and Central. WOOLNER, 221 W. 2d st., John 2481. WANTED—**WHAT YOU WISH** TO BUY. SELL. EXCHANGE OR RENT. Real estate, see JOHN FLOURNOY, 126 Broadway. He will advertise and find a customer. If he fails it will suit you just.

WANTED—**DESIRABLE BUILDING LOTS** for sale. Good for good business. Will sell them on the installment plan, and can offer special inducements to parties having the best and direct lines of credit. WILDE, TAIT & CO., 221 W. 2d st., John 2481.

WANTED—**IF YOU HAVE IMPROVED PROPERTY** IF YOU WANT TO SELL, SEE W. E. ALLEN, 212 Douglas Blvd.

WANTED—**ALL WHO HAVE CITY PROPERTY** to exchange for ranch, clear, or for farm, suitable for a home, or for a place with something that will interest them. H. J. EDWARDS & CO., 225 Times Office.

WANTED—**TO PURCHASE HOUSES**. WOOLNER, 221 W. 2d st., John 2481.

Find out your lot. We will build you a house according to your plans, small or large, to suit your pocket.

WANTED—**GOOD 3-Room RESIDENCE** in Grand Ave., 25th to 26th. CALIFORNIA REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE, 225 Douglas Blvd., Third and Spring.

WANTED—**WILL BUY A LOT AND BUILD** you a house in any part of the city; building, lot, and fixtures, or any part of the fixtures; term, easy of instalments. WILDE, TAIT & CO., 221 W. 2d st., John 2481.

WANTED—**FOR IMMEDIATE PURCHASE** a house, good for a home, for a good business, or for a place with something that will interest them. J. C. FREDERICK & CO., 225 Times Office.

WANTED—**I WANT TO PURCHASE A SUB** of 2 to 3 miles, must have house on it; \$10,000 payment, monthly. Address M. B. TAIT, 212 Douglas Blvd.

WANTED—**TO PURCHASE, 1 to 5** ROOM HOUSE, with house, near city, suitable for chicken ranch; must be near car line. Send brief wire to H. J. ROVIER & MARTIN, 118 S. Broadway.

WANTED—**WE HAVE A CASH CUSTOMER** for good business, or for a place with something that will interest them. WILDE, TAIT & CO., 221 W. 2d st., John 2481.

WANTED—**TO PURCHASE 1, HAVE A** customer with \$10,000 and is looking for a good investment; have you got it? J. C. FREDERICK & CO., 225 Times Office.

WANTED—**TO BUY 6 OR 7-ROOM HOUSE** 2000-2000, all part cash; must be near car line, good for a home, or for a place with something that will interest them. H. J. ROVIER & MARTIN, 118 S. Broadway.

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Liners.

FOR SALE—

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE—**LARGE HAT RACK** tree-quarter-sawed oak, cost \$15, sell for \$20; also a small hat rack, \$10; also a small hat rack, \$10. Address 0, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—**NEW GAS ENGINE**, 2 HP, cost \$100, factory price one \$100, and 2 six-horse. These are fine and must be sold. WHITING WRECKING CO., 212 W. 7th.

FOR SALE—**1000 BUSINESS CARDS**, elegantly printed on good board, for \$1; office cards, \$1; also other cards. COOK PRINTING CO., 115 S. Broadway.

TO GET CASH—**QUICK WILL BILL**, a small bill, \$1000 worth for \$400; all cash, \$500 cash and balance very easy terms. Address P, box 42, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—**REMINGTON TYPEWRITER**, new, improvements, first-class, \$100; for men; for catalogues, WICKOFF'S, 26 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**CHEAP LUMBER**, NEW dry, used, shingles, shingles, shingles, and corrugated iron, old lumber cheap. WHITING WRECKING CO., 212 W. 7th.

FOR SALE—**4 FRENCH UPRIGHT HOO**D, piano, good condition, \$100; also a cushion frame. W. K. COVAN, 205 W. Fifth.

FOR SALE—**GOOD UPRIGHT PIANO**, in excellent condition, cash only; Call 111, GRIFFIN.

FOR SALE—**REMINGTON TYPEWRITER**, all makes; few partly used, cheap; new machines, \$10. LEADER CO., 115 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**SPACIAL CHAIR**, THE WING, NEW white cotton mattress, nice ticking, full size and well filled. \$30. ALLEN & SON, 115 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**TIFFANY**, THE WING, NEW white cotton mattress, nice ticking, full size and well filled. \$30. ALLEN & SON, 115 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**TYPEWRITERS**, ALL MAKES; few partly used, cheap; new machines, \$10. LEADER CO., 115 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**HAY PRESS**, WHITMAN "Steel King" power press; been used one year; good condition. Inquire LEE CHAMBERLAIN, 115 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**PAIR OF MISSES' WHITE CANVAS SHOES**, black or tan, length of sole 9 1/2, size 7, good condition. Address M, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—**THREE HUNDRED DRA**WERS, valves, stock socks, to 6 inches; cheap. WHITING WRECKING CO., 212 W. 7th.

FOR SALE—**WINDMILL, TOWER AND TANK**; pipe; all in good condition. \$8 for all; tank alone worth the money. Inquirer Room 212, W. 7th.

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FOR SALE—**EXCHANGE—SMALL DIAMOND PIN and cuff buttons**; lady's gold-filled bracelet. B. L. ANGELAS, 212 W. 7th.

FOR SALE—**BEAUTIFUL UPRIGHT PIANO**; hardly used, a real bargain; in standard piano case, \$100. LEADER CO., 115 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**UPRIGHT PIANO**, 55; PRETTY rosewood case, room tone, in perfect order; good condition. Address 0, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—**EXCHANGE—A FINE SECOND-HAND** two-seated sofa, cheap; for cash or part trade; single-seated or runabout. 294 Lucas Ave.

FOR SALE—**RAMBLER BICYCLES**, CASH price; call early. N. M. SOUTH BROADWAY.

FOR SALE—**EXCHANGE FOR CHICKEN** brooder of the best make. \$2.

FOR SALE—**RAMBLER BICYCLES**, CASH price; call early. N. M. SOUTH BROADWAY.

FOR SALE—**EXCHANGE—A FINE SECOND-HAND** two-seated sofa, cheap; for cash or part trade; single-seated or runabout. 294 Lucas Ave.

FOR SALE—**A LADY DOCTOR** LEAVING the city will sell a new \$10 electric belt with a leather case for only \$5. Call 212, Room 2.

FOR SALE—**REMINGTON TYPEWRITER** in excellent condition, as new; as at bargain of taken at since. 212 S. BROADWAY, rooms 302-303.

FOR SALE—**A FARM SURVEY**, complete, \$100; also a good car, \$100; also a small car, \$100. View, 115 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—**MY UPRIGHT HARDMAN** piano, in good condition, \$100; also a piano in good condition, \$100. Call 212, Room 2.

FOR SALE—**UPRIGHT FISCHER PIANO**, A, cash price for cash. 212 S. 6th, E. Olive St.

FOR SALE—**FOLDING BED WITH SPRING**, AUSTIN ST. 15, black web of cedar pine, \$15. In payments; after Sunday, 65% W. SIXTH ST.

FOR SALE—**MAN'S MANTLE**, \$10; also a small sewing machine; no reasonable offer refused. Address 0, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—**GOOD-SOUND PIANO** in excellent order, \$15; as before; see them at 212 S. BROADWAY.

FOR SALE—**STRUCTURE OF 8 ROOMS** for rent; \$25; between two depots; going to the mines. Address N, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.

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SPORTING RECORD
NEW BOAT IS A WONDER.

Constitution Out-sails the Columbia.

Overwhelming Defeat of the Independence.

Herreshoff Has Again Outdone Himself as a Designer of Fast Yachts.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.1
NEWPORT (R. I.) July 6.—An unqualified victory for the Constitution—an overwhelming defeat for the Independence; a most commendable showing for the old champion, the Columbia, is the record of the first day's contest of the big sloops in the Newport Racing Association's series.

From the firing of the starting gun, which sent the yachts off to windward in a light easterly breeze, the Constitution held her rivals. At the turning buoy she was a little more than two minutes in advance of the Columbia, while the Independence was held down to leeward.

But it was on the run home that the new Herreshoff yacht showed her greatest strength, beating the Columbia over eight minutes to the fifteen miles down the wind, and when the new champion of the America's cup swept across the line the Boston yacht was over seven miles astern.

Owing to the lightness of the wind there was no brilliant or dramatic race to conclude. The race lacked the charm that a copper breeze but it was full of interest, if not exciting, events, nevertheless.

The chief incident of the contest was, of course, the failure of the Independence to meet the expectations of her adherents. The stars of the day in the weather conditions that prevailed today cannot be gainsaid. At no time during the contest to windward did she show any weatherly qualities whatever. She did not sail high at all, and in a brief interval demonstrate that she possessed a fraction of that speed which she seemed to have shown when sailing by herself. That she may be vastly improved is possible, but it is not to be profoundly disappointed; her friend today cannot be concealed, for in light winds, her excellence was chiefly supposed to rest. When she got fairly out into open sea she paid heavy toll in the southwest wind, and the more she paid, the more she seemed to lose headway.

So far as the Constitution's success was concerned, it was no more than was expected of her by those who have watched her closely. Her sailing was splendidly and with rare judgment, but not in the least better than the Columbia, her superior size and her more pliant helm. Some of the same experts that Nat Herreshoff had reached his limit when he designed the Columbia are not justified by today's race. Whether the Columbia will beat the Constitution in hard weather remains to be proved.

The Columbia was sailed in a most meritorious manner from start to finish, and the arts of professional seamanship were practiced by her. The sailing master, and E. D. Morgan, the manager, to overcome their vastly able opponents, they should have kept their inferior boat in close with the outer mark, was a wonderful piece of work. That the Constitution is by far the better all-around boat, let it alone higher or lower, is highly to be doubted after her showing today.

The following table shows the record of the race in figures:

Ep'd Cor'tt Start Finish time

constitution . . . 12:10:02 5:48:08 5:38:06 5:33:06

Independence . . . 12:10:17 5:59:23 5:49:12 5:47:05

. 12:12:00*

*Did not finish within time limit.

Thus on overall time the Constitution beat the Columbia 5 minutes 9 seconds over the whole course.

On the first leg of the course, to windward, the Constitution beat the Columbia 9 minutes 8 seconds. The Constitution won by 11 minutes 7 seconds on elapsed time.

The Constitution allowed the Independence 42 seconds and the Columbia 7 seconds.

Time at the outer mark: Constitution 3:43:35; Columbia 3:45:58.

Mr. Duncan, the manager of the Constitution, was ashore at the Yacht Club in his launch just after 8 o'clock this evening, when asked if he had anything to say about the victory of his boat, he simply stated that all on board were thoroughly satisfied with the performance.

The Constitution is all ready for the second race on Monday. She will probably remain at her moorings tomorrow and her crew will be given a rest.

The Independence arrived back in the harbor about 8 o'clock. Mr. Crownshield left the yacht at that time, soon after the Independence was joined. Mr. Lawson went aboard from Decatur and the Boston boat could talk for publication. Mr. Chapman, private secretary for Mr. Lawson, said that no one on board had any desire to make the Constitution. He said he was ready for another race on Monday. No one on board the yacht seemed depressed after the poor showing of the yacht, all eating the matter as the result of luck.

SOME ANCIENT CRAFT.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.1
NEW YORK, July 6.—William A. or Gardner of Boston has chartered a schooner yacht Mayflower to Sam'l C. Davis of St. Louis, Mo. She will be used in these waters during the international yacht races. There will be several ancient vessels present at the race, including the famous wooden Indian, which started the series of international races fifty years ago in the race around the Isle of Wight.

NATIONAL SHOOTING BUND.

N FRANCISCO EXPECTS CROWD.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.1
LOS ANGELES, July 6.—Letters and telegrams received at the headquarters of the National Shooting Bund in this city indicate that a number of sharpshooters are coming to San Francisco to participate in the contests, commencing July 14, than was anticipated. The New York Independent School left New York yesterday on a special train started from New Haven after riflemen of Greater New York. It is now estimated that nearly

2000 riflemen from all parts of the Union will attend the festival. The prizes thus far on hand are valued at about \$10,000. This aggregation of many gold and silverware will be displayed in the early part of the shooting festival is to be held. A palace for prizes, constructed of plate-glass panels set in gilded rods will contain these valuable gifts, which are considered the best and most valuable prizes ever offered at any bantusten.

TODDY WON EASILY.

BRIGHTON BEACH HANDICAP.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.1
NEW YORK, July 6.—James B. Keene's Toddy at 10 to 1 won the Brighton Beach Handicap today. Smith got him off in front, and, setting a fast pace, he made every hole a winning one, and won, ridden out from Water Cure by a length, while six lengths separated Alcedo, the Suburban, who was from the second.

The race was the feature event of the opening day of the Brighton Beach Racing Association's summer meeting. Summary:

One mile and three-quarters: The Alcedo hurdle: Draughtsmen won, Puffin second, Kudu third; time 2:31.

One mile: Roe Hampton won, The Musketeer second, Templeton third; time 1:52.

Two and a half furlongs: Barrie Stuns: Henry Zietz won, Water second, Khetat third; time 0:56.

Six furlongs: selling: Lizzie A. won, Edinburgh second, Tybra third; time 1:17.

Stepchase, short course, selling: Taic's Creek won, Bassie second, Bradshaw third; time 5:19.

DELMAR PARK SUMMARY.

SPRINTED GAMES IN ENGLAND.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.1
BUDDERSFIELD (Eng.) July 6.—At the Atlantic Cable. A great crowd witnessed the amateur championship here this afternoon.

The first event, putting the weight, fell to G. W. T. Coe, University of Pennsylvania, with a put of 45 ft. 5½ in. Jewett Heckmond, Weike, England, was second.

In the preliminary heats of the 100-yard dash, A. F. Duffy, Georgetown University, won the first heat. Time 10.5 seconds.

Two and a half furlongs: Leonora Loring won, Chilton second, Sombrero third; time 1:08.2.

Five and a half furlongs: Royal Sterling won, Bedeck second, Elmo third; time 1:29.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.1
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NEWPORT'S PROGRAMME.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.1
CINCINNATI (O.) July 6.—Six furlongs: Star won, Roatelle second, Chemist third; time 1:15.

Five furlongs: running: The Widow won, Debenture second, Martha D. third; time 1:02.

Six and a half furlongs: swordsmen, won, Satin Coat second, Chickamagua third; time 1:52.

The Missouri Steeplechase, \$1500, six furlongs: Waukita won, Gallagher third, Jungrath third; time 1:17.

One mile: selling: John Morton won, Terrier Ingraham second, Sadie Levy third; time 1:43.

Seven furlongs: Gen. McGruder won, Hardly second, Percy R. third; time 1:29.

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CHICAGO (Eng.) July 6.—A special to the Tribune from Paris, Ill., says that Cato & Woods' great hind Hindoo died yesterday. He was one of the greatest sires on record. Among his get were Hanover, Sallie McClelland, Dungarvan and Jim Gore.

ALEXANDRIA PARK RACES.

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DETROIT'S SENSATIONAL VICTORY.

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THE AFTERMATH.



Young America to Uncle Sam: "Say, Uncle, wasn't it a corker?"

threads of noble relations won the hearts of the up in the deserts and mountains, and some see the promised land. California discovery has fire. The words they enfeoffed of today as tomorrow. For while the fall by its own gravitation are helped on by the Those ideas and ideals will be the watchwords of the migratory thought of God. It would be an feel a deeper sense of it was their home, and the line of generations struggled and gone on to L. F. H.

GEORGE.
e's face,
nimpotent and vast,
t dwelling place
I stand dumb
human speech
ever paint
foreheads reach
touch of heav'n
wrinkled crests,
ight's glory where
had thunder rests,
e forest floor.
rocks upward lift
ns of the wayside,
e swift
ed with grandeur.
n the tempest's wrath,
oles of silence,
alls whose path
t of Time
here,
hat God hath wrought
emples fair,
nts, and living streams
hems in His praise
t Te Deumus, too,
nt canons raise,
offers here.

unto the hills
my help; my help
unde heaven and earth.
o be mored, He
not slumber. Behold
shall neither
Lord is thy keeper,
pon thy right hand;
thee by day, nor the
ord shall preserve the
e thy soul. The Lord
g out and thy coming
ly and even for ever
o let us sing,
pon the face
Oh, let them ring,
ur hearts shall raise.
ELIZA A. OTIS,
1901.

AL COMMENT.

any one to have the
ey have it is a case of
—[Chicago News.]

or says America is intelli-
He is perhaps over her
lawless health.—[Denver.]

in price. It's not alleged
but corners where they
uncommon.—[Philadelphia.]

unimportant. The bur-
sard to Old Sol that he is
goodness' sake to let up.—

authorities allowed a fire-
big tenement house? It is
ersey justice will answer
Buffalo Times.

entral America are no
odd to have twenty-seven
ion next Thursday for ad-
e of Technology because
and, isn't it?—[New York.]

ustria has been cover-
in several ways because
elling in the army. And
ir idols of the false gods
the highest motives which
display such devotion to
fuel everywhere should be
unhappy, far off things
York Tribune.

July 7, 1901.]

From Galilee to Damascus. By R. J. Burdette.



THE RIDE TO MOUNT CARMEL.

WE BROKE camp at sunrise on a summer morning in March and rode away from the sweetest spot on all the living map of the world, halting at the summit of the hills to look back at blue Galilee, an amethyst in the morning sunlight, set in the clustering emeralds of the softly rounded hills. Such a beautiful, tiny lake—and they called it "the Sea of Galilee." A sea, indeed. We circumnavigated it in one day. Yet its murmuring waves have beat against the shores of every land beneath the skies and sung their songs of peace to souls that know of no other sea but this.

We ride through the fertile fields and over the hills decked with the flocks of sheep and goats, and come again to the fountain at Cana for our noontime rest, and in the quiet of the sunset hour we ride once more into Nazareth and camp for a night. Next day we ride against a driving storm of wind and rain; in the early afternoon we cross "the brook Kishon," which once ran red to the sea with the blood of Jezebel's priests of Baal, for "Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon and slew them there"—nearly a thousand of them; as we climbed the steep slopes of Carmel—"the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain," and out of these memories of fire and storm, of vengeance and slaughter, of a people's apostasy and a prophet's zeal, we came at the top of the mountain into the quiet and comfort of the cleanest, neatest, most hospitable German hotel, "the Pross"—may the blessings of all good Christians rest upon its threshold!

We spent a week of restful sunny days there. Like all the rest of this land, Mount Carmel is a bouquet of beautiful wild flowers. It looks out over the Mediterranean; across the bay to historic Acre; down at its feet nestles Haifa, the ancient Greek Sycaminum; close to the mountain are the pleasant, neat, well-ordered homes of the German colony of the "Templars;" their meadows lie in fertile reaches between the mountain and the sea, and their neat, stone-walled vineyards beautify the sides of the mount.

This "colony" is but one of a free religious community organized in Wurtemberg forty years ago; they base their religious and social programme on the Old Testament prophecies, and located colonies in Jaffa and Haifa for the beginnings of ideal Christian communities. They are a blessing to this oriental land. They teach the natives the use of soap, instruct them in the art of telling the truth, show them the benefit of working at least a part of the time instead of dividing it between praying in the mosque and throwing stones at passing Christians. There are about five hundred people in this Haifa colony; they are industrious, thrifty, neat, take good care of their poor—however, I said all that when I said they were Germans. Some of them are American citizens, so we shouted "Hoch der President!" when we walked out on the pretty stone wharf, which was built for the landing of the German Emperor, and has never been used since. The "landing" at Haifa, like the landing at Jaffa, is far out at sea.

Mount Carmel is bright and green all the year round. Its highest point is but 1800 feet above the sea. From its earliest history the mountain was considered sacred—"the mount of God." The Romans had an altar "to the god of Carmel" on its summit, and in Vespasian's time this oracle was consulted. Isaiah extols the beauty of the mountain in his description of the kingdom—"the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon"—and in the Song of Solomon we read (if you do) "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel." When Napoleon Bonaparte was defeated at Acre he left his wounded in a monastery on this mountain. They were all barbarously murdered, of course, by the Turks, and a small pyramid marks their place of sepulcher.

Somehow you accept a railway as a natural order of things anywhere, everywhere. The time when a railway might thrill you as a wonder of human achievement or shock you as a profane incongruity has long since passed by. How long since? Oh, ages upon ages; as long as two years, at least. It doesn't take long to make an aeon of times. Don't look at the almanac—just look up from the paper and ask your family or the man sitting next to you who ran for Vice-President with Cleveland the year Harrison defeated him. A railway through Lebanon, and into the city of Damascus! You might be surprised not to find one, but to travel on one inspires you with but one supreme thought—the purpose to get a compartment before every seat is taken, for there is but one train a day each way. After your seat is secured you may sit down and thrill, if you can. But you can't. Not over a railway. They're coming to be as common as trolleys.

As a rule, in our civilization, the railway goes first and the towns spring up along the trail afterward. But Damascus is one of the cities which got there first and had to wait for its railway. I don't know how long it waited. It was an old city and an important one when Abraham came up out of his own country and dwelt in Canaan, for it was sufficient to identify his steward then as "Eliezer of Damascus," and that was 4000 years ago. Other cities there were at that day, but they are dust heaps now, and men cannot exactly locate the dust heap. But Damascus is a city of more than 100,000 people, and it has always been a city. In one of his rough wars "David smote Hadadezer, King of Zobah, as he went to recover his border at the River Euphrates, and took from him a thousand chariots," and when the Syrians of Damascus came to succor Hadadezer "David slew of the Syrians two and twenty thousand men, and put garrisons in Syria of Damascus." But that kings of Damascus made heavy yokes for David's successors; even in the reign of that hard driver, the son

thing to beat Napoleon—and his British sailors defeated him. "The man who changed my destiny," the Emperor called him. He is buried in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, Paris, and a glowing eulogy on his tomb records the boast that he was the man who put the first check upon the career of the man of destiny.

Somehow or other it seems that a man who is thinking of embarking upon a destiny as a world power had better consult the English before making final and definite contracts.

In 1831 Ibrahim Pasha, with an Egyptian army, captured Acre, plundered and destroyed it. But it grew up again, and in 1840 it was so prosperous that it was considered a fit subject for bombardment, and bombarded it was by the fleets of those most progressive and Christian agents of civilization, England, Turkey and Austria.

The only result of these repeated smashings has been to raise each succeeding city on a higher grade. Of the 10,000 inhabitants of the city at this time 80 per cent. are Mohammedans. The principal building of course is the mosque, which is very spacious. They showed us the tomb of that great butcher and builder, Jezzar Pasha.

It was pleasant to be assured that he was dead. On our return through the mosque, after visiting this tomb, my lady walked across a holy pavement with her shoes on. It would have been bad enough had a man done such a thing. But a Woman! Such a babel of howls and yells as chorused about her triumphal passage across that pavement! I told the Chief Howler and Gesticator that we didn't know the thing was holy, and that Madame merely walked across it because it was the only clean place in the court, but it seemed to make him worse, especially as he didn't understand a word I said. It cost me a bishlak to soothe his perturbed spirit and another to purify, reconsecrate and sanctify the outraged pavement—24 cents in all. Religion comes high in Mohammedan countries, but there are times when you have to invest in a little of it. But that was the largest quantity I ever took in one order. Meanwhile My Lady, all unconscious that she was distracting the congregation from worship and dividing attention with the grunting-burdened gentleman who was eloquently the Koran through his nose on upper C (his voice was a rich baritone; the Arab bass never goes lower than middle A, and the tenor squeaks out of the dome,) walked serenely on, calm, majestic, an undisturbed disturber of the general peace.

Beirut.

From Mount Carmel we took ship to Beirut, and there abode a few days. A beautiful picture this city presents from the sea, and the buildings most prominent and attractive are those of the "Syrian Protestant College," sometimes called the American University, and for this commanding site, the finest in the city, the college is indebted to the foresight and good judgment of President Bliss. There are a dozen buildings, and last year 500 students were enrolled; since the founding of the college in 1866 it has had an enrollment of 2207 students in all departments. All instruction is given in English.

Before the massacre of the Christians throughout this country in 1860 Beirut had a population of about 20,000. It now numbers over 100,000, of whom only 30,000 are Mohammedans, and that element is being gradually displaced by Christians. The American mission has a most excellent printing house, "up-to-date" in equipment and methods, under the management of Edward G. Freyer. Besides this there are a dozen other printing establishments in the city. There are also twelve Arabic newspapers printed here. Beirut is intensely commercial; naturally so, as it is an ancient Phoenician city, but the older it grows the more modern it becomes. From Beirut we go by rail, and fast train—fast for Syria—to

Damascus.

Somehow you accept a railway as a natural order of things anywhere, everywhere. The time when a railway might thrill you as a wonder of human achievement or shock you as a profane incongruity has long since passed by. How long since? Oh, ages upon ages; as long as two years, at least. It doesn't take long to make an aeon of times. Don't look at the almanac—just look up from the paper and ask your family or the man sitting next to you who ran for Vice-President with Cleveland the year Harrison defeated him. A railway through Lebanon, and into the city of Damascus! You might be surprised not to find one, but to travel on one inspires you with but one supreme thought—the purpose to get a compartment before every seat is taken, for there is but one train a day each way. After your seat is secured you may sit down and thrill, if you can. But you can't. Not over a railway. They're coming to be as common as trolleys.

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of Nimshi, Hazael of Damascus harried the borders of Israel, and this was kept up through many years.

Jeremiah poured out his denunciations upon it—"Damascus is waxed feeble and turneth herself to flee; now is the city of praise not left; the city of my joy!"

After the battle of Issus, Damascus, where the harem and treasures of Darius had been left for safety, surrendered by treachery to one of the generals of Alexander the Great. It was tossed about from one power to another for 900 years thereafter; Aretas, the Arab King, conquered it nearly a hundred years before the birth of Christ; the Armenian King wrested it from the Arabs; then the Roman general Metellus captured it; the great Pompey occupied it; Herod the Great beautified the city with a gymnasium and a theater, although it was never in his dominions; Saul of Tarsus, a man so full of religion that he couldn't carry it all at once, journeyed hither on a strictly orthodox errand one time, lost all his religion by the way and became a Christian, which was much better. They showed us the place in the wall. "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God." To escape the fury of his late co-religionists, "The disciples took him by night and let him down by the wall in a basket." They showed us the place where he was let down, and afterward found the rope and basket myself.

Damascus reached the climax of its splendor and glory, however, under the great Arab princes, the Omayyades, in A. D. 635; then it saw a procession of wars and changing masters; Egyptians, Syrians, warring sects of Christians, Mohammedans, half-breeds, mongrels and unnamed hybrids. The crusaders made several attempts to capture it; the Mongols occupied it, and they greatly favored the Christians during their time of power. It was the headquarters of Saladin, whose tomb is here. In 1300 the Tartars plundered the city and burned a large portion of it; in 1399 Timur marched against it, and after a desperate defense "the citizens purchased immunity from plunder by the payment of a million pieces of gold," which one would think came pretty close to being plundered.

On this occasion Timur carried away with him all the famous armorers of Damascus, and took them to Khorasan and Samarkand, where they introduced the art of manufacturing Damascus blades, which has perished from Damascus. In 1516 the city passed into the hands of the Turks, and it has been the capital of a Turkish province ever since. In 1860 a preconcerted massacre of the Christians began in Damascus, the signal for the slaughter being given by Ahmed Pasha, the Turkish Governor. The soldiers and the Druses began this massacre on the ninth of July. The entire Christian quarter of Damascus was destroyed; all the consulates, except the English and Prussian, were burned down; the torture and murder of the Christians; many refugees were protected by the great Algerian chief, Abd-el-Adir, until 14,000 Christians had been slain and the Christian governments of Europe began to exhibit symptoms of disapproval.

It does not take much of that sort of thing to rouse the righteous indignation of a Christian European government. In China, that is. In Turkey it is different. Armenia and Lebanon are so much nearer home than China, it takes the news longer to reach the Christian capital. The murder of a few thousand Armenian Christians every year or so, as the Sultan pleases, is a domestic affair of the Turkish government which does not concern Christian Europe, but if he lays his hand on a few dirty mail bags there will be war.

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AT THE GRAND CANYON.

God's own hand hath left its impress on thee,
His touch is seen upon thy rock-hewn forehead,
And thou dost stand, a world within a world,
Where chaos lingers still, and mystery
Walks dumb amid the mighty chisellings
Of Time. The sky looks down upon thee with
Undying wonder, and the atmosphere
Throws robes of mystic color round thee which
Change at morn and noon and eve their rainbow
Folds, intangible as the summer's breath.
As from the edge of some far off planet,
We stand upon the rim of thy vast deep
And look down upon thy giant forms, thy
Carved domes and temples with their rocky spires,
And thy wide valley's floor, where to our eyes
Thy mighty river seems a silver thread
Creeping with hushed voice amid the shadows;
Thy great trees, which lift their branches to the
Sun, look like tender grasses, a living
Line of green, stirless upon thy breast,
As if the lullaby of ages had

Soothed them into slumber. Thou dost seem a dream
To lie while the airs of the old past flow
Round thee. Thou dost look into the face of
Time and smile at Change, a marvel strange amid
Created things. We may search the wide earth
Over and still find no likeness elsewhere
To thee. God's own finger hath scooped out thy
Titan forms, and Time stands by in worshipful
Admiration and is still. So we stand
Dumb with reverent awe, while Wonder wraps
Us in his robes of worship and clothes us
With humility, till our souls cry out—
Our God is here, for lo! we see His footprints
And the marvels of His hand within this place.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

Grand Canyon of the Colorado, June, 1901.

of parrots, some as white as snow, others of a delicate pink and others as red as fresh blood. One of the curious birds is the lyre bird, which has a tail shaped just like a lyre, and another is the satin-bower bird, which builds up a playground near the tree in which its nest is. These playgrounds, or assembly platforms, are sometimes three feet in diameter. They have a floor raised in the center made of sticks woven together. Upon this central place they build a little bower of woven twigs and decorate it with all the beautiful things they can find. They weave gay feathers of parrots and other birds among the sticks, put bones and shells here and there, and collect everything that they can to beautify it. Some bowers which have been found in the vicinity of settlements are ornamented with pieces of broken china and glass, and one was recently discovered in which a number of blue cotton rags, evidently picked up from a deserted native encampment, had been woven. These bowers are not nests nor are they the homes of the birds. They are supposed to be the rendezvous or playing grounds at pairing times, when the little birds run in and out of the passages, apparently having a game together. The bowers are built by the females.

The bower birds are bright green when young, but when full grown the males are of a deep, shining blue black closely resembling satin. They have blue bills, yellow at the tip, and their legs and feet are yellowish white. The females are green and brown, with bills of a dark horn color. The birds are found all along the east coast of Australia and in many parts of the interior.

The Festive Cassowaries.

You may have heard of the touching little poem by the small boy who was indignant at his pennies going into the Sunday-school box, one verse of which reads:

"I wish I were a cassowary
In the wilds of Timbuctoo,
Wouldn't I eat a missionary,
Skin and bones and hymn book, too!"

Australia is as much the land of the cassowary as the emu. The northern part of the country has thousands of these great birds, which resemble the ostrich and the emu, but which have many peculiarities of their own. The ostriches and emus live on the open plains. The cassowaries are found in the forests and brush woods. They are very wary birds and seldom come out of the jungles. I have seen a number of them during my stay in Australia. The full-grown bird is about four-and-a-half feet high, having black feathers, brown at the base. They have eyes like an eagle, and long, thin necks, with stately, naked heads, and flat, but powerful, bills. Their necks are bright red and blue where they join the feathers. They have very strong legs, which look more like clubs than bird legs, and end in three large claws like those of an emu.

The National Bird of Australia.

The emu is the national bird of Australia. It is larger than the cassowary, often five or six feet in height, and sometimes over seven. It is very much like the ostrich, except that its legs are shorter, and its body more compact and clumsy. Emu feathers look more like coarse hair than feathers, and emu skins are sometimes used for rugs. The cassowaries have no hair on their heads, but the heads of the emus are completely feathered, or I might say haired. The plumage of the emu is a dull brown, spotted with dirty gray here and there. The wings are so short that they are invisible when held close to the body; they are clothed with feathers, but not with the beautiful plumage of the ostrich. The birds are quite dangerous and their kick is strong enough to kill a dog or a man.

Hunting.

One of the favorite sports of Australia is hunting emus. The best time for this is early in the morning, when the birds go out to feed on the grass. Both dogs and horses are trained for the purpose. The dogs are taught to catch the emus by the neck, otherwise they are sometimes killed by a kick, for the bird kicks sideways like a cow. This hunting is rapidly killing off the emus, as is also the fencing of the pastures. The squatters are anxious to destroy them to save the grass for the sheep. They send out men to hunt for the nests and break the eggs. On one sheep station in Victoria 1500 eggs were recently destroyed, and on another more than that number were broken. In one county of New South Wales 10,000 emus were killed in nine months, and the destruction of them in the settled portions of Australia has been very general. The aborigines hunt them for food. They eat the flesh with the skin upon it, and are especially fond of the hind quarters, which are not unlike beef. Emu eggs are used as ornaments, being sometimes painted in silver and used as milk jugs or sugar bowls. The oil is said to be excellent for rheumatism.

The Laughing Jackass.

But I could write a whole letter about Australian birds. The continent has all kinds, all sizes, and, I might say, all shapes. In the north you find the brilliant plumage of the tropics, and in the south the quieter hues of the temperate zone. Along the coasts are great ibises, with legs as thin as pipe stems, with long pink necks and bodies covered with feathers as white as snow, except under the wings, where the feathers are black. There are many varieties of parrots, strange mocking-birds, humming birds, pigeons and bush turkeys.

There are kingfishers, and among them the famous laughing jackass, which has a hoarse cry like a laugh, which you can hear for miles as you go through the forests. This bird has a head about as big as its body, and its laugh is a thousand times bigger than both body and head. It says ha! ha! ha! hoo! hoo! hoo! contumaciously laughing again and again, until at last you laugh in reply. It is a great reptile destroyer. It eats snakes, lizards and other such things, and for this reason is protected by law.

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EDUCATING HUSBANDS.

A FAMOUS WOMAN TELLS HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE.

Contributed by Susan B. Anthony.

THE education of a husband for the twentieth century should have been commenced in the eighteenth; indeed, there should have been some preliminary training for several centuries preceding that. With ninety-nine boys out of a hundred it is the pride of their lives to imitate their fathers; the hundredth boy may have discrimination enough to look about for a better model. In the average family the boy gauges his treatment of his sisters by the manner in which the father treats the mother; and this attitude toward his sisters he is very apt to duplicate in that which he adopts toward his wife. The women themselves in all of these cases may effect some modifications, but they represent the general practice of men. And then comes the cross-inheritance from mothers, which influences in a vast degree the characteristics of sons, but even this carries with it the traits of the men in her family line. Every boy, therefore, is a composite of a multitude of paternal and maternal ancestors, and a condensation of all their good and bad qualities forms the husband of the twentieth century.

The memory of a man goeth not back to a time when girls were not trained for wives and mothers. Their first plaything is a doll and their second a set of dishes. They are coddling these dolls when the little boys are making life miserable for the dogs and cats of the neighborhood; or they are peacefully playing at "keeping house" when the boys are banging away with a bat or a "shiny" in blissful ignorance of future domestic duties. From childhood the girl is put through a course of training with direct reference to future wifehood. The training of the boy is exactly the same as if there were no such relation as husbandhood. The girl is constantly admonished as to her duties when she has a home of her own. No such contingency is suggested to the boy. With the keen observation of youth the girl soon notices the dependent position of the mother, while the boy just as soon realizes the immense advantages of belonging to the sex of his father. The result of this unavoidably must be a sense of inferiority on the part of the girls, and of the superiority on the part of the boys.

In olden times this distinction was accepted as the decree of an inscrutable Providence, and, as the years went on, the girl became the submissive woman and the boy the assertive man. This was inevitable so long as the woman was denied education, travel, business experience, knowledge of the world—all that tends to develop and strengthen men and fit them for the exercise of authority. But when the first rift was made in the rigid conservatism which had dwarfed her powers, then began the protest and antagonism against that submission which for ages had been exacted. It will require several generations more to obliterate this antagonism, which exists to a greater or less degree in the business world, the professions, the schools, and even the home itself. So long as women are continually challenged to prove their fitness, and can do this only by showing themselves superior instead of equal, and so long as opportunities are grudgingly allowed by men and the way impeded, just that long will this antagonistic spirit survive. If men would be just to women, the proverbial generosity and devotion of the latter would yield more than half the ground, but this is impossible where they are kept constantly on the defensive and fighting for life.

This is especially true of the home. The average wife is willing to concede to the husband the position as head of the family; it is her pleasure to consult him, to defer to him, to give him the most and the best of her life, but she demands that all this shall be a free-will offering, and that he shall be worthy of it. She desires that this deference and devotion shall be reciprocal; that her place in the household shall take equal rank with his; that he shall repay faithfulness with fidelity, and affection with love. There are husbands who are deserving of all the trust and honor reposed in them, and, with the cooperation of the wife, they illustrate the ideal family life. There are others who are utterly unworthy, and yet they expect the same devoted service and the allegiance simply because they bear the relation of husband, and it is against such that women rebel. How then shall men be educated so that they may bring happiness and not misery to themselves, their wives and their children?

It is said that boys receive the strongest impulses of their life at the mother's knee, but we see continual proof that these may be entirely counteracted by the father's example. Therefore, the most valuable part of a boy's training for a husband lies in a daily object lesson from his mother's husband. Two anecdotes may illustrate the effect of the father's influence: A little girl said to her mother, "I suppose I've got to be a cross old maid like Aunt Jane, or marry a man like papa. This is a hard world for us women!" Another said, "I shall never marry." "Why not?" her mother asked, "I married." "Yes, I know; but you got papa, and there isn't another as nice a man in the world." Two views of matrimony founded on the personal observations of children! In the first case a little boy would have drawn the conclusion that it was the proper thing for husbands to be disagreeable, and he would have put his theories into practice some day. In the second, he would have reasoned, with his childish philosophy, that it was part of a husband's duty to be kind, patient and loving, and he would have endeavored to carry out these ideas in his own family when he should have one.

It is not sufficient, however, for the father simply to set an example. Some precepts should be taught at the father's knee as well as at the mother's. In a great

many matters, even at early age, a boy has more respect for the opinions of the father than of the mother. When the latter teaches that he should be kind to all dumb animals; that he should not rob birds' nests, or tie tin cans to a dog's tail, or chase cows, his perverse moral instincts are apt to attribute these teachings to a sort of weakness on the part of women; and when the mother insists that his sisters must be treated with particular deference, the little embryo savage is prone to conclude that she loves them better than she does him. It is highly important that both father and mother should inculcate in sons the lessons of gentleness, courtesy, fair dealing, generosity and helpfulness, for all these qualities are especially valuable in a husband.

As the boy grows older he should learn from both parents, but particularly from the father, the harmful effects of tobacco and intoxicating liquor, and here again the example of the father far outweighs the precepts of both. And upon the father also rests the most solemn obligations to impress upon the son the inestimable value of personal purity. It is the lack of this which wrecks more homes than all other evils combined, and there is no one in the world who can influence the boy so strongly upon this point as his father. While he may respect his mother's ideas, he will feel in his heart that she does not understand a man's nature or a man's temptations, but he will regard the father's admonitions as the result of knowledge and experience. The responsibility of the father in training the boy to make a good man (and a good man makes a good husband) is far greater than that of the mother.

If the boy attends Sunday-school, care should be taken that he forms his ideas of the relation of men to women from the teachings of Jesus rather than from those of St. Paul. If the latter are studied it should be in the light of historical knowledge and intelligent criticism. No boy or young man should be allowed to believe that the rules laid down by St. Paul, nearly 2000 years ago, for the ignorant women of a heathen nation, are to be applied to the intelligent, cultured, self-controlled women of the present day.

The boy should be taught from childhood that he has no claim for superiority over girls; that if he have more physical strength, that is an additional reason why he should protect them; and if they have other disabilities, that is so much the stronger argument for making their way easy. He should honor his own sisters through his honorable treatment of every other boy's sisters, and this rule should be carried into manhood. His conduct toward all women should be of the most exemplary character, and this in a large measure because of its reflex action on himself.

The husband of the future should receive his education in schools and colleges which admit both sexes upon exactly the same terms. It is only in this way that he can get a just sense of the proportion of his own mental ability. Whether by inheritance or from hearing the statement so often made, the average boy starts out with the belief that a man has more brains than a woman, and, naturally, that a boy has more than a girl. If this mistaken idea is not corrected while he is young he is very apt to make life unpleasant for the women with whom he comes in contact with. There is no corrective so efficient as a coeducation. It is only when the two are engaged in exactly the same work that the boy or the man will admit that the test is a fair one. In married life no husband believes that the management of the household—the children, the servants and all the complex details—requires as much brain power as does his business down street, so if this question of intellectual equality is to be definitely settled it must be in the class room. No man can take a four years' course in a college where the two sexes recite together without having his theory of the superiority of a man's brain over a woman effectually and forever exploded. The result of this cannot fail to contribute to the harmony of marriage, which in modern life must consist of an equal partnership. So I would name co-education as an important factor in the training of the twentieth century husband.

Boys should be brought up with the expectation of marrying. Fathers and mothers should speak and act always as if it were a matter of course that the sons were to marry, just as is assumed in the case of the daughters. They should be taught to accumulate and save money, because some day they will have a family to support. They should be urged to live correctly, in order that they may be worthy of a good wife, and may give an honored name to their children. They should be influenced to seek the society of the best women, because from these associates they are likely to select a companion for life. I recall two incidents in this connection among my own friends. One woman collected all her jewels and, calling her young son, she spread them out for him to admire. When he had taken them up one after another, and expressed his admiration, she said: "When I die I shall leave all these to your wife, because I am sure she will be the only woman I ever could be happy to have wear them." Always after that when she would put them on she would say: "You will think of me, won't you, dear, when you see your wife wearing my jewels?" He told me that ever afterward, in his acquaintance with young women, he would consider whether they were worthy to wear his mother's jewels.

The other woman had several sons, and from their boyhood she talked to them against marriage. Her own marriage was not an unhappy one, but she had an intense jealousy of the women who should come between her and her sons. "I hate all my daughters-in-law in advance," she often said. She would not bring desirable girls into her own home, and the sons soon learned to conceal from her their calls at other homes. This led to the forming of undesirable acquaintances. They did not regard any woman as a possible wife, and it is not necessary to follow their careers to the inevitable results.

The education of the twentieth century husband is a comprehensive subject. It reaches back for generations; it embraces grandparents, parents and all the home surroundings. It is impossible to touch upon more than the barest outlines of such a question. But this we do know—that the husband of this and the centuries to come will have to be superior in many ways to the husbands who have proceeded him. The demands of the twentieth century woman are far beyond those made by any other woman in all the ages, and if the man is not equal to them she is in a position where she can decline to accept him. And after all is said that can be said on the education of a husband, if the woman of the future will set an ideal standard the man of the future will educate himself to reach it.

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On the continent are penguins on some of the big-billed pelican reefs off Queensland. A sea cow, which exists on account of its fat, is half-woman, half-man, saying that he had among the sea grass, and when he was out of the water and that he had fled to carry him. Later on he was a mermaid which constantly time she took in the time.

In the tropical waters we hunt them under. They chase them the cows with harpoons. The best place is causes the dugong by means of a second

the dugong flesh. They fat for the oil, ranging as much as \$5

about 10 cents a pound, about 75 cents a pair,

ago and despises him. of the country. It is where hunted. It at that bounties are given sort of a cross between a genuine dog, but a does not bark nor growl. It is a skulking fox. It has a good miles. It breeds in trees and lives on such

and tamed and used dingos. They have no on sight. One of the dingos, the dingo being in England. On the employed to defend the use poison, injecting which is then hung from day or so later their own up by the poison, but under the mutton.

of the odd birds of Australia seven hundred varieties nowhere else. Here are scores of different kinds

END OF WONG CHEE.

CONCLUSION OF A TRAGIC EPISODE AMONG CHINESE.

By a Special Contributor.

WONG CHEE was dead. Through the smoke of burning incense gray shadows fell over his bandaged face, softly his filmy eyes closed, and amid loud lamentations and passionate expression of grief his spirit passed with the great king down into the shadows of Tartarus. Hastily were the doors and windows thrown open, wild and shrill rose the notes of the "keen," calling in vain for the return of the spirit to the deserted tenement; but Wong Chee was dead and the long-standing feud between the two factions of highbinders burned with fiercer and more relentless fury as the news passed through Chinatown that the great chief was no more.

Wong Chee had been foully murdered, assassinated by one of his own countrymen. The tragedy was but one in the series which marked the ancient feud between the two factions of Chinese highbinders, the Hop Sing Tong and the Bing Ong Tong.

Hated and feared by the Hop Sings, Wong Chee had long known he was a man marked for death, and that it was but a question of time and opportunity when he should pay with his life the penalty for his leadership of the hatchetmen. Scarcely 37 years of age, the chief's life had been full of bitter experiences. Belonging to the great Wong family, which is said to comprise two-thirds of all the Chinese on the Pacific Coast, he was very powerful as the local head of the Bing Ong Tong.

In the Angel City, where Wong Chee resided, he was a man of known integrity, and among his friends were business men and city officials, whose ties had stood the test of time, and many trying circumstances. This had perhaps only intensified the hatred of his enemies, who had subjected him to constant persecution and for years harassed him with litigation. Twice arrested for murder, once imprisoned for four years before evidence of his innocence came to light, Wong Chee found his fortunes impaired and his life a series of tragic experiences. But he was not a man to be frightened by seeming fate, or to be intimidated by his enemies. As a highbinder, he knew his fate.

The revolutionary order of highbinders dates back to the time of Kang Hsi, Emperor of the Tai Tsing dynasty, and was formed for the purpose of overthrowing the present dynasty and securing the seating of a pure Chinese upon the throne. The reigning family has been for hundreds of years of the Manchu or Tartar stock, which the Chinese claim obtained the throne by deception, and for centuries has existed the secret orders or tongs whose purpose has been to place the rightful family upon the throne. The vows of this ancient order are recorded in blood, and when by it a man is marked for death, no fears of courts or foes, of God or devil, may stay the hand of the assassin selected by the tong to take the life.

And so, though Wong Chee was acquitted of crime by American law, yet he knew a secret foe was ever

hold of the other world. Stealthily a dark figure crept up the street, and then, turning suddenly upon Wong Chee, fired the contents of a revolver full in his face.

Wong Chee uttered no sound. He fell to the earth, where he lay silent—motionless. The streets seemed strangely deserted, no sound was heard save the echoing footsteps of the assassin as he swiftly fled. The smoking weapon lay upon the walk, a crimson tide poured down the lavender-brocaded blouse of the wounded man, but not a celestial stirred from all the shops lining the narrow lantern-hung streets.

Suddenly a police patrol dashed around the corner,



WONG CHEE.

and like magic the walks filled with an almond-eyed mob—a mob noiseless, stolid, impassive.

At the Receiving Hospital Wong Chee bore a long and painful operation with true Chinese stoicism, but it was seen at once that no earthly power could save him. A week wore away—the stricken man lingered suffering—speechless—and then the chill of death fell upon him, and he passed into the great beyond where no feuds may enter and where hatchet men are unknown.

For two days the body lay in state. Candles and incense burned beside it to light the pathway of the spirit in its flight. Between the stiffened fingers a prayer was placed, and beside the silent figure crouched the wife in an agony of despair. She filled the air with passionate outcry through all the long hours of the day and the still longer hours of the night.

vacant chair and his unused chop sticks and rice bowl the whole surrounded by burning punks and incense which filled the air with a peculiar and pungent odor.

To the hundreds of western spectators lining the streets and filling the house tops, perhaps the strange note in all this oriental ceremony was the brilliancy of color in which "the heathen Chinee" expressed his grief. The scarlet drapery upon the casket, the red and white knots of ribbon worn by the mourners, the yellow streamers, the peacock feathers, the gold embroidery were all peculiarly barbaric and wonderfully picturesque. The ceremonies were conducted by a black-robed priest. A square of red gleamed upon his back, and a cross of red and gold surmounted his black skull cap. As he approached the body he chanted a strange ritual followed by a lugubrious lamentation, a mixture of singing and eulogy of the dead—

"O, thou departed one,
I am thy loved one, thy friend;
This day hast thou left me,
Never may I forget thee.
Always righteous wer'st thou and true,
But thou art gone,
Though wise and with heart upright."

At the conclusion of this chant the chief mourner advanced, and, receiving from an attendant a tiny glass of liquor, he poured it upon the ground, a libation to the dead. Then, taking a stick of lighted incense from another attendant, he waved it three times in the air to aid the spirit in its flight. All this time clashed cymbals and the wailing notes of a pipe from musicians at the head and foot of the casket added a weird accompaniment to the cries of the mourners. A procession of friends and relatives followed, each offering libation, each aiding with the burning incense, the spirit in its progress to the world beyond. Upon the ground lay prone the wife and brothers of the deceased. They wore white robes, and wailed in mournful strange cries of woe, beating their heads upon the earth. When each friend had offered his libation, he had thrice waved his flame of incense in the air, a procession formed for the cemetery.

The ground had been most carefully selected, no star above, or dragon below, or malignant configuration of demon could destroy the repose of the dead. In a procession the musicians and the carriers of the funeral feast preceded the hearse, as did also the one who uttered the curiously-punctured prayer papers along the route, for the unseen spirits, who were supposed to allow the procession to pass unmolested upon receiving this offering.

At the grave, amid the clash of cymbals and the wail of the pipes, the personal effects of Wong Chee, with much mock money, were cast into a small furnace where it was burned that it might be ready for the spirit beyond the grave. Food for his sustenance, and for the propitiation of the evil spirits, was left beside the grave. After another burst of weird music the priest pronounced an incantation upon the unseen spirits. Pointing to the north, south, east and west, he commanded them to depart and do no mischief. In this ceremony an attendant relighted the candles and punks that surrounded the grave. And then, with a final burst of grief, made instant with a great clash of the cymbals and the beating of drums, the chief was left to make his long journey in spirit across the meadow, mountain and stream alone—to that realm shadow where no mortal may follow—beyond "the way through which we cannot see," and through "the door to which there is no key."

E. H. ENDERLE.

CHICAGO CABBY'S PET.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] "Yer comes ole Bill hester," said the hackman. "I've been a-savin a whole handful of stuff fer him. Yer, Bill, help yerself. We yer been a'long?" The pigeon addressed as Bill pouted out his chest, cracked his head back and forth, and, after a gracious look at his friend the cabby, proceeded to enjoy his lunch. Altogether there were thirty pigeons that calmly walked about in the sun and ate the largesse of oats and crumbs that the hackmen and the spectators threw to them.

It seems odd that in the heart of the great, rough, bustling, commercial city of Chicago there should be witnessed every day a scene which has only one parallel, and that is in front of the Cathedral of St. Mark in Venice. But from the dreamy quiet of the stately St. Mark's to Chicago, with its newness and roar, is a far cry. And yet in front of St. Mark's in Venice and on the corner of Madison and Clark in Chicago similar scenes are witnessed every day, in both places at the noon hour each day the specific feed flocks of pigeons that regularly, as the noon hour comes, fly down from the roofs to eat the oats that they know will be spread for them.

For many years have the pigeons been eating at Clark and Madison streets. They began going at because of the oats that were thrown on the ground after the hackmen had fed their horses. There has been for a great many years a cab stand on this corner, and after the cabbies would feed their steeds at noon they would take the nosebags and empty out into the street the oats remaining in the bag. The birds discovered this and began coming regularly at noon to get the oats before it was trampled under foot by the passing cabs or gobbled up by the voracious English sparrows.

The pigeons do not seem the slightest bit afraid of the crowd that watches them eat. They will crumble out from under the instep of a shoe, and scold frightfully when a horse is rude enough to step over their table and disturb them in their eating. So far forget their good breeding as to quarrel before the spectators and sometimes they address marks to each other that would be quite unparliamentary. It did not one reflect that the poor birds were here in Clark street and spent most of their lives here around the back doors of saloons, where the condition is not always everything it should be.

The captain's statement was added to by a merchant who had spent many years in proceeding from Hankow to the sea, and he told us of his doings within his own knowledge that were unbelievable. As our steamer proceeded we saw waters which showed us no "fire boat" save and when lunch was announced the only craft were the countless unwieldy, square-sailed sterners junks, whose course no man could discern. We steamed straight ahead, and it was Chinese masters to dodge—we fearing neither nor opprobrium. The junks were all either loaded or entirely empty and, as the captain mounted a varied ordnance. But I noted not the guns, women and children alone being on the decks.

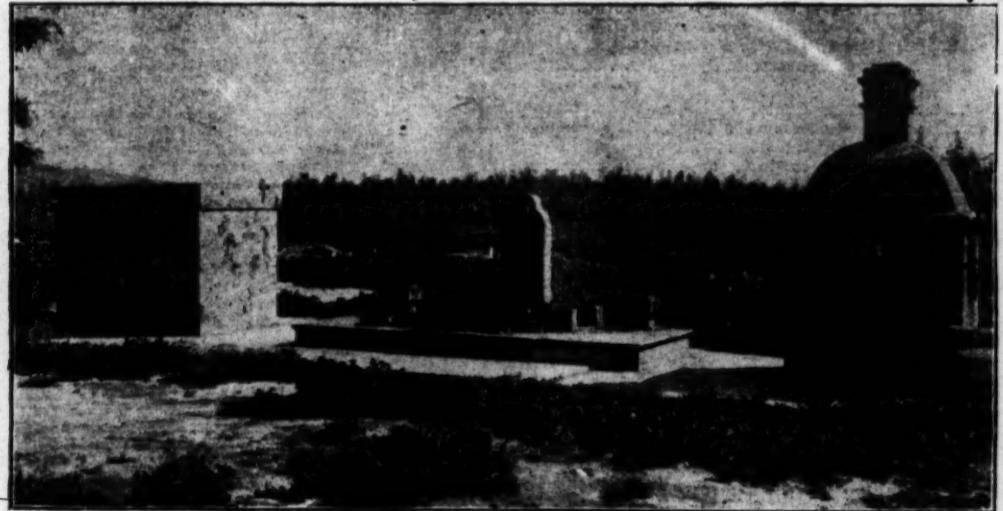
"There are men below, all right," said our captain.

Poor women! In every part of China they do that in a big American city falls on an army boatmen, deck hands, longshoremen, ferrymen men, and porters. In sampans they carry

from shore to steamer and from steamer to junks they carry freight in all sorts, sizes and maneuvering their boats with phenomenal skill. Seen thousands of them working with rough, bare hands at the heavy sweeps, their strong bare legs against a cleat on the deck, dressed in cheap blue cotton clothes with a rubber hat, whose head bobbed about like cork on ripples. Children tumbled about near by. In their rich and their scramble for fares when the cab line is lowered makes the cab line at a depot an assembly of Christian orderliness.

Macao Shows Its Age.

Our boat went to a dock at Macao, however, raising up a beautiful little harbor, and what of the place going in looked typically Chinese. Rickshaws to the Hotel Hing Kee, and were the entrance thereof by Hing Kee, who is fat and jolly. A drove of little Hing Kee. Our host has a



CHINESE OVEN AND TOMBS.

lurking near him. He, therefore, gave up his residence in Chinatown and removed his household gods to the western part of the city. Here, under police protection, he lived, though still affiliating with the Bing Ong Tong and acting as its leader.

As time passed on the chief grew careless, and moved with less precaution in his walks through the narrow streets of the celestial portion of the city.

Upon the night of the tragedy, Wong Chee stood in front of the mercantile house of Tuck Sing & Co. From the balcony above the street hung colored lanterns casting fitful gleams among the dark shadows where the electric lights did not penetrate, a gleam that fell now and then upon his red-buttoned skull cap, and played innocently across the shining brocade of his lavender blouse.

Far above in the bit of blue sky visible from the projecting balcony, a glittering star looked into the narrow alley, but the whispering night wind told no tale to the doomed man, even ten standing upon the "hree-

and now the day had come when the body was to be laid away with many ceremonies, impressive, mysterious, touched with symbolism. The funeral was full of pageantry, of brilliant color, of burning incense, of offerings to the gods. In the early morning the body of the dead chief was borne in solemn state to Chinatown, where a pavilion had been erected to receive it, at the upper end of "Nigger Alley," the spot tragically historic as the scene of the great Chinese riot in the Angel City in 1871. Awnings of blue and white and banners of blue and gold shut out the heat of the summer sun, the golden inscriptions upon the banners told in Chinese the name, date of birth, and the titles of the dead chief. Across the coffin a drapery of scarlet silk fell in graceful lines, while gilt ornaments and peacock feathers heightened the effect of the rich colors, further accentuated by the portrait of Wong Chee, framed in gilt, garlanded with deep-red roses and placed at the foot of the casket. Upon one side was spread the funeral feast, where was placed Wong Chee's

sticks and rice bowl, lung punks and incense sticks, and pungent odor, the spectators lining the streets, perhaps the strangest sight in China" expressed his thoughts.

the casket, the red and the mourners, the yellow, the gold embroidery, wonderfully picturesque, by a black-robed priest, his back, and a crown a black skull cap. As he stood a strange ritual fol-

iation, a mixture of sol-

em and joy.

my friend; it me.

"t thou and true.

heart upright."

chant the chief mourner,

an attendant a tiny cup

on the ground, a libation

of lighted incense from

it three times in the air.

All this time clashing

of a pipe from musicians

casket added a weird note

to the mourners. A process

followed, each offering a

the burning incense, the

world beyond. Upon the

and brothers of the de-

ceased, and wailed in minor

notes, their heads upon the

offered his libation, and

of incense in the air, the

eternity.

carefully selected, that

w, or malign configuration

pose of the dead. In the

carries of the funeral

did also the one who sent

prayer papers along the

who were supposed to

unmolested upon reci-

lash of cymbals and the

final effects of Wong Chee,

cast into a small furnace,

might be ready for use

his sustenance, and also

evil spirits, was left beside

burst of weird music the

intitation upon the unsee-

n, south, east and west, he

and do no mischief. De-

parted re-lighted the candi-

degrave. And then, with

restless with a great clat-

ting of drums, the dead

in alone—to that realm of

the fellow—beyond "the ve-

," and through "the dor-

E. H. ENDERLEIN.

BY'S PETE.

"Yer comes ole Bill Bus-

we've been a-savvy a whi-

le, Bill, help yerself. When

an addressed as Bill Bus-

his head back and for-

his friend the cabby, al-

together there were a

walked about in the sun-

and crumbs that the bus

to them.

heart of the great, roaring

Chicago there should be

which has only one pa-

the Cathedral of St. Mark's

reamy quiet of ancient

with its newness and w-

in front of St. Mark's is

Madison and Clark street

witnessed every day. In

our each day the spectators

regularly, as the hour

from the roofs to eat the sun

and for them.

pigeons been eating at no-

one. They began going the

are thrown on the ground

air horses. There has been

stand on this corner, and

steeds at noon they were

out into the street the

The birds discovered the

at noon to get the sun

foot by the passing sun

the sun English sparrows.

the slightest bit afraid

them eat. They will

instead of a shoe, and the

one is rude enough to clasp

them in their eating. All

the story, some of the pigeons

ending as to quarrel and

sometimes they address

and could be quite unpardonable.

the poor birds were born

out of their lives however

aloons, where the conver-

ing it should be.

One Shows Its Age.

Our boat went to a dock at Macao, however, after

rounding up a beautiful little harbor, and what we saw

the place going in looked typically Chinese. We took

cabals to the Hotel Hing Kee, and were met at the

entrance thereof by Hing Kee, who is fat and jolly, and

we drove off little Hing Kee. Our host has a number

THE CITY OF MACAO. THE MONTE CARLO OF CHINA AND ITS GAMBLING HOUSES.

From a Special Correspondent.

OME hundreds or thousands of years ago, Portugal stumbled upon this port, took it away from China, and thus set a fashion which has been in vogue among the nations of the earth since. The administrative functions of the government and the local sewerage system are the same now as they were then, but there are some new buildings, and a modern steamer plys between here and Hongkong. For the rest of it, Macao is the strangest city on the face of the globe, and one which figures little in truthful print, for the busy traveler and flitting newspaper correspondent seldom stay long enough to get a good idea of the place, and the old resident is not likely to be of a literary turn. There are no newspapers, and only one printing press—a hand-press, I suppose, made a generation ago in Massachusetts.

But Macao is worth a book. We left Hongkong—the colonel fetching the faithful Alexander—at noon on a Sunday, and made the trip in a really luxurious steamer. As she turned her sharp nose into the Canton River, the upper deck, on which we stood, was shut off from all communication with the rest of the ship, and armed and uniformed Chinese guards took stations about us. Brass, breech-loading cannon were uncovered, too, and there was a clearing-for-action air about the proceedings which we knew, from dinner-table talk at the hotel, presaged our entrance into the pirate-ridden waters of the broad Kiang.

Pirates in Plenty.

We sought the captain, who gave us seats in his private room and brought the colonel the wherewithal to make mint juleps, and disclosed to him our ancient curiosity to know the real truth about Chinese pirates. And this is what he said:

"Piracy in these waters began before white men ever knew there was such a place as China, and it has existed since as a popular profession among a tenth part of those who get a living from the Canton River and its tributaries. An unarmed boat on this trip would encounter all the dangers that the West Indian merchantmen did in the days of Capt. Kidd. The pirates are well organized and do not lack courage. Three steamers last year were captured, a portion of the scoundrels boarding them as passengers and the others forcing them out of their course with armed junks. That is why our coolie guests are put in bunks in different parts of the ship and closely watched.

"As we near Macao, take a good look at the fishing and trading junks we pass, and you will see that everyone of them carries guns—anything from a plugged gun pipe to a modern rifle. They could not come down the river unless so protected, and, as it is, few nights pass that one or more of them are not looted. There have been many efforts made to rid the river of the pirates, but once they get on land with their loot a chase is useless. Moreover a pirate is usually a pretty good citizen on shore, and the mandarins know him as one who pays his taxes regularly. I knew twenty-three of them to be beheaded in one day at Kowloon—for taking the old Aberdeen and killing the passengers—and the English officials had photographs of the execution scattered all about. But it was worse during the last three months than ever before."

River Scenes.

The captain's statement was added to by a Frenchman who had spent many years in precarious trade from Hankow to the sea, and he told us of bloodthirsty men within his own knowledge that were almost unbearable. As our steamer proceeded we got into water which showed us no "fire boat" save our own, and when lunch was announced the only crafts in sight were the countless unwieldy, square-sailed, hump-backed junks, whose course no man could tell and of whose presence our own steersman seemed wholly ignorant. We steamed straight ahead, and it was for the Chinese masters to dodge—we fearing neither collision nor opprobrium. The junks were all either heavily loaded or entirely empty and, as the captain said, they mounted a varied ordinance. But I noted no crew to man the guns, women and children alone being visible on the decks.

"There are men below, all right," said our captain, "and every last one of them is smoking opium." Poor women! In every part of China they do the work that in a big American city falls on an army of husky men, deck hands, longshoremen, ferrymen, able seamen, and porters. In sampans they carry passengers from shore to steamer and from steamer to shore. In junks they carry freight in all sorts, sizes and weights, maneuvering their boats with phenomenal skill. I have seen thousands of them working with rough, hard hands against the heavy sweeps, their strong bare legs braced against a cleat on the deck, dressed in cheap, rough, worn cotton clothes with a rubber hat, while a baby, whose head bobbed about like cork on rippling water, was strapped to their backs, and a half-dozen little children tumbled about near by. In their rickety craft they await the stopping of passenger steamers to unload, and their scramble for fares when the companion is lowered makes the cab line at a depot entrance an assembly of Christian orderliness.

One Shows Its Age.

Our boat went to a dock at Macao, however, after rounding up a beautiful little harbor, and what we saw the place going in looked typically Chinese. We took cabs to the Hotel Hing Kee, and were met at the entrance thereof by Hing Kee, who is fat and jolly, and we drove off little Hing Kee. Our host has a number

of wives, and all the hotel servants are his children, a fact which Alexander discovered and told us about before dinner. Alexander also superintended the arrangements for our riding all over the city in the morning, and as a description of Macao is to be no part of this article, it is enough to say that he involved us in complications with guides and chair-boys and the Portuguese secret service which are not closed yet.

Macao is garrisoned by a mixed lot of troops, partly Portuguese, partly Indian and partly Chinese, and because the fortifications of the place are not to be distinguished from any of the other piles of rubbish, the colonel and I rambled into one by mistake and without the permission of Portugal's government. The artillery corps were at target practice, and we watched them shoot a modern 3.2 rapid-fire gun at a target 2600 yards away with some interest. They did no damage, so far as we could see, and the colonel noted that a man who was scoring at the other end of the range was seeking a safe place to roll a cigarette.

"A man in my regiment, similarly situated, would sit on the target," he said. "The soldier of the Latin race is brave, but he lacks real strategical impulse."

Then we were told to get out, and an officer showed us where the fortification ended and the purely-municipal ruin began. We walked through the botanical gardens, which are pretty, and saw the standing walls of a church built in 1402. The administrative offices and private residences of the Crown's representative are showy affairs, but there are only three other modern buildings in the city. Two are hotels and one is the palatial home of Ah Fong, a wealthy Chinaman whose Portuguese wife and numerous pretty daughters live in Honolulu. The rest of Macao is a closely-built Chinese town, differing in but one respect from the hundreds of others in China, and it is this difference to which I come now as an excuse for writing about Macao at all.

The Monte Carlo of the East.

For this aged, lusterless, commonplace-looking city is the home of fantan—the lair of the tiger in the Orient—the Monte Carlo of the East! Here is more gambling in one day than the records of the Paris bourse show in a week. Here money changes hands so fast that no note is taken of it, and because a part of every chopped "doublo" dollar, every Hongkong-Shanghai bank-note, and every battered Chinese copper goes into the Portuguese coffers, Portugal keeps hold of the place, lets it rot and fester on the face of the globe, and gives it only such government as is required to collect the immense revenues and to make a show before those who now and then glance at the mouldy pile.

China is tolerant of gambling, but she imposes restrictions. Chinamen delight to gamble with no restriction, and so Portugal, insisting only on the establishment of a "kitty," opened wide the doors of Macao to gaming and gamesters, and it grew quickly—but this was years ago—to be the Monaco of this whole coast. From that time to this there has been no change, except in the matter of additional gambling enterprises. When the English authorities prohibited the drawings of the Shanghai lottery on English soil, it moved to Macao, Gen. Otis ordered the big *Catholica Beneficia* lottery to quit operations there; it came to Macao, and is doing just as profitable a business as before, with tickets constantly on sale throughout all the East. There is no sort of chance game that cannot find a home here if it pays for its keep.

The Real Fan Tan.

But the chance game that overshadows all others at Macao—as roulette does at Monte Carlo or faro does in Arizona—is fan tan. There are scores of wealthy corporations operating elaborate fan-tan layouts in Macao, and their places are open night and day, all the year round—open for the reception of an endless line of guests, whose jingling pockets tell of money toiled for in the hills, reaped on the plains, fished out of the water, or wrestled for in trade in many a distant village. And the head of the family brings it here to gamble with, not against his wife's protest, but with her prayerful consent and perhaps at her suggestion. He gambles with sweating palms, while she bows her head at home upon the graves of her ancestors and burns a small forest of punk sticks before the joss whose specialty it is to make the merciless little buttons count against the house.

The colonel, Hing Kee and I made up a fan-tan party, and devoted most of a Sunday night to an inspection of the game, its backers, its patrons and its habitation. We were carried in chairs through the narrow, sign-disfigured streets to a well-lighted building, the front of which bore elaborate decorations and carvings, and the age of which was very great. A blue-robed Chinaman met us at the door and escorted us up a flight of stairs, through a sort of lobby, and into a big, open apartment that seemed at the first glance to be the gallery of a miniature theater. An oblong opening in the floor, ten feet wide and perhaps twenty long, was railed all about, and up through it, from the first story of the building, came a flood of light, the *ki-yl* of a hundred agitated Chinamen, the sound of clinking cash, and the indescribable hubbub that is characteristic of a gaming table the world over.

Bucking the Tiger.

We were given easy-chairs close to the railing, and saw at once that the opening in the floor was directly over the fan-tan board, and that we were in a sort of private box, which disclosed the whole busy scene but protected us from the rabble below. It was a place for guests of honor, Hing Kee told us, and the high caste of the gorgeously-gowned Chinamen who sat with us around the railing was quickly apparent. Each had a servant, and each servant placed the wagers for his master—not in vulgar cash, but in perfumed slips of colored papers. The colonel and I were served with tea, brandy, sweet cakes and cigarettes, and Hing Kee with tea and pumpkin seeds. There were not more

than a dozen in this upper room, and they were as calm and quiet as a probate court. But below—wow!

All about three sides of a long matting-covered table were packed quivering Chinamen, whose eyes had a common center in a pile of golden "cash" which the solemn-faced dealer—on the fourth side—was slowly wearing away, four at a time, with a pointed ivory stick. The cashier, also solemn, sat behind stacks of silver and paper money to the left of the dealer, and a "look-out" was perched in a high chair to the rear of these two. The ivory stick worked deftly, the cashier rubbed his fat chin, the "look-out" fanned lazily, the necks of the coolies stretched to their farthest, the eyes of the watching circle above began to show a languid interest, and then came a burst of many subdued voices, the dealer leaned back in his chair, and three shining bits of metal were left on the table.

"Three wins," said Hing Kee, and munched a pumpkin seed.

Some Desperate Gaming.

Fan tan here is played in all its original simplicity, and we understood the game as soon as the cashier had settled the old bets and new ones began to be placed. In the center of the table a square of solid steel with a polished surface had been inlaid, and the money to be staked was either put opposite one of the four sides or at one of the corners. The farthest side from the dealer was "one," the next "two," the next "three," and the last "four." The corners were "one and two," "two and three," or other combinations of two numbers. The bets being all down, the cashier took up handfuls of the cash, dumped them on the table, and covered them with a brass dish. It is a player's privilege to add or take away a handful if he sees fit, but there are so many of the bright little coins that any sort of calculation of the result is impossible, and the honesty of the game in this respect is not questioned.

The guests of honor bet last, their wagers being lowered by the obsequious attendants in tiny baskets. We sent down an American \$5 gold piece to bet on the "one-four" combination, and when the dealer attacked the pile of "cash" we felt the real thrill of the game for the first time. Inasmuch as he takes four coins at each dip of the ivory stick there is sure to be that number or a fraction of it left on the table, and on this simple rule depends the speculation. Again the air became surcharged with excitement, again the coolies strained about the table, and again the cashier rubbed his chin. Then the dealer leaned back, and there was but one coin in view.

"You beat 'em," said Hing Kee.

We had, sure enough, and presently a little basket came our way, and the colonel fished out our original investment and \$9 in Mexican currency.

"Should be \$10," said he, holding it up. "That's what we bet."

"Nope," said Hing Kee. "Him \$10

THE OLD-TIME COWBOY. OUR MOST PICTURESQUE CHARACTER PASSING AWAY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE announcement that the ownership of the Ogallala range in Wyoming has been converted into a stock company, that its lands will be fenced and that hereafter the cattle will be fed in winter, is more significant than it would appear to one not thoroughly familiar with the conditions of the cattle business in the West. In fact, it may be said to mark the close of one era and the beginning of another in the history of cow-punching.

The Ogallala is the largest of the open ranges north of Texas, and from it are shipped tens of thousands of cattle to the Chicago market every year. It comprises a section of country as large as an Eastern State, and its manager, Billy Irvine, is one of the cleverest cattle men in the Northwest, and is known personally or by reputation to everybody west of the Missouri. The fact that it has been found necessary to change the system on which this range has been operated successfully for many years, proves conclusively that the old order is passing away.

How great are the changes which this will involve one may understand on a little reflection. First of all it means the readjustment of the cattle business on a new and firmer basis. For years, in fact, ever since the first bunch of cattle, abandoned to their fate in a Colorado blizzard, were found to have survived the winter, the raising of cattle on the western plains has been an occupation in which chance has played a prominent part. The idea of providing feed to carry the herds through winter storms was never seriously considered. If a protracted blizzard came on and killed off 10,000 head of stock the ranchmen bore the blow with equanimity, regarding it as a dispensation of Providence against which it was impossible to provide protection. If an extended drought dried up the water holes and parched the plains and left the whitening bones of thousands of beavers as the terrible record of death from thirst, he charged it to his profit and loss account and relied on better luck in other seasons to make the balance on the right side. One season in every three was regularly counted on as a bad one, but the practically unlimited free range and the high prices of beef made the profits of favorable years enormous. These were the days of the "cattle barons," who never knew within a good many thousands how many heads of stock they actually owned. If a succession of bad seasons wiped out a man's entire herd he could buy a few hundred head on credit and start out again with the practical certainty that in a few years he would be back in his old position.

During recent years, however, conditions have been gradually changing. Herds multiplied until the ranges began to crowd one another. Homesteaders flocked in, took up choice quarter sections, and fenced them off. The rapid increase in production brought down the price of beef and curtailed profits to the point where a bad season meant ruin for a cattle owner. Five years ago the cattle business was almost completely demoralized, and the owners of herds were hard up. Then some of them began to send their cattle down into Nebraska and Kansas, where corn was plentiful and cheap, at the beginning of winter, and to feed them for a month or two there before sending them to market. The price of corn-fed beef was so much higher than that of cattle direct from the range that a good many men have made comfortable fortunes within the past few years by building feed lots and acting as middlemen between the range-owners and the packers. The more progressive cattlemen have taken a leaf out of the feed-lot owners' book, and have lately begun the practice of feeding their herds themselves. It became necessary for cattle raisers to own their own ranges and to fence them in as a protection against intruders. Under these conditions the business has revived until it is again in a flourishing condition, but it is very different business from what it was in the old days. The cattlemen themselves agree that the raising of beef on the western plains will never again be conducted in the old haphazard, reckless way, and they add that they are glad of it. It was not pleasant any more than it was profitable to see cattle frozen to death by hundreds, and to watch the swollen bodies and protruding tongues that told of the terrible destruction of thirst. Artesian wells, alfalfa, and corn have made existence a deal more endurable for cattle on the plains and have done away with much of the cruelty that once was inseparable from the business.

But the new conditions under which cattle raising is carried on have produced other changes. One of the most noteworthy of these is the transformation in the position and estate of the cowboy himself. The substitution of barbed-wire fences and winter feed-lots for the open range circumscribes slightly the activities of the free riders of the plains. Since the cattle can not stray beyond the boundary of the fenced-in range, there will be small danger of stampedes; the necessity for cutting out cattle from herds to which they do not belong; for lassoing strays to inspect their brands and, indeed, the need of branding itself will all be done away with. From being a wild, untrammelled lord of the plains, a bronco-busting, gun-wielding, man-eating paragon, the cowboy is rapidly descending to the commonplace position of a feeder of cattle, and will soon enjoy a status not unlike the "hired man" of the Eastern States. He is losing in picturesqueness, although he is more than likely to gain in usefulness to himself and to the community at large.

Already the old order is almost obsolete. The Remington cowboy is fast passing away. The hero of the saddle, who spent his days and nights in mad rides across the prairie before frenzied herds, in breaking the spirit of hell-inspired broncos and in fostering an un-

quenchable thirst for red liquor and gore, is almost as completely extinct as the dodo. Only the few caged specimens of the Wild West show remain to reveal to us the simon-pure cowboy, as he was in the days when the great West was wild and woolly. Today the wooliness is entirely worn off from western civilization except in a few isolated spots, and the wildness is almost completely confined to pen-artists and the writers of novels. The twentieth century cowboy is an extremely matter of fact young man, who regards his business in a wholly serious light, who works hard throughout the greater part of the year, who is by no means fond of bloodshed and who gets drunk no more frequently than some of his eastern portrayers. As a species he is thoroughly healthy, manly and orderly and as reasonably happy as most of us can hope to be. Greater familiarity with civilization and less complete isolation from his fellow-citizens have made the cowboy of today a more agreeable person to live with than he was of yore. The desperado has been eliminated while the man has remained.

There is no doubt that in the old days the typical cowboy was worthy of all that has been written of him. Twenty years ago he owned and ruled the empire of the plains from the Texas Panhandle to the Bad Lands of Montana. He lived out of doors and out of sight of human habitation for eleven-twelfths of the year. All of his waking and some of his sleeping hours were spent in the saddle. His only companions were the herds he tended and his fellow-cow-punchers. He was a law unto himself because no other law was there. He spent his money on silver-mounted saddles, gorgeous headgear and at rare intervals on villainous liquor and "fixed" faro layouts, because these were his only necessities and his only possible luxuries.

It is not surprising under these circumstances that the strongest possible tribal feeling was developed in the cattlemen. It is not surprising that they wore their guns in convenient positions and became accustomed to hanging cattle "rustlers" as a matter of course. Jails were not numerous in the old days in the plains country and the six-shooter was the only policeman. It is not surprising either that on their infrequent visits to those frontier settlements which were entitled to a place on the map by virtue of the possession of numerous saloons and a graveyard apiece, they yielded to an uncontrollable desire to paint the town. As the inevitable result of having held down the safety valve for so long a time it became necessary to blow off steam. It was only natural that the conditions of the cattle business developed an original code of ethics and morals and that it evolved a distinct type of the human individual.

It would be interesting work for the psychologist to trace also the influence of the cow upon the cowboy. The vast herds that roamed the plains in the old days were subordinate only to the superior intelligence of their human attendants and not always subject to that. From association with them the rider of the plains imbibed their spirit. They made him brave, reckless and self-reliant. He presented the strongest possible contrast, for example, to the sheepherder, with whom he waged an intermittent, fierce and bloody war for the possession of the free range.

The sheep-tender, like the cowboy, lived alone, far away from companionship and human associations, but he lived under very different conditions. His flocks moved slowly and required little exercise of skill or vigilance to keep them together. He covered less ground in a month than the cowboy frequently did in a day. His diet was an unvaried round of mutton, biscuits and tea, and in time he became like his sheep, sheepish. The cow-punchers even asserted that they could scent him at a distance by his woolly odor. It is not surprising then that he proved no match for the active, beef-eating and resourceful cowboy, or that he was almost invariably worsted in their frequent encounters. It was only by mute persistence and the force of fast-multiplying numbers that the sheep were able to hold onto any part of the free range.

While the old-time glamor of cowboy existence lives only in rainbow-hued literature, there remains a wide field of usefulness for the cowboy of today. The work of carefully studying breeding conditions, of testing different varieties of feed and of riding to market in the caboose of a cattle train seems tame in comparison with wild night rides to avert stampedes, exciting roundups and terror spreading charges up and down the streets of unoffending towns with a six-shooter in either hand, but a utilitarian age places by far the greater value upon the former work. In the departure of the passing cowboy literature mourns the loss of a highly-interesting character, but in the coming of his successor the cattle business is gaining immeasurably.

E. W. MAYO.

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CHINESE CHESS.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT IS SAID TO BE THE OLDEST GAME IN THE WORLD.

By a Special Contributor.

Any evening the frequenter of Chinatown will hear, from behind some closed window, amid the clatter of the dominos, a slight concussion as of two shingles struck together. It is the peculiar noise the Chinese make in the act of capturing an opponent man in their game of chess.

For several reasons their game is interesting. They claim that it is the oldest form of the oldest game in the world. There is great originality in some of its moves.

To the amateur of chess the Chinese variety will be a welcome change. Anyone can learn its principles in a few minutes, and will find he has acquired a game that fairly rivals any played today.

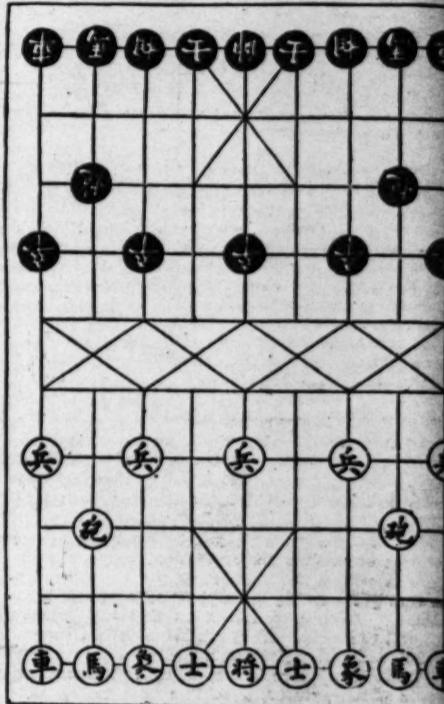
It must be played with Chinese chessmen, for reasons that will be seen later, but the men, board and all, can be purchased anywhere in Chinatown for less than 40 cents. It is known there, in English, as "Chinese checkers."

From the accompanying diagram, the general posi-

tions of the men on the board can be seen. The division in the center is called the "river;" the two, one on each side with diagonal lines, are the "palaces." Our style of board is the same as the Chinese, if you count the middle row of squares as the "river."

The thirty-two pieces have the same shape, much like our checker men, but are marked on the top in red and black Chinese characters with name. They are placed not as with us on the squares, but on the lines at the intersections.

Beginning in the center of the diagram, on his side, is the general or tseung, and, counting on his right and left, the two counselors, or tsie; then the elephants, or tseung; the horses, or ma; and the chariots, or che. The five men nearest the river are



CHINESE CHESS.

foot soldiers, called on opposite sides ping and tsau. Back of these are the two cannons, or pau.

In the moves the general moves one square laterally but not diagonally, and is never allowed to move inside the palace. His counselors are also limited to the palace, and move one square diagonally, but not laterally. The elephants move two squares diagonally, but cannot cross the river, or jump over a man. The horse has the move of our knight, and may cross the "river" counting as one-half his move. The chariots are identical with our castles, and cross the "river." The cannons have the move of our castle, but must have a piece between them and their destination, though they do not take the intervening piece. The foot soldiers move as our pawns, but take vertically, not diagonally. They cross the river, after which they move laterally and vertically, and take both ways.

Check is given and taken as with us, save with the cannons, which observe the rule given above, i.e., it must have one piece between them and the general to give check. When thus checked the opponent may move the obstruction and be out of check.

These rules constitute the game as played today in the Chinatown of Los Angeles. There is considerable confusion, at first, regarding the Chinese characters, but after playing a short time this is overcome.

RESTRICTIONS OF FRENCH GIRL LIFE.

PRECISE RULES WHICH HAVE TO BE FOLLOWED BY ALL YOUNG LADIES OF GOOD FAMILY.

"The programme of what a French girl may or may not do is drawn up very precisely," declares Th. Bessie (Mme. Blanc) in the Ladies' Home Journal for June. "Unless she is poor and has to earn her own living, she never goes out alone. The company of a friend of her own age would not be sufficient to chaperon her. It is an established rule that novel reading is a rare luxury. She is entirely subject to her parents' will in the matter of reading. And if she asks to see anything in the theater except a classical masterpiece, or an opera, they will tell her that such a thing is not considered proper, feeling sure of her silent submission. After she is 15 years old she is generally allowed to be in a drawing-room on her mother's reception days, but to keep to the modest and secondary place assigned to her. Pouring the tea and presenting it, courting the elders, answering when spoken to—in short, under her apprenticeship. She has but few jewels, and no pretext any diamonds. Custom does not permit her to wear costly things; nor does it give her the right, general, to have a money allowance worth speaking for her personal use. She receives a trifling sum for charity, her books and gloves. A young girl never takes the lead in conversation, but always allows the lady the precedence, and she finds it quite natural to occupy the background."

THEIR COMPOSITION.

"They say all men are made of dust."

The tailor said. "I don't believe such stuff of those I trust—

Dust settles, but they won't."

[Catholic Standard and Times]

July 7, 1901.]

FIGARO FIVE O'CLOCK

A NOVEL INSTITUTION CREATED BY A FRENCH NEWSPAPER

By a Special Contributor

AMERICANS are supposed by most to hold the world's record for speed in the famous places of the old continent. The grand tour "a l'Americaine" is to skip Paris, smoke a cigarette in Rome, skip through London in an express train, march rapidly down Den Linden of Berlin, entrain again for Euston cab it from the London arrival station—train for Southampton—and so home again having duly "done" Europe.

As a matter of fact, I have not observed Americans have any such habit. But should any apply the alleged American method of observation to Paris, I think I can give him the receipt. "Five o'clock" is very possible; you can cram a good study of this city and its high-beating, make into a single hour, if only you pass the hour place.

A peculiarly Parisian institution just at present in full swing is the "Figaro Five O'clock." It may seem cryptic, mystic or, in plain words, to the general reader. "The Figaro" is the great Parisian daily paper. "The Five o'clock" is a gathering, held in its offices, of all the Parisian and exotic, who can be collected to make an interesting afternoon. The fete takes from the strange idea existing in Paris that "in the hour at which all normally constituted people amuse themselves—by law perhaps—on cakes and scandal. "Les Five O'clocks du Figaro"



THE FAMOUS CENTER

has been for years the very compendium of all the life of the city.

Desperately are the efforts made by people to get things to procure an invitation so as to rub shoulders for one happy hour with the talked-about. The salles des fêtes of the very handsome, is not exceptionally large, necessary also to keep the reunions distinguished, and lose all their interest. Hence it is not easy to get the handsomely-engraved pilots the guest past the dignified janitor.

Drouot into the Holy of Holies of Parisian distinction.

Last year a very well-to-do American got into

through his laudable enough desire to snatch a

the mysteries of which he had heard in his

After trying in vain to find someone at his

who could procure him an invitation, he went to

and candidly asked for one. Politely asked in his standing, what in fact he had done, or

to justify this request, he was obliged to say that his only claim to distinction was a

factory some 3000 miles over the sea, but

refused—"all my regrets, monsieur, but

in a position to do what you ask."

He will get in all the same, you will see!" he

were an excuse for the affair, either a bout of

between famous masters of the foil, or the appearance of a new foreign actor in a scene or two of his

A boy pianist may be there to look pathetic in his boyish velvet suit, with the inevitable

collar, or perhaps there will be some woman

conjuring or a Hindoo "fakir" exhibiting

the results of hideous penances he has

been performing for a score of years.

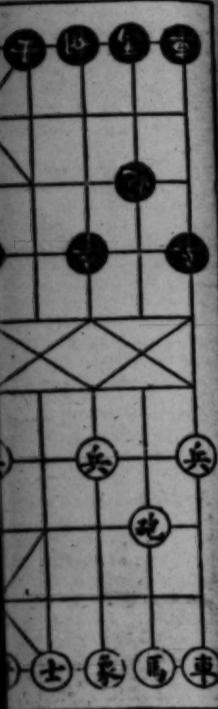
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[July 7, 1901.]

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CHESS.

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FRENCH GIRL LIFE HAVE TO BE FOLLOWED ES OF GOOD FAMILY.

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IMPOSITION.
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A peculiarly Parisian institution just at this season in full swing is the "Figaro Five O'clock." These words may seem cryptic, mystic or, in plain words, meaningless, to the general reader. "The Figaro" in question is the great Parisian daily paper. "The Five O'clock" is a gathering, held in its offices, of all the notables, Parisian and exotic, who can be collected together to make an interesting afternoon. The fete takes its name from the strange idea existing in Paris that "five o'clock" is the hour at which all normally constituted English people amuse themselves—by law perhaps—over tea and cakes and scandal. "Les Five O'clocks du Figaro" then,

ing with Hamlet, "The play's the thing." No, the play is not the thing; it is the people. Celebrities go there to meet other celebrities and to be made much of by the crowd that loves to burn incense before those who have "arrived." In the intervals of the show, all the lions are made to roar—to use Charles Dickens's phrase. They go about among the honorable indiscriminate mob, having people presented to them and sucking up the homage that is their due. A certain free masonry exists among the guests; this is pre-eminently a place where a cat may look at a king.

When he is in Paris, King Oscar of Sweden, the grandson of the innkeeper of the South of France, always makes a point of appearing at the Figaro Five O'clock, where his tall, soldierly form and his cheerful smile have been seen constantly by a whole generation of Parisians. "I am half French myself, you know," he explained laughingly; "and I am proud of it; it is the next best thing to being a Swede!" He is not ashamed of the grandmother who took the peasant's pence in exchange for the wine of the south, before Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte happened by the little inn and carried her away on horseback. The comparative promiscuity of the Five O'clock suits King Oscar well. He hates pomp and ceremony and there's very little of it to bore him there.

They say the German Emperor, the haughty Hohenzollern, thinks otherwise. It is well known now that shortly after ascending the throne he visited in the strictest incognito the city his grandfather had entered at the point of the bayonet. He posed as a bourgeois, and only a very few officials knew he was here. But he didn't like being treated as a bourgeois all the same. Curiosity led him to the Figaro Five O'clock, for which Prince Von Munster, the Ambassador, got him an invitation in the name of an imaginary German dukedom. M. de Roday, the famous editor of the Figaro, had no idea who his guest was when he issued the card. But even under these circumstances the Kaiser could not away with the absence of form and outward homage to his imperial dignity. The crowd all round him, pressing and passing

istic laughter of different nations, taking as the basis of his observations, what he called the Cosmopolitan laughter heard at the Figaro Five O'clocks.

Among the perennial habitues of the Figaro's salles are the journalists of Paris and the foreign correspondents in the city. Here they glean from the lips of society women the latest gossip of the butterfly world. Sardou will take them by the buttonhole to explain to them the idea and treatment of his new play. The favor of a little article will be solicited from them by the latest candidate for the green embroidered jacket of the Forty Immortals of the "Academy"—"The Forty Thieves of Fame," as a disappointed aspirant in his wrath once called those who sit in the coveted fauteuils and keep others from becoming immortal. Deputies of the chamber are there seeking by ingratiating ways, by "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," to procure that adulation and advertisement which is as the breath of life to them in their vanity. Their ways remind one of the subtly true saying of Lord Beaconsfield, the witty Premier of England, and author of so many brilliant society novels: "The two vainest classes of men," he said, "are journalists and Members of Parliament; and each is vain of knowing the other."

The "Five O'clocks," in fact, are a rich mine to the writer, who can pick up there in an hour or two enough matter to fill his whole paper with light gossip and anecdote of the Parisian flavor and substance which all the world loves to read. In a certain western newspaper office it used to be the consigne, "When you don't know what to write, liquor up." The Paris foreign correspondent, who is hard pressed for a subject, need not adopt that crude method of intellectual stimulus. If he wants to keep in touch with the fevered, laughing life of Paris, which he has to recount to his readers, he has but to put in a diligent appearance at the Figaro, and his notebook will run over with light, readable matter, the cream of the talk and vivacity of this city of witty conversationalists.

These "Five O'clocks" are functions which the traveling American ought to see. But let him be wiser than our worthy biscuit manufacturing friend, and not hope to buy an invitation.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

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WHY HE BECAME AN ARTIST.

HENRY M. SHRADY'S WIFE DISCOVERED HIS GENIUS IN A PORTRAIT OF THEIR DOG.

[New York Post:] Henry Merwin Shrady is the sculptor who fashioned the eight moose and eight buffalo that ornament the entrance gates to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo; yet, so it is said, he has never taken an art lesson in his life and, three years ago, was engaged in the business of making matches.

Mr. Shrady is a young man, having only passed his twenty-eighth birthday. He is a son of Dr. George F. Shrady, the New York physician who attended Gen. Grant in his last illness. He is brother-in-law to Edwin Gould, the second son of the late Jay Gould.

After graduating from college he associated himself with his brother-in-law in the match business, but his heart was not in the work.

In due course young Shrady married a charming girl and they settled down to housekeeping and an important member of the household was an intelligent black and tan dog. One evening, about four years ago, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Shrady that he would like to have a portrait of the dog, and, moreover, that he would like to paint the portrait himself. He had never, it is said, painted anything before in his life and didn't even know how to mix colors, but a little thing like that didn't seem to bother him.

He had to destroy several attempts, but finally there grew up under his brush a good likeness of the family pet. When it was finished young Mrs. Shrady was quite convinced that she had a genius for a husband.

Full of the courage of her convictions she took the picture, unknown to her husband, to the committee which was arranging the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The committee accepted the picture and it was hung. On the second night of the exhibition it was sold to an unknown purchaser.

Mr. Shrady began on another canvas, and this time painted a pair of kittens. They were finished in time for the next exhibition, and again there was a purchaser. A few days after the exhibition closed Mr. Gould called at his father-in-law's house and said: "I wish you'd come around and look at an unsigned picture I bought the other day."

"Harry," too, went around to his brother-in-law's and admired his own picture. Young Mrs. Shrady, however, thought the secret too good to keep, and proudly told it.

Young Mr. Shrady went ahead with his business duties as before, but determined to give more time to art, and so rigged up for himself a little studio in his home. It occurred to him that he could probably get a better conception of light and shade effects if he modeled his subjects before painting them. He had never before modeled anything, except mud pies as a boy, but he felt that it was in him and so he invested in some clay. In due course of time he produced an artillery group, known as "Going into Action." When it was done, he did not take the precaution to keep it covered with a wet cloth. The result was that when he was ready to show it all the figures were full of cracks. In spite of this, however, it was apparent that it was a striking piece of work, considering that the man who executed it had never done anything of the kind before. Finally some one showed it to a prominent art dealer, and he said that if it were repaired with fresh clay he would accept it for reproduction in bronze.

That ended the match business. The young man threw himself heart and soul into his new work. He took naturally to military subjects. One of his groups was entitled "Saving the Colors."

Dr. Shrady purchased the first bronze replica of "Saving the Colors" and had it sent to his home. It arrived during the absence of his wife and was set up in the hall before her return. It was the first thing that attracted her attention when she came in, and she said:

"That is a beautiful piece of work. Where did you get it?"

"Do you like it?"

"Very much indeed. Who's the sculptor?"

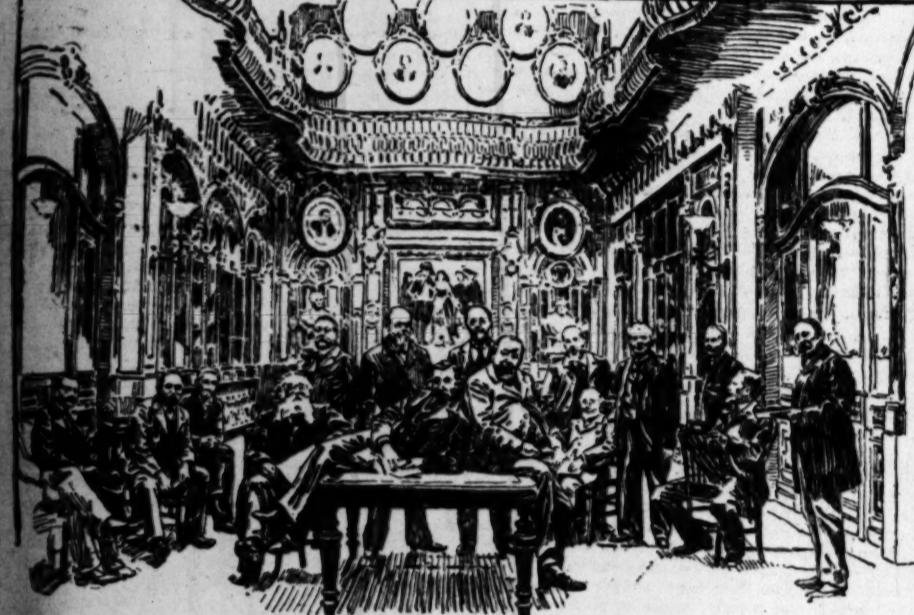
"A man named Shrady."

"Shrady?"

"Yes; Henry Merwin Shrady."

"You don't mean our Harry?"

"That's whom I mean," said the doctor.



THE FAMOUS CENTER HALL AND STAFF OF THE FIGARO.

for years the very compendium and summary of the life of the city.

These are the efforts made by people not in the things to procure an invitation so that they shoulders for one happy hour with the great talked-about. The salle des fêtes of the Figaro, very handsome, is not exceptionally large; it is also to keep the reunions distinguished and all their interest. Hence it is not easy for an unknown person to get the handsomely-engraved card that passes the guest past the dignified janitors of the

and inevitable jostling, were more than his intense personal pride could endure. He disappeared in a very short time—leaving not a few people wondering who was that pale, fidgety, silent man whose face they seemed vaguely to remember.

The Prince Von Munster, who has just resigned his post of German Ambassador here, was a constant habitue of the Five O'clocks. Von Munster used to say that he did a good deal of his most practical unofficial work at such places as the Figaro reception-rooms. "It is more important," he remarked once, "that an Ambassador be a man of the world, than that he pose as the advance guard of an army. You can cement the friendship between two countries just as well over an informal cup of tea as in your office with your grand cordon under your dress coat."

All the same the "cup of tea," of which he spoke, is conspicuous by its absence at these gatherings. If you want to eat or drink there you will have to bring your provender in your pocket. It is related that the witty and flippant Parisienne, Madame the Comtesse de Martel, known to the world as "Gyp," once humorously insisted to M. de Roday that as she had been invited to a "Five O'clock," it was his manifest duty to provide her with tea and cakes. She argued the point with such learning and force that M. de Roday finally brought her and her stalwart son out of the offices and solemnly bought them each a cup of tea and a cake at the café at the corner. Mme. de Martel pocketed her cake, threatening to have it put in a glass case in her salon and labeled "Reward of diligence; the only article of nourishment ever known to have been accorded to a guest at the Figaro Five O'clock."

The fêtes are very cosmopolitan, just as in a sense, they are very inclusive. A Spanish dancer, who has freshly blossomed in Paris, may share with the author of a profound history or the originator of a new school of painting the glory of being the guest of the day. And among those who will be brought up to kiss her hand and say light nothings there may be a Russian grand duke, a little King, the Prince of Wales and a new Norwegian or Swedish writer. You can hear all languages round you in the salle and one well known French writer declared the other day at a literary café that he proposed to prepare a profound treatise on the character-

real charm of these reunions lies in the fact that there is always some piece de resistance, something to be used as an excuse for the affair, either a bout of fencing or famous masters of the foils, or the appearance of some new foreign actor in a scene or two of his great. A boy pianist may be there to look pathetically in his babyish velvet suit, with the inevitable large collar, or perhaps there will be some wonderful conjurer or a Hindoo "fakir" exhibiting on the results of the hideous penances he has been undergoing for a score of years. He would not be justified on these occasions in saying

an alertness dominated his countenance he perceived the figure moving in the direction of the human being in that remote and desolate region, was not alone responsible for the instant rider, and the expression into a knowing grin. The urging his horse down the face of the mountain, and then cutting the trail of his horse.

They greeted each other cordially of a frontier friend. Parson, after his usual manner, to the business of the moment, doin' in these here parts, have been more leading, but least disconcerted.

He repeated quickly. "What else 'ud any man be?" "Joe," responded the Parson, "ever ways o' workin' can reports a floatin' round 'fore name 'fore th' committee outfit. Yet see, Long Saguache a-runnin' off a bunch. 'Fore we stretched 'm, he saddle'd, stoically, as the Parson of his words.

After, "the old Czar's plan givin' yer th' full limit; he way, an' air in for givin' up what 'bar M's' you're," returned Mansfield, "bar M's to 'ante up' with?" replied the Parson.

A defiant rejoinder. Then of contempt in his tones, "A right where 'e' find me fraid the Parson; "that's down. Yet don't 'pear t' get on t' yet see how th' coming we've got them 'bar M's' can."

"bar M's cattle," interrupted, "I'll have t' look for as far as I can see." Upon the utterance of a man's proffered clemency. Now steadily increasing, and more, howling blasts, catchin' feet and whirling them over the plain.

He reached out his hand to the

voice sounded strange of the wind, "It hurts ter the men no use arter all. Yet you've been through t' get yer, but—I can't do no more."

at hump to rise in Mansfield, trust himself to reply in with his hand and, clamping, wrung it in fervent appre-

at thus; then, without a hump and, wheeling their directions through the gathering storm.

receded from his previous stolen cattle in his possession, but he had felt that he vigilance committees than given off a portion of his persistent refusal to a

the latter's departure, contraband herd and was as direction of the Morgan mated, and darkness speedily shedding a weird light that thus, enabling him to see the bewilderment of the spectators of the battle, as he pro-

gressed in working his way onward, finally

and the danger. How

arduous drive he had no

not made up his mind that

one at hand when, of a sudden, he

under, attended by a low, hoarse, evidently arising in the

the river. At the same time

of intense agitation and

and run, heading toward

increasing sounds. For a time

the frantic herd, the howl,

roaring pandemonium.

Then of a sudden, as the

mad fury, immediately at

him. It was the wild

battle, heading directly

far away.

on the range had taught

concerning a cattle stain-

the same invariably required

an entire outfit of "pan-

in the violent death of

most precipitate action, al-

so, was imperative. Of the foregoing precedents, however, he now remembered but the last. Simultaneously plunging his spurs into his horse's flanks and tearing loose his rubber poncho from behind his saddle, he dashed obliquely forward against the side of the thundering drove, close up to its van. Flaunting his poncho in the eyes of the crazed beasts, raking those nearest him with his roweled heel, and yelling the while like a distracted demon, he strove to turn the course of the living, rushing tide. On and on swept the demented herd. Were his stupendous efforts proving of any avail? Of this he could not know. He could only exert himself to the uttermost, and if he failed he knew that positive death in the river would be the penalty. And the river must be near at hand now. Yes, there were its foaming waters gleaming in the moonlight, less than one thousand yards away. A ray of hope leapt into Mansfield's breast at the sight of it, for the stampeding drove was now running diagonally toward its banks. One more effort might effectually turn the course. He would try. Forging ahead into the very van of the flying herd he drew his revolver and discharged every chamber, one after another over the heads of the terrified brutes. While so doing he was conscious of an excruciating pain in one of his legs, above the knee, but outwardly he gave no heed to the incident, keeping his entire faculties centered upon his task. In one brief moment a glance aside revealed a seething flood of water, almost under his horse's clashing hoofs, and he held his breath in expectancy of the final leap. But onward still he sped in the lead of the driving mass. Then at length the truth dawned upon him. He had won.

Close upon this realization came the renewed sensibility of the agonizing pain in his injured leg, and a propensity to faint seized upon him. Quickly summoning his fortitude, he managed to fight off the weakness, knowing that should it overcome him even worse death than drowning awaited him beneath the trampling hoofs of the cattle. Then as the moments fled he became aware that the momentum of the herd was gradually decreasing, and presently he detected the sound of human voices above the bellowing of the beasts. Again the sensation of faintness began creeping over him. With a mighty effort he urged his faithful horse ahead and out to one side of the terrible crush, then his overtaxed energies gave way beneath the strain, and he sank forward, senseless, upon his saddle horn.

When Joe Mansfield regained consciousness it was daylight, and he was being lifted to some blankets in the bottom of a spring wagon. He tried to recall the happenings of the previous night, but his mind refused to act. Even the faces of those about him at first seemed vague and strange. Gradually, however, his senses cleared, and he recognized Parson Bowles as the chief of his attendants. Again he vainly endeavored to grasp the situation, then, catching the Parson's eye, he inquired abruptly:

"Well, what's up?"

At the sound of his voice the members of the party passed in their arrangements, while the worthy thus addressed answered encouragingly:

"Nuthin' startlin', Joe; yet jest got gored up a bit in the stampede last night, but you'll sure pull through all right."

"Gored! Stampede! Ah, yes, he was beginning to remember now. Suddenly a shadow settled down upon his vision. Thus far he had only recognized the Parson individually, and now who should he see looking down at him, with a countenance all aglow with unfeigned pleasure, but his arch enemy, Czar Morgan. For a moment the prostrated man met the former's gaze impudently, then he observed laconically:

"Well, you've got me dead t' rights."

Before replying to this somewhat irrelevant admission, the old Czar, for a brief interval, steadfastly regarded the young man. Then he said, gravely:

"'N. Joe, not 'dead to rights'—that's wrong expression in this case. On the contrary, I'm thoroughly in your rights. You saved our entire herd last night, and by 'our' herd I mean your's and mine—and ours'."

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

TOO PRECIOUS TO SELL.

WASHINGTON PORTRAIT WHICH THE CARRIERS VALUE MORE THAN MONEY.

(Philadelphia Times:) Most people are familiar with copies of Peale's famous portrait of Washington. Do you know where the original hangs or who owns it?

It is the most prized possession of the famous Virginia Carters, and hangs on the drawing-room wall at Shirley, their equally famous home. The portrait represents the father of his country leaning languidly upon a sofa, while a battle is raging fiercely in the background.

Many attempts have been made to secure this noted picture for both public and private collections, and it was not long ago that a stranger appeared at Shirley, and after requesting the privilege of inspecting it, finally offered Mrs. Carter \$25,000 cash in hand. That smile lady, who is not accustomed to the bold way mercenary people sometimes approach their victims, was so ignorant that she ordered the stranger from her house, and he had to sit on the dock all day waiting for a barge to take him to Richmond.

The Carters have frequently seen poverty and distress. During the Civil War their estate was devastated and almost every source of income was cut off, but they could rather starve than sell one of their treasures.

HUMBLE BEGINNING OF A GREAT PAPER.

(Book World:) It may be news to many Americans to know that the Illustrated London News, the most successful of all the illustrated papers of the nineteenth century, was originally brought out to advertise medicine, Parr's Life Pills, of which Mr. Ingram was the proprietor. That was nearly sixty years ago.

During the Royal Agricultural Show in Derby, in 1852, Mr. Ingram had a tent erected near the railroad station for the exclusive sale of the Illustrated London News. He was his own salesman and had his tent open the first train arrived, and did not close until the visitor had gone.

MR. DOOLEY

ON THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

Contributed by F. P. Dunne.

"WHAT'S Christyan Science?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Tis wan way iv gettin' th' money," said Mr. Dooley.

"But what's it like?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "ye have something th' matter with ye. Ye have a leg cut off."

"Th' Lord save us," exclaimed Mr. Hennessy.

"That is, ye think ye have," Mr. Dooley went on. "Ye think ye have a leg cut off. Ye see it goin' an' says ye to ye'self: 'More expens. A wooden leg.' Ye think ye've lost it. But ye're wrong. Ye're well as iver ye was. Both legs is attached to ye, on'y ye don't know it. Ye call up a Christyan Scientist, or ye're wife does. Not many men is Christyan Scientists but near all women is, in wan way or another. Ye're wife calls up a Christyan Scientist, an' says she: 'Me husband thinks he's lost a leg,' she says. 'Nonsense,' says th' Christyan Scientist, she says, 'fr' she's a woman, too. 'Nonsense,' says she. 'No wan ever lost a leg,' she says. 'Well, tis strange,' says th' wife. 'He's mislaid it thin,' she says, 'fr' he hasn't got it,' she says. 'He on'y thinks he lost it,' says th' Christyan Scientist. 'Lave him think it on again,' she says. 'Lave him rayminster,' she says, 'tis pain an' injury,' she says. 'Lave him to put his mind hard to it,' she says, 'an' I'll put mine,' she says, 'an' we'll all put our minds to it, an' t'will be all r-right,' she says. So she thinks an' th' wife thinks an' ye think th' best ye know how an' afer awhile a leg comes peepin' out with a complete set iv tootsies an' be th' time th' las' thought is expind, ye have a set iv as well-matched gambas as ye iver wore to a picnic. But ye mustn't stop thinkin' or ye're wife or th' Christyan Scientist. If wan iv ye laves go th' rope, th' leg'll get discouraged an' quit growin'. Many a man's sprouted a limb on'y to have it stop between th' ankle an' th' shin because th' Christyan Scientist was called away to see what ailed th' baby."

"Sure, tis all foolishness," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, sir, who can tell?" said Mr. Dooley. "If it wasn't fr' medical pro-gress, I'd be sure th' Christyan Scientists was wrong. But th' doctor who attinded me when I was young'd be thought as loonatical if he was alive today as th' mos' Christyan Scientist that iver rayocced a swollen' over a long distance tellyphone. He inthraooced near th' whole parish into this life iv sin an' sorrow, he give us calomel with a shovel, bled us like a polis captain, an' niver thought anny medicine was good if it didn't choke ye goin' down. I can see him now as he come up drivin' an' gray an' yellow horse in a buggy. He had whiskers that he cud tie in a knot round his waist, an' him an' th' priest was th' on'y two men in th' neighborhood that carried a gold watch. He use to say 'twas th' healthiest parish in th' wurruld, barrin' hangin' an' th' transporations, an' th' them come in Father Hickey's province. Everybody thought he was a gr-reat man but they wudd'n' have him threat a spavin in these days. He was catch-as-catch-can an' he'd tackle anything fr'm pneumonia iv th' lungs to premachure baldness. He'd never hear iv mickrobes an' nayther did I till a few years ago when I was tol' they was a kind iv animals or bugs that crawled around in ye like spiders. I see pitchers iv them in th' pa-per with eyes like poached eggs till I dreamed wan night I was a hayloft full iv bats. Thin th' dock down th' street, set me r-right. He says th' mickrobes is a vigitable an' ivry man is like a conservatory full iv millyons iv these potted plants. Some ar-re good fr' ye an' some ar-re bad. Whin th' chube roses an' geranum is flourishin' an' liftin' their dainty petals to th' sun' ye're healthy, but whin th' other flower gets th' best iv nosegays, 'tis time to call in a doctor. Th' doctor is a kind iv gardner fr' ye. 'Tis his business fr' to encourage th' good mickrobes, makin' two pansies grow where wan grew befor an' to hce out th' Cansjeen thistle an' th' milk weed."

"Well, that sounds all r-right, an' I sind fr' a doctor. 'Dock,' says I. 'Me viles ar-re thinin' out an' I feel as though I was full iv sage brush,' I say. Th' dock puts a glass chube in me mouth an' says, 'Don't bite it. Dye think I'm a glass eater?' says I. 'I talkin' through me teeth like a Kerry lawyer. 'What's it fr?' I says. 'To take ye'er timprachoor,' says he. While I have th' chube in me mouth, he jabs me thumb with a needle an' laves th' room. He comes back about th' time I'm r-ready to strangle an' removes th' chube. 'How high does she spout?' says I. 'Ninety-nine,' says he. 'Good hivens,' says I. 'Don't come near me, dock, or ye'll be sun strukr,' I says. 'I've just examined ye'er blood,' he says. 'Ye're full of weeds,' he says. Be that time I'm scared to death, an' I say a few prayers, while he fixes a hose to me chest an' beginn' listenin'. 'Annything goin' on inside?' says I. 'Tis ye'er heart,' says he. 'Glory be,' says I. 'What's th' matter with that of' ingine?' says I. 'I cud tell ye,' he says, 'but I'll have to call in Dock Vinthrickle, th' specyalist,' he says. 'I oughtn't be lookin' at ye'er heart at all,' he says. 'I never learned below th' chin an' I'd be fired by th' Union if they knew I was wurrakin' on th' heart,' he says. So he sinds fr' Dock Vinthrickle an' th' dock climbs me chest an' listens, an' thin he says: 'They're somethin' th' matter with his lungs, too,' he says. 'At times they're full iv air an' again,' he says, 'they ain't,' he says. 'Sind fr' Bellows,' he says. Bellows comes an' pounds me as though I was a roof he was shinglin', an' havin' accidentally hit me below th' belt, he sinds fr' Dock Laporatteny. Th' Dock sticks his finger into me as far as th' knuckle. 'What's that fr?' says I. 'That's O'Hannigan's point,' he says. 'I don't see it,' says I.

"O'Hannigan must have had a fine sinse iv humor. 'Did it hurt?' says he. 'Not,' says I, 'as much as though ye'd used an awl,' says I, 'or a chisel.' I says, 'but,' I says, 'it didn't tickle,' I says.

"He shakes his head an' goes out iv th' room with th' others an' they talk it over at tin dollars a minit while I'm layin' there at two dollars a day docked. Whin they come back, wan iv them says: 'This here is a mos' inthrestin' case an' we must have th' whole class take a look at it,' he says. It means me, Hinnissy. 'Doc,' he says. 'Ye will remove it's brain. Vinthrickle, ye will have it's heart, an' Bellows, ye will take it's lungs. As fr' me,' he says, 'I will add wan more vermin-form appendix to me belt,' he says. 'Tis strangle how our foolish pre-decessors,' says he, 'niver got onto th' dangers iv th' vermin-form appendix,' he says. 'I have no doubt that that's what kilt Methusalem,' he says. So they marked out their wurruk on me with a piece iv red chalk, an' if I get well, I look like a rag carpet. Sometyme they lave things in ye, Hinnissy. I knowed a man wanst. Moriarty was his name, Tim Moriarty, an' he had to be hemstitched hurriedly because he was goin' to be a ball game that day an' they locked up in him two sponges, a saw, an' ice pick, a gold watch an' a pair iv curlin' irons belongin' to wan iv th' nurses. He tol' me he didn't feel well but he didn't think anny hing iv it till he noticed that he jingled whin he walked.

"That's what they do with ye nowadays, Hinnissy. Ivry time I go into Dock Cassidy's office, he gives me a look that makes me wisht I'd wore a suit iv chain armor. His eyes seemed to say, 'Can I come in?' Between th' Christyan Scientists an' him, tis a question iv whether ye want to be threated like a loony or like a can iv preserved vigitables. Father Kelly says th' styles iv medicine changes like th' styles iv hats. Whin he was a boy, they give ye quinine fr' whathev' ailed ye, an' now they give ye strychnine an' nex' year they'll be givin' ye prooic acid, maybe. He says they're findin' new things th' matter with ye ivry day, an' ol' things that have been taken out, until th' time is comin' when not more than half iv us'll be rale an' th' rest'll be rubber. He says they ought to enforce th' law iv assault with a deadly weepin' again th' doctors. He says that if they knew less about pizen an' more about gruel, an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so many Christyan Scientists. He says th' diff'rence between Christyan Scientists and doctors is that Christyan Scientists thinks there's no such thing as disease an' doctors thinks there ain't anything else. An' there ye ar-re."

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christianity, it wudd'n't make anny diff'rence wh'ch ye call in—if ye had a good nurse."

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AMERICA'S HOLLAND.

A PART OF NEW JERSEY WAS ONCE SEPARATED FROM THE CONTINENT.

[Philadelphia Record:] As the train speeds to New York along the Pennsylvania Railroad between Bristol and Trenton few of the myriads who gaze from the windows on the left realize that they are traveling through the Holland of America. Such is the case, however, for on a higher level we see the meandering canal, with here and there a windmill, perhaps not with the romantic ponderousness of the Flemish air motor, but of more ingenious Yankee construction. The fine herd of black and white cattle just above Edgeley gives color to the Netherlandish view, which is only marred by flagrant and atrocious signs, calling upon one to enter Paradise by means of this or that patent medicine. What is the origin of this low, flat plain, which does not stop at Trenton, but continues on to the Lawrence swamp, just below Princeton Junction, where the water divide is? Right at Lawrence is the turning point in the lives of raindrops, for if they fall this side of Lawrence their journey to Mother Ocean will be via the Delaware drainage, but if they reach terra firma on the other side they will go to oblivion by the Raritan system. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, as the geologists reckon it, there was one vast waterway between the Delaware and the Raritan. This body of water, known to the learned as the "Pensauken Sound," made a large part of Jersey an island, like unto Long Island of today. But as centuries rolled past the currents of the prehistoric sound whirled the sands brought to it by freshets into bars and shoals. As our friends of the Far East would say, "the wheel turned around." At any rate, something changed the nature of things and it came to pass that glaciers from the North intruded themselves and all the northern part of this continent became a vast waste of moving, grinding ice, which scratched its mark on many a lofty mountain top and, advancing as far as Belvidere, left its toe mark on the earth and gradually retreated to its northern fastnesses, to guard and guard well, the secret of the pole.

But when all this vast agglomeration of water-rock reached its melting point and poured down the rivers it wrought many physiographic changes. The divide between the Raritan and Delaware drainage became more permanently established and the broad flood with its burden of gravel and sand smoothed out all irregularities in the bed of the old sound. Now, as the wheel turned on, and the ice water all reached the ocean it came to pass, as it naturally should, that the river shrank in size, and as it had no more sediment to transport, it set about cutting a channel for itself in the plain it had made, and thus it is as we ride along the smooth plain that waters of past ages have made for us that we may read their story and find it not uninteresting.

(Old Lady:) Now, little boys, can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he ate the forbidden fruit?

(Tommy:) Please, ma'am, there wasn't any commandments then.—[Fun.]

July 7, 1901.]



Stories of the Firing Line • Animal Stories.



Scaling Peking's Wall.

IT WAS a Vinton (Iowa) soldier boy who first scaled the great wall of Peking and planted on the crest the American flag. It was American regular and volunteer soldiers who first showed the troops of the allied forces how the trooper of the "athletic West" gets over a wall. At home we have seen the Aurora Zouaves do it on the stage—set up their imitation wall, give their cheer, go at it and over it.

But the boys before Peking did even better than the Aurora fellows. The Aurora boys scaled their mimic wall by raising one over the shoulders of the other until the top was reached. The American boys in Peking found a wall before them constructed of age-baked mud, irregularly placed rock and brick. Time had made a few slight openings in the face, openings in which a bird might hide, but to which no one would ever dream that a man could cling. From base to crest the height ran irregularly. In places the wall was eighty and one hundred feet high. In other spots it was as low as thirty feet.

No ladders rested against the great barrier; no scaling apparatus was at hand to aid the boys in blue in going over. They could either wait until the city gates were forced open and then go around and meekly walk through them after other troops had cleared the way, or they could defy Mongolian wall architecture and go over the obstacle in front of them. There was no waiting. A curly-headed boy, out of the far West, made a leap for the crevice in the wall.

He dug his fingers into it, while his toes sought to break beneath. Then he began to "shin." Did you ever "shin" up the sheer front of a great cliff or a tree or a stone building? It's great exercise, and it requires the strongest kind of nerve and daring. You cling to the height as if you were a plaster. You pull yourself up from point to point by sheer strength. You never look down. You always look up. Your finger joints crack, the finger tips bleed, the knees are skinned, the toes acho, and the instep acts as if it would break in two. But up you go, breathless you crawl over the top, still panting to the level and wonder how you did it.

That's how the American boys went up the great wall of Peking, hand by hand, breathless, dauntless, conquering. The Vinton boy was first, and he flung out the Stars and Stripes, and he would have had a roar of cheers if any man in his party had had a breath left. Men of the Old World standing by cheered, though. They had to. One of them snapped a kodak on the brave fellows as they went up. Such marvelous celerity and bravery was new to the Orient, where the Chinese walls have been classed as unscaleable save with special ladders.

The American soldier is a child of the wind, the plain, the song of dreams, and the savagery of cliff, land and mountains. That's why he reached the top of Peking wall first.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Fruit and Bloom of Gettysburg.

AT ST. IVES there is never a sight nor a sound of the city. Look where you will to point of the compass and the sky is untailed with factory smoke; unmarked by whirling, microscopic clouds of street dust. The bluest of sky blues is above St. Ives, and if ever there is a change in the hue it is only when the white-capped clouds come chasing each other from out of Nowhere.

"The apple bloom season never comes," says Higgins of St. Ives, "but what I think of the charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, through the orchards of peach and apple bloom up to the muzzles of the Union guns. History has always called the orchard at Gettysburg where the culmination of the battle was a 'peach' orchard. It was, but there were then as many apple trees in the valley as peach, and there was bloom and fruit everywhere, and after a time dying men and dead men, overturned guns and slaughtered horses. There was fruit of the grove on the boughs and fruit of war on the blood-stained ground. I was with Kilpatrick then, just by the orchard, and you," speaking to the girl by his side, "were not yet born. Your mother was up North here waiting for me to get out of the army and come to her for our wedding day. And we were married the next year when the apple bloom came round again."

"That last day at Gettysburg I saw one of Pickett's men go to his final end under the bloom. He came across the Emmitsburg road with Pickett, mounted, riding a big bay horse. Once I was near enough to him to have called the time of day or to have asked him what he thought of the dance old Hancock and Meade were giving him and his. Perhaps he was 20 years old, and he had a face as soft in shade and as pink and white as yours. Our men were holding their fire while Pickett advanced. They had to, for ammunition was short and we had almost everything in line, for one last struggle, that we possessed.

"When we did open up more than 12,000 men were firing point-blank into the Confederates. Stop them? Not a bit of it. The young fellow that I could not keep my eye off of was coming right on. He belonged to the Ninth Virginia and the best blood of the South was following him up. He laughed all the time. That struck me as very strange at the moment. On he and they came to our rifle pits and into them. Our men were pushed behind the guns. Gunners were bayoneted. Confederate flags were flaunted in our faces and we were doing all that humans could do to save our position and the day."

"Then, my girl, something happened. Over on Cemetery Hill many of our batteries had been silent—the guns were cooling off. Now, just as the Confederates seemed to have the best of us, these guns opened up. God, what ruin they wrought! The Confederate line

was simply mowed down. The dead and dying piled up so fast they rose like windrows in a hay field. My young lad with the laughing face did his best to hold his men. How could he? Of 250 of his regiment over 200 were dead or out of action.

"The young fellow turned at the last moment to make his escape, and then came his moment. I saw him go high out of his saddle up to the bloom that was in the trees and then he fell to the ground like a leaden mass. We were victors. I did not see the young Confederate again until the next day, when we found him under the trees and gave him a decent burial. I never knew his name nor anything more of him but that he wore the insignia of the Ninth Virginia."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Millionaire Wanted to be a Soldier.

ONE does not commonly associate Alfred Beit—whose name has been in all men's mouths just lately—with the perils and privations of camp life. Yet on one occasion at least the great capitalist was heard to sing the joys of the trooper's life—some half a score years ago. It was in Tuli, in 1891, to be quite accurate, that the incident occurred. In honor of Lord Randolph campfires were held by the troopers, and they did their best to entertain him with song and dance, followed by grilled bones and champagne at 2 a.m. Then came bed, but Mr. Beit, who was of the party, his martial spirit aroused by the evening's doings, refused to slumber, and, indeed, proceeded to argue.

"What's the use of being a millionaire? Nothing! A trooper's life for me! No cares, no troubles! All the world before you, and not a moment's worry from morning to night! A millionaire—suspense, anxiety, all day long! I shall be in it tomorrow!"—[London M. A. P.]

Capt. Evans's Sense of Appreciation.

IN CONCLUDING his "sailor log"—"Forty Years in the Navy"—Rear-Admiral Evans says: "I was attending a reception in the Chamber of Commerce, where many people had assembled to greet me. A white-haired old gentleman stopped in front of me and, taking my hand, said:

"Captain, I want to know how it feels when you are sure that there are 70,000,000 of people each of whom would like to look into your eyes and say, 'God bless you!'"

"I could have told the kindly old man that it made me feel like fighting by day and watching by night, that danger in storm and suffering in tropic calm were but 'reasonable service' to such a country and such fellow-countrymen as I am bound to by every feeling of my heart."

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Remarkable Burglary.

ONE of the most daring burglaries committed in recent years was done in a jewelry shop in Chicago in the early morning, while the policeman on the beat watched through the window, a few days ago. He was astounded to see the robbers carry away from a tray nineteen or twenty plain band gold rings. He drew his revolver, but was prevented from using it by the thought it would never do to spoil \$200 worth of plate glass, even to catch the burglars.

He tapped on the window with his club but the thieves only glanced up at him and went on with their work until the last tray was removed.

For the thieves were a family of rats. "Well, I'm blessed if I know what to do," the big policeman soliloquized. The hour was 3 a.m. He glanced up and down the broad thoroughfare. Not a soul in sight. Then he looked back in the window. An old mother rat was tugging at the tray. The rest of the rodents had darted away to their holes with the rings in their mouths.

"I must do something or they'll have their holes lined with gold," Lyonaise said to himself. He went in search of the night roundsman. But when the two entered the jewelry store they were unable to trace the four-legged thieves to their lair. The officers searched in vain for rat holes. Nothing remained but to leave a report of the unusual robbery at the central detail police station.

Several mysterious burglaries that have been recently reported were thus explained. Lyonaise had been nonplussed by the frequent occurrences in one store on his beat. He had cleaned his revolver ready for action and fully determined he would watch the burglars who were making nightly visits to the big jewelry establishment and stealing hundreds of rings from a brilliantly illuminated window.

Employés of the jewelry establishment are tearing away the flooring in order to trace the "subterranean" passages that wind and wind until they reach the jeweled "heaven" of the robber rats. Members of the firm are determined to follow the holes to the end, and the recovery of a peck measure full of plain gold and gem rings will be the result if they succeed.—[Denver Post.]

A Spider's Instinct.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a remarkable instance of adaptation of instinct in a trapdoor spider. Says the writer: "A friend of mine noticed near his camp a trapdoor spider run in front of him and pop into his hole, pulling the 'lid' down as it disappeared. The lid seemed so neat and perfect a circle that the man stooped to examine it, and found, to his astonishment, that it

was a sixpence. There was nothing but silk thread covering the top of the coin, but underneath mud and silk thread were coated on and shaped convex (as usual). The coin had probably been swept out of the tent with rubbish." Commenting on this, a contributor to Nature says: "As is well known, the doors of trapdoor spiders' burrows are typically made of flattened pellets of earth stuck together with silk or other adhesive material. The unique behavior of the spider in question showed no little discrimination on her part in touching the suitability as to size, shape and weight of the object selected to fulfill the purpose for which the sixpence was used."—[Sydney Bulletin.]

Story of a Flock of Crows.

A FEW months ago the gardener on John J. Telford's place at Peru, up the short line, accidentally wounded a crow while shooting at other birds, and he made prisoner of the bird. After its wings were clipped it became quite tame and was placed in the garden, which is surrounded by a fence eight feet high. It thrived on worms and bugs and became as docile as a chick. When the warm weather set in other crows began to gather about the garden at early dawn, and for hours at a time kept up a continual cawing. The crippled crow in the garden answered each caw, and morning after morning the size of the visiting party increased until fully two dozen perched themselves on the fence.

Sunday morning Mr. Telford heard a commotion in the garden. He went to investigate and found four of five crows hovering around the crippled one. Presently he saw three of the visitors place their beaks under the cripple, lift it up and attempt to fly away. They managed to get the cripple over the high fence, then it was dropped. The liberated bird hopped 200 or 300 yards when all but two of the other crows flew away. The remaining two swooped down on the crippled bird and seemed to be caressing it, when a boy captured the cripple and returned it to the garden.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Bear Annexed the Boat.

D R. J. W. WINSLOW AYRE in his "Life in the White of America" tells an amusing bear story that occurred on the Little Missouri, in Dakota.

A young Indian told us one morning that he had seen an old bear and a cub on the bluff of a small creek on the opposite side of the river. Several of the party once took a small boat and started in search of the game, resolved to take the cub alive and keep it for pet.

They proceeded up the creek for a hundred yards more. Then, hastily climbing up the bluff, they found the cub in a recess of the rocks, but the dam was not to be seen.

This suited the hunters very well, as they were in a bloodthirsty mood. By means of a rope they secured the cub without difficulty, but when they began to drag it down the cliff it made a noisy protest, and at the time the men entered the boat with their guns they discovered the old bear bounding downward in pursuit. Just at the mouth of the creek a large rock projected over the water, and toward this point the bear advanced.

Several shots were fired at her, but not one took effect. The men thought they could easily row away from her; but to their consternation, just as they were abreast of the rock, she sprang from the extreme point directly into the boat.

The celerity with which the gentlemen vacated the premises was really astonishing. Over the side of the skiff and into the water they plunged and swam land, regardless of guns and wet clothing. The situation was ludicrous, or would have been so to persons a less perilous position.

Meantime the boat had acquired sufficient headway to carry it down the river in midstream, with the bear still in it. Later it drifted ashore and was recovered, but the bears had escaped.

Beavers Attack a Dam.

H ORACE FROST, one of the Berlin Mills Company superintendents, had the gates in the dam at Kennebago Falls hoisted the other day to let the water out. When he did so he noticed a beaver on the outside of the dam busily at work cutting a 12x12 timber as a brace.

The crew of twenty-five or thirty men were called to witness the unusual sight, for it is asserted that beavers will never work in sight of human beings. A crowd watched the industrious little fellow as he gave his uppercuts and then his undercuts, and if a chip did not fall, he would take hold of it with his sets of teeth.

Mr. Frost went down to where the animal was working, but the beaver stood his ground, and when Frost backed away the beaver gave chase. The beaver next went under a pile of brush.

When one of the men went down to discover what the animal had disappeared and got on his hands and knees to look under the brush the beaver charged him from the rear. The man took to his heels and never stopped till he was well on top of the dam.

After this the beaver went away and in a short time came back with a number of others, who joined in the task of cutting away the timbers. They were driven away, but left rather reluctantly.

The high water which was running some ten feet over the dam before the gates were raised, had evidently driven the colony of beavers from their home, and they had reasoned out the problem and were going to clear away the obstruction. This is the second time the beavers have attempted to demolish the dam.

[Bemis Correspondence New York Sun.]

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Compiled for The

All in the Interest of Science.

A WELL-KNOWN Australian violinist, Rice, at the latter's laboratory, examining a dark brown substance. "I say, would you kindly let this on your tongue? My taste has by tasting all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the violinist, holding out his tongue.

The professor took up a little of the substance and placed it on the other's tongue. "Note any effect?" inquired the violinist.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick you."

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no all."

How does it taste?"

"Bitter as the dicens."

"Hem-m; all right."

"What is it?" inquired the violinist.

"I don't know. That's what I'm. Someone has been poisoning horses identified."

Thought He Was the Office Boy.

A TTY.-GEN. KNOX is the most you that has occupied a Cabinet portfolio. In reality Mr. Knox is not an old man, only 42 years—but he looks more like 20 than he does like a man of middle age. He was taken for a boy by an old man at the Department of Justice to see the office. Mr. Knox's office is on the building. The waiting-room is on the floor of the hall. The old gentleman had to wait an hour or more to see the attorney-general. Mr. Knox emerged from his office to part of the building. The old gentleman followed him for the office boy, and stepping up to him, said, "Say, sonny, what kind of a fellow see you coming out of his office, and all about him. I have a little business with the attorney-general, and would like to speak to him before tackling him."

Mr. Knox's cherubic face brightened, merry twinkle in his eye, said:

"Oh, he's all right. Walk right in as I return. I will then hear what you have."

The old gentleman would have thrown himself for thirty cents.—[Philadelphia Evening News.]

Won by a Pun.

I F ANY man wants people nowadays to smile at him with a sneer and then a contented smile let him make a pun in company. Launched the pun he will notice a silence over the company like a heavy fog. Then a cold, harsh voice will speak up and say the lowest form of wit." This is always a squelcher for a punster, and after it has been uttered the incident is considered closed. Even in our own times there are many a skillful pun made at the right moment exceedingly profitable.

A worthy and witty rector, who died in the West of England, obtained the enmity of his congregation by a pun. The living was worth and naturally at the death of the rector there were numerous applicants for the living. There was a young curate who, because of his poverty, was a young curate of the church by to his income as curate of the church by to the son of the Earl who was patron just made vacant by the death of the rector.

The rectors and curates who had come of their deceased brother, and all of whom were desirous of securing the living he had left vacant.

"Why," said the Earl, somewhat puzzle, they should feel a proper amount of grief understand why they should weep so freely."

The young curate tutor, who was standing by, said, "Nay, my Lord, it is not for the dead to weep for the living."

The Earl was so impressed by the curate shortly afterwards presented him with the living.

Doesn't Buy Cigars Now.

MRS. NELTON is not going to buy any more for her husband. She almost believes the jokes in the comic papers about the wives buy for their husbands are true. She has not ever since Christmas when she bought a box of cigars for Mr. Neilton of purchasing tobacco for him.

Mr. Neilton thought it would be too bad if he just how bad the cigars were, since he in buying them was to contribute to his health as sweetly as he could and smoke like a little hero. But in an unguarded moment the truth came out. Mrs. Neilton, some time after midnight with a start.

"John, John," she gasped, "there's a burglar in the house."

"Oh, I think not," said her husband sleepily. "Yes there is," gasped Mrs. Neilton. "I know."

July 7, 1901.]

Illustrated Magazine Section

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GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

All in the Interest of Science.

A WELL-KNOWN Australian visited his friend, Professor Rice, at the latter's laboratory. The professor was examining a dark brown substance spread on paper. "I say, would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become so vitiated by tasting all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the over-accommodating visitor, holding out his tongue.

The professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on the other's tongue. The latter worked it around for fully a minute, tasting it much as he would a fine confection.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as the Dickens."

"Hem-m; all right."

"What is it?" inquired the visitor.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Someone has been poisoning horses with it!"—[Unidentified.]

Thought He Was the Office Boy.

A TTY-GEN. KNOX is the most youthful looking man that has occupied a Cabinet portfolio in recent years. In reality Mr. Knox is not an old man by any means—only 42 years—but he looks more like a boy of 18 or 20 than he does like a man of middle age. The other day he was taken for a boy by an old gentleman who was at the Department of Justice to see the attorney-general on business. Mr. Knox's office is on the first floor of the building. The waiting-room is on the opposite side of the hall. The old gentleman had been sitting there for an hour or more to see the attorney-general. At last Mr. Knox emerged from his office to go to some other part of the building. The old gentleman mistook him for the office boy, and stepping up to him, said:

"Say, sonny, what kind of a fellow is your boss? I see you coming out of his office, and presume you know all about him. I have a little business to transact with the attorney-general, and would like to get a line on Mr. Knox before tackling him."

Mr. Knox's cherubic face brightened, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said:

"Oh, he's all right. Walk right in and sit down until I return. I will then hear what you have to say."

The old gentleman would have then and there sold himself for thirty cents.—[Philadelphia North American.]

We by a Pun.

A NY man wants people nowadays to look around at him with a sneer and then a contemptuous, pitying smile; let him make a pun in company. After he has launched the pun he will notice a silence settling down over the company like a heavy fog. Then some one in a cold, harsh voice will speak up and say, "A pun is the lowest form of wit." This is always considered a sneer for a punster, and after it has been administered the incident is considered closed. But while punning has almost become a lost art it should not be. Even in our own times there are many instances where a skillful pun made at the right moment has proved exceedingly profitable.

A worthy and witty rector, who died some years ago in the West of England, obtained the enviable living he enjoyed by a pun. The living was worth \$10,000 a year, and naturally at the death of the rector who held it there were numerous applicants for the living. There was a young curate who, because of his poverty, added to his income as curate of the church by acting as tutor to the son of the Earl who was patron of the living but had made vacant by the death of the rector.

The rectors and curates who had come to the funeral of their deceased brother, and all of whom had hopes of securing the living he had left vacant, wept inconsolably.

"Why," said the Earl, somewhat puzzled. "Of course they should feel a proper amount of grief, but I do not understand why they should weep so frenziedly for the dead."

The young curate tutor, who was standing by, said: "Nay, my Lord, it is not for the dead they weep. It is for the living."

The Earl was so impressed by the curate's wit that he shortly afterwards presented him with the living.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Don't Buy Cigars Now.

MRS. NELTON is not going to buy any more cigars for her husband. She almost believes now that all the jokes in the comic papers about the kind of cigars wives buy for their husbands are true. She has insisted ever since Christmas when she bought the first box of cigars for Mr. Nelton of purchasing all his tobacco for him.

Mr. Nelton thought it would be too bad to tell his wife just how bad the cigars were, since her only object in buying them was to contribute to his pleasure, so he smiled as sweetly as he could and smoked the cigars like a little hero. But in an unguarded moment the other night the truth came out. Mrs. Nelton awoke the next time after midnight with a start.

"John, John," she gasped, "there's a burglar in the house."

"Oh, I think not," said her husband sleepily.

"Yes there is," gasped Mrs. Nelton. "I know it. He is

in the dining-room. I heard him lighting one of your cigars."

"One of those 'Pride of the Tenement' that you gave me?"

"Yes, that was the last box I bought."

"All right," said John, turning on his side and shutting his eyes again. "Leave him alone. We'll find his dead body on the floor tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Nelton says that John can just buy his own cigars now.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Just Struck Her.

THOUGH it happened in one of Detroit's swell hotels, neither of the principals belongs here. He had just seated himself at the dinner table, when she and another lady came in with the usual flourish of handsome and well-dressed women.

He turned a shade or two paler. After conning her menu she looked across the table and her face took on a puzzled expression. When their eyes met during the meal each pretended to be studying the tablecloth or the opposite wall. He left first and she watched through the doors.

"Amie," she said to her companion, "I certainly know that man, but I can't for the life of me place him. I think he knew me, too, but I couldn't bow to him unless I were sure, could I? You know that I never snub anyone."

He wandered into the parlor later while the women were there, looked a little too fierce for congeniality and got away as soon as he could. She again gave out the conviction that she knew him and wondered where it was and who he could be.

"Never mind," said the companion, "he's nothing to us. Forget him."

"Oh, Foolish, it isn't that, but you know how it is when your memory betrays you and I don't want him to think me rude. But hubby will be here tonight and I'll have him find out all about it."

Half an hour later she smothered a scream and rushed imploringly at the other woman. "For heaven's sake! Amie, don't you say a word to my hubby about that fellow. It just came to me."

"Well?"

"He was my first husband in Chicago."—[Detroit Free Press.]

He Decided It.

AS A specimen of what Englishmen who become candidates for parliamentary honors have occasionally to put up with the following little incident is related: Visiting a north country colliery during the men's dinner hour, a certain candidate was advised by his agent to ask "Old Ben," a supporter who happened to work in the pit, to say a few words to his mates.

After some little persuasion the old man acceded to the request, and this is what he said: "Weel, mates, I ain't a goin' ter tell ye as we're getten a real straight, fair, honest candidate. You knows as well as I does as there ain't no sich thing as honest politician breathin'." Howsumever, I've heard both candidates, an' I've picked out wot I think is the best of a sorry pair! Ye'd better vote for him, chaps! This, indicating the by no means comfortable candidate, "this is 'im!'" That was all.—[Chicago News.]

Not Altogether Bad.

BY JOVE! Arrested for swindling," and the man who was reading his paper at a table in the annex turned to three or four friends who were sipping what they thought to be cooling drinks. "If I'd been there I'd have gone ball for him. I saw him do a thing once that showed he had a big heart and the instincts of a gentleman."

"What you talking about?" mumbled the man with a straw in his mouth.

The other read the news item that had attracted his attention and then went on to tell the story of what had warmed him to the swindler. I was on the way to the Highland Park races last summer and just ahead of me sat two gayly-dressed women, and next to them a gray-haired, kindly-faced old woman. The younger ones were talking about one of the runners on which they had a tip and said that it was just like finding money to bet on him. They kept it up and it was evident the old woman was getting excited.

"She turned to me and said she intended to go to Palmer park, but if she thought she could double her money on that horse she would try it. It would enable her to pay her rent, and she had received notice. To my right sat this 'swindler,' showily dressed and out for a killing.

"Sure thing," he replied, before I got in a word. 'GI' me your stuff and I'll do the betting for you. Take this ticket. I have two.'

I wanted to interfere, but he looked as though he meant to be good to her, so I contented myself with a resolution to keep my eye on him. He put her money on the favorite, and the favorite lost. I followed him back to the stand where the old woman was in tears and the dressy women were making game of her. He gave them a look that straightened their faces and then seized the older one's hand.

"Here, grandma," he laughed; 'I was too smart to put your money on that skat. Your stuff backed the winner, four to one, and he slipped two crisp new tens to her, and told me that was the happiest lie he ever got off. You bet I'd have bailed him!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

Retort Courteous.

UP IN Delaware county, where W. Jay Martin, general manager of the Philadelphia, Reading and New England Railroad came from, Mr. Martin's friends are telling a new story about Russell Sage. Mr. Martin was a few years ago superintendent of a small railroad in Dutchess county owned by Mr. Sage, and he and his employer became close friends. One day "Jay," as he is familiarly called, wore handsome new trousers that attracted Mr. Sage's attention. As the president and superin-

tendent talked railroad business, Mr. Sage gently caressed the fabric on the superintendent's knee.

"Say, Martin," said Mr. Sage, "that's a fine piece of goods you've got there. What does a pair of trousers like that cost?"

"About \$9," said Mr. Martin.

Mr. Sage sighed regretfully, and finally remarked:

"My, but I wish I could afford a pair like that!"

"You could if you were working for as good a man as I am."—[New York Tribune.]

The Waiter's Version.

FYOU want to know what pride is," said a Southern woman, "you ought to see the colored house servants down South lording it over the field hands. The house servants form an aristocracy which, for monumental haughtiness can't be surpassed anywhere.

"They take the place of newspapers to the other negroes, retailing to them the scraps of information they get from listening to the conversation of the family and the guests. Some of those pieces of news come back to us occasionally and the sidelights they give us on current events are truly remarkable.

"We have had a negro waiter for some time and I fancy that his company is always in demand among the other darkies, because he has the dinner-table conversation to draw upon. My husband, of course, has always talked about public events when we have had guests for dinner and old Gabe has picked up a few facts, or impressions at least, as he waited.

"He had heard a good deal of talk about President McKinley and Senator Hanna; especially about Mr. Hanna's ability to make and spend money. Gabe was much impressed and went out to the kitchen one day shaking his head disapprovingly. He had already told the kitchen servants several interesting things about 'President McKinley an' his lady, Miss Hanah.' This time he said:

"Well, Mars McKinley, he's all right; but dat Hanah, she sho' does spen' money."

"Another time he heard us talking about Admiral Dewey and how people were so down on him about the transfer of the house that was given him. Finally Gabe sighed a big sigh and said:

"I reckon Admiral Dewey's sorry now he done blowed up dat Maine and all!"—[New York Sun.]

Mr. Bliffleby's Butcher.

IN THE butcher shop where I buy my meat," Mr. Bliffleby said, "I see come in occasionally an old woman, to whom the butcher always gives something. The woman has a basket on her arm, and when the butcher steps toward her she swings the cover around by the willow loop around the handle and the butcher drops in whatever he has to give her, and he always gives her something.

"This may not be a chicken, nor even a sirloin steak, nor even a brace of chops. It is, in fact, just a chunk of meat. But it is worth something, and he is giving it to her. In cutting up meat he just lays aside some sort of piece for the old lady when she shall come in.

"And now, when she has come, he doesn't keep her waiting, like a beggar, but he leaves me and gets that piece of meat that he'd put aside for her and walks around the chopping block by which she is standing and drops it in her basket, and smiles as he does this and says a pleasant word to her, and the old lady smiles and thanks him in return.

"And then the butcher comes back to me and goes ahead with the work of slicing off my steak, saying, as he does so, in an incidental sort of way:

"Fine weather we're having now, after the rain."

"He's a peach, my butcher, but then, I guess there are others like him."—[New York Sun.]

Disturbed His Reveries.

HOW did you dent your dashboard?" asked the front-seat passenger on a Halsey-street trolley car yesterday on the way to the bridge, as he noticed the motorman examining the spot where the paint was scraped off.

"Wagon," said the motorman, grimly. Then, looking at the questioner earnestly, he added: "Wait till the car stops at Park Row an' I'll tell you."

He was big and brawny, and there was a country air about him. When the car came to a halt on the outgoing curve in the bridge terminal the motorman said: "Seelin' you ast me, I'll tell you on the Q.T. that I knocked that paint off up near Nostrand avenue by givin' one o' these here garbage wagons a 'list. I'm from Chenango county, an' a year ago today I was up home with the ol' folks. The syringy bushes was in full bloom, an' so was the roses. Out on the grass between the wagon house and the kitchen the shepherd pup was playin' with the ol' cat. Th' hired girl was churkin', an' mother was bakin' pie plant pies—gosh, I wish I had one now! Th' air was jis' sweet's honey, an' we'en I heard a bobolink a-singin' his hallelujah to his Maker I sez to myself, 'Me, too, ol' man!' I was just thinkin' of these things when I come up behind that gosh hanged garbage wagon. It was spillin' some of its sour juice along the track an' smellin' like kingdom come. The driver wouldn't git off'n the track, an' his load o' swill knocked home an' mother an' the syringy bushes out o' my mind so quick that it made me mad. So I jes' put th' controller on th' loop an' I give that swill wagon—"

Four bells were sounded just then for cars on track No. 4, and the farmer motorman wheeled around and applied the power. The passenger swung off the running board of the car and the totally unnecessary part of the narrative was left untold.—[New York Tribune.]

THE DOG'S NEW TRICK.

[Harvard Lampoon:] Wimbleton: Hello, old man, have you taught your dog any new tricks lately?

Quimbleton: Yes; I've been teaching him to eat out of my hand. He ate a big piece out of it yesterday.

dressers Pasadena congregation... Mag-
gots kill a man at San Bernardino.

terior, who will prescribe su-
pension for their services.

"Preparatory to these draw-

says, "Strike!" they
different significance;
branches are out-
shed the healing bal-
their sway. Near them
the undulating forms of
mistletoe fastened
sing all about; here
arrayed in gorgeous
stance the woodpecker
as he busily hammers
worm-breeding acorns.
air notes mingling with
gling near; and above
is the deep diapason
the pine-tree tops, making

so perfectly adapted by
of man should so long
abused by white people
Alps, it yet possesses all
over, characterized
Colorado plateau, and
quality for throat and
tains on nearly every
and is without excep-
in the world for the
opening there.

At the present time,
can be done by way of
climate, with perfect en-
out-of-door life in sun-
shines; these are the only
on with any degree of

ate has for a long time
purpose; it has, indeed,
tives. They come here
through it; to go on a ranch
not do everything; and
or an abundance of good
there are, nevertheless,
places in the country in
conditions are not to
age, off twice or thrice
in meat, with potatoes
ing in lard; these are the
and in any country such
conditions. A stomach
and rise above the in-
dition that would follow
nd, sleet and snow.

better facilities for re-
lities for good food and
overcrowded conditions
reinfection of weak and
ity. The whole State of
a serious consideration
legislature a commission

There is almost a cer-
tainty becoming like some
consumptives and degener-
ates, then, of both country
and city for people who are
stay where they are, in
trust to the tender care
diet to be had there, un-
country with someone to
ith money enough to go
one now in operation.
ral prominent physicians
nd shareholders all over
tract consists of nearly
in the midst of 734,000
which is held inviolate for
portion of land belonging to
any other health res. rt in
ious possibilites of humili-
mented by the great gov-
rn into the balance, the
ut rivals.

been erected, with fifty
inclosed in glass, and the
te bath and toilet. The

building is heated by steam, and has electric lights
from power generated on the place. There is a complete
sewer system, one mile in length, with all the modern
and scientific methods of purification. Water is brought
from a supply furnishing 60,000 gallons every twenty-
four hours, and situated at an elevation of 200 feet
above all the buildings. Fifteen cottages, with all mod-
ern improvements, have been erected, and persons de-
siring tent room will also be furnished accommodation.
It is the intention of the owners to receive only those
who show first indications of the disease, and not the
advanced stages; for here the latter could hope for lit-
tle, if any, benefit.

In the beautiful romance of "Ramona," now so fa-
miliar to all readers, there is mention of all the places
in this vicinity; of San Jacinto, of Saboba, and of the
mountain trails, and, moreover, this very spot is the
one to which Alessandro led poor Ramona when the
white people had taken away their land, their home,
and all their possessions.

Here they found "Aunt Ri," with her consumptive
son, "Jos," who in this early day had learned of the ad-
vantage of the climate of the San Jacinto Mountains
for lung troubles. There is living now in the village
at the foot of the mountain the man that shot poor
Alessandro, found in sad delirium, riding upon the white
man's horse.

It will be remembered by the reader of the book that
Ramona plead with her husband to go to the city, or
even to the town, but that Alessandro was so overcome
by his losses and the treachery of the whites that he
preferred to go into the mountains and live alone. He
describes to her a place high up in the mountains, one
that was shut in by peaks on all sides, except for one
entrance; here they could live and be safe; at least
have a chance to defend themselves from attack for a
while. This spot answers perfectly in description to
the Idyllwild tract, and was undoubtedly that very
place.

As you ride down the mountain and look far out
over the valley, surrounded by rows of mountains, you
notice large tracts of the country inclosed in fences,
and wonder what their use could have been. The
stage driver answers your query thus:

"This was once the most famous place for raising
race horses. The fine air gave them great lung ca-
pacity; big lungs, like a pair of bellows. They could
run, and run, and run, and there was no give up to
them."

Then you fall to thinking of the vast possibilities
now opened up for the many people who are languishing
in the midst of the race of life and for the delicate
children who have just entered upon it, and you feel a
wave of longing sweep over you to gather all these
suffering and little ones into the bosom of the great
San Jacinto, to call them here, where they may learn
to "run, and run, and run, and never give up."

ELIZABETH T. MILLS.

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INCOMPLETE.

What if this day should be our last
On earth, and when morn's early dawn
Shall paint with red and gold the east,
We shall have passed to the unknown,
And left but rigid clay, what then?

The sun will shine, the sky be blue,
Flowers will bloom, the clouds drop rain
And scatter glistening pearly dew.

The crowd will throng the echoing marts,
With scarce a thought that one soul more
Has passed away; but few sad hearts
Will heed; all will be as before.
The world's fast throbbing heart will beat,
Nor pause an instant the swift flow
Of its life current. Though our feet
Have paused forever, few will know.

We look aback through all our life,
Father of all, what has it been?
But an unfinished texture, rife
With tangled threads we've woven in,
With shreds and patches, blots and stains,
And shadows where there should be sun.
Remove the errors, there remains
Alas! Alas! how little done.

We long for weeks and months and years,
That we may make of life one grand whole.
Yet as they pass, with hopes and fears,
Pleasure and pain, our shrinking soul
Looks back with dread, for naught is done.
Nothing complete in all the plan.
We've woven life's threads, one by one,
With blinded eyes since we began.

But then, may not the warp extend,
Wherein we're weaving to and fro,
Unseen across the gulf, the end
Of earth, for us, and, if not so,
If broken threads ne'er join again,
Made perfect on the other side,
For our completion; oh! why then,
Why do men live; why have they died?

Father may we not, when we cross,
Look back? And oh! may we not then
Find gain, where now we find but loss?
See joy where now we find but pain?
Hold in the hollow of Thy hand
The threads that here have snapped in twain,
And when we reach the unseen land,
Oh, give them to us, over again.
Then, where we're blind, oh! let us see,
And find naught incomplete with Thee.

LAURA B. CLARKE.

The London Post says the British steel manufacturers
are "from five to ten years behind America." In that
the prospect of catching up is far from promising.
—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

A NOTED SCIENTIST SAYS THEY ARE
OF ASIATIC ORIGIN.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"UNQUESTIONABLY of Asiatic origin," is the
verdict as to the California Indians, rendered by
special commission sent to that part of the
country by the Smithsonian Institution. Prof. W. H.
Holmes, anthropologist-in-chief of the National Museum,
voices the opinion, which practically settles a long-dis-
puted question, in a bulletin that is about to be pub-
lished. He says that the aborigines now found in the
Golden State came long ago from the far North, from
Bering Sea and beyond, having crossed over from Asia
by way of the "frigid arch," which affords a land pas-
sage interrupted only by a narrow water barrier a few
miles in breadth.

In California at the present time, says Prof. Holmes,
are found remnants of twenty distinct nations, speaking
as many languages. These varied ethnic elements, em-
braced within a region only 800 miles in length by 300
miles in width, seem to have been attracted one after
another to the lowland and coastal valleys by the bait
of an unfailing food supply. So formidable are the
barriers of mountain ranges on the east, and so forbidding
the deserts on the south, that few communities once set-
tled there would ever take the trouble to seek homes
elsewhere. It would appear that the peoples were caught
like fishes in a trap; the way in was easy, but the way
out was hard.

The Indians, or rather their remote ancestors, came
from Asia by way of Bering Strait, because that was the
easiest as well as the shortest route. On an ordinary
map it does not look the shortest, but it is such never-
theless, and that this is true may easily be ascertained
by a brief examination of any geographical globe. It is
considered reasonably certain that the earliest beings
properly called human dwelt not far from the Straits of
Malacca, and that thence their descendants spread over
the world.

Prof. Otis T. Mason of the Smithsonian Institution
calls attention to the fact that the shortest line between
the Straits of Malacca and the continent of North Amer-
ica is a great circle passing northward along the east
coast of Asia, across Bering Strait, and southward to the
Columbia River in Oregon. This was the route followed
by the first comers to America. Not only was it the
shortest, but it may be said that food grew in profusion
all along it by the wayside. Early man was obliged to
travel in those tracks which were marked out by nature
and provisioned for his journeys. Water furnished the
greatest quantity and variety of food for the least effort,
and the same element afforded easiest transportation.

The route was nearly all the way by sea—an inside
passage through land-locked seas and sounds. It led
through the Indo-Malayan Archipelago, the South China
and Malay seas, the East China and Yellow seas, the
Japanese and Tartary seas, the Okhotsk Sea, the Bering
Sea and its bays, the Alaskan Sea and inlets, the Trin-
et-Halda Sea, Vancouver Sea, and the Columbia Basin,
a distance of 10,000 miles. All of these marine in-
closures swarmed with animal life suitable for human
food. The East China and Japan seas furnished inex-
haustible supplies of fishes, water fowl, crabs, oysters,
etc. In Bering Sea there was no limit to subsistence.
No sooner was a latitude approached where the rigors of
the climate demanded extra clothing and fuel for the
body than marine mammals and land mammals were
superabundant. These early travelers would naturally
avoid the deep ocean, which is a desert to the voyager
and offering no food supply. In the shallows the landmarks
were their lighthouse and the inlets were their
harbors innumerable.

One can conceive of a stream of canoes flowing for
many centuries from the Indian Ocean and peopling
America steadily from Asia by way of its eastern shores
and seas. For 3000 years or more this continent was
receiving in this way continuously a population. A great
highway was opened, through which the stream of boats
kept flowing. In every favorable place along the route
colonies were dropped, and the nations thus started as-
sumed proprietorship over parts of the highway. At
length they shut off the stream of migration by declaring
that it should no longer pass through their premises,
and, the flow of immigration to America being thus cut
off, the ancestors of the present copper-colored aborigines
were left to obtain, through centuries, traits of
their own.

Though the present aborigines of California represent
so many distinct nations, as proved by their languages,
which are as far apart from one another as English is
from Chinese, the character of the food supply and other
local conditions applying to all have made all of them a
good deal alike in respect to habits and customs. Gen-
erally speaking, the culture of the tribes of the Golden
State may be said, as Prof. Holmes remarked, to revolve
about the oak tree. They are eaters of acorns, which
endless forests of oaks furnish in unlimited quantities.
They have almost no earthenware, few of them under-
standing anything of the potter's art, but are the most
wonderful basket-makers in the world, their products in
this line displaying remarkably varied phases of form,
technique and embellishment.

Prof. Holmes examined several of their milling places,
and describes one of them (a typical example) as a mass
of granite rock with many conical holes, some shallow
and some deep. All about were stones for grinding and
pounding, adapted in shape to the hollows, in which
acorns were put for the purpose of reducing them to
meal. This place of industry was covered with a rude
shelter of poles and brush to protect the women, who are
obliged to spend much of their time at such work, from
sun and rain.

The acorn cracking outfit ordinarily consists of a
round stone with a shallow pit on the upper surface and

another stone for striking, the nut being set on end to
receive the blow. In the absence of such contrivance
the teeth are used for breaking the shells. The kernels,
after being dried, are pounded in a hole, the resulting
meal being winnowed in a flat basket. A basin is then
formed in the sand, and in this the meal is put, water
being poured upon it repeatedly and allowed to drain
away until all of the tannin is filtered out. It is the
tannin that renders the acorn unfit for food in its ordi-
nary condition, but, after going through the process
described, the flour, scooped out of the sand basin with
the hands, is sweet and wholesome. The Indians, who call it "byca," vastly prefer it to our wheat flour.

Mortars carved out of stone are sometimes employed
for grinding the acorns, with the help of a pestle. Prof.
Holmes found two ancient ones, of a globular shape, in
the possession of an old man named John Cannon. They were so highly valued by Mrs. Cannon as receptacles
for watering the chickens that one of them was
secured only with the greatest difficulty. They had been
discovered originally in a mine, together with a number of skeletons, buried six feet deep in gold-bearing gravel.

The acorn flour is cooked in a number of different
ways, but the utensil most commonly employed for the
purpose is a basket, so closely woven that it will hold
water without leaking. Water and meal being put into
the basket, the mixture is brought to a boil by heating
small stones in an open fire and dropping them into the
receptacle one by one. The stones are lifted with a
pair of neatly trimmed and pointed sticks, and, when
the porridge is done, are taken out in the same way.
Finally the stuff is dipped out with a cup into another
basket, and is ready for use.

The baskets made by the Indians of Southern California
are much coarser than those manufactured farther
north in the State. Some of them are rude affairs from
three to five feet in diameter, and three feet high, woven
of willow splints, and are used for storing grain, acorns,
and other food products. Such an improvised granary is
placed on a scaffold six feet in height, made by setting
forked poles in the ground and laying other poles across.
Among other foods commonly eaten by the California
aborigines are horse chestnuts, various berries and more
than a score of varieties of weed seeds.

On the Tulare reservation, near the south fork of the
Tule River, were found a number of roundish earthen
platforms five to eight feet in diameter, constructed
among the bowdiers in favorable locations. On these
were set willow twig loops for fastening decoy birds,
and at one edge of each platform a brush or reed shelter
was built, in which the man in charge of the snares
hid himself. The loops of the snares lay extended upon
the platform and when the wild birds, alighting to feed
with the decoys, became entangled, they were quietly
pulled beneath the shelter.

ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.

PRODUCED IN THE DECOMPOSITION BY WHICH PLANETS BECOME COAL OR BLUE SHALE.

[Kansas City Star:] James H. Southwell of Kansas
City has just returned from Southwest Missouri, where
he went in the interest of people from another city to
make a geological study of the locality and its oil-pro-
ducing probabilities. Preceding his special report upon
the locality visited is some general consideration of the
subject of western oils, which is as follows:

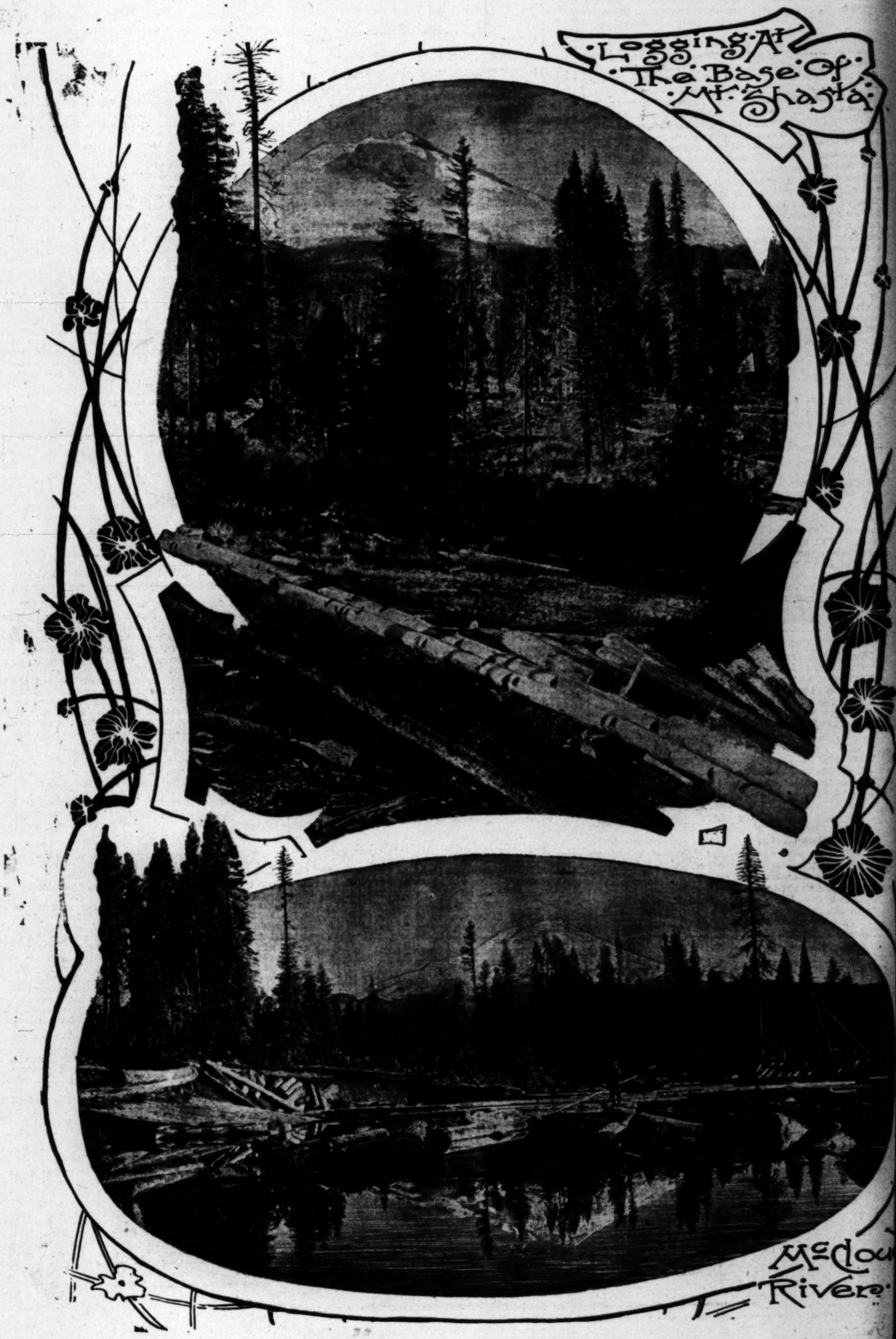
"When plants lose the element of life and remain
exposed to oxygen of the air their substance sooner or
later becomes reduced to carbon dioxide and water, ex-
cept a small per cent. of mineral matter. But if the
decomposition takes place under water, the carbon does
not all become oxidized. Some hydrogen is taken up
and the mass becomes a hydro carbon. If this macerated
wood is carried by currents into still water, and as much as
eight feet in thickness of this pulp settles quietly to the bottom, and upon this is deposited clay
and other rock-making material, in time the eight feet
of carbonaceous matter may become one foot of coal. But if, instead of being deposited separately, both materials were carried in simultaneously and intermingled, the deposit would finally become a bed of blue shale, the
degree of color depending upon the proportion of
carbon to clay. If the mass were ten feet in thickness
it would contain one foot of coal scattered in minute
particles through its mass. Pressure, producing heat,
would change the condition of this hydro-carbon in the
shale into heavy oil, light oil, or gas, according to con-
ditions of heat or pressure. If the heat exceeded that
necessary to convert the carbonaceous matter into oil
sufficiently to vaporize it also, in this condition it
would ascend from the shale bed and be condensed into
oil if caught in any suitable container above the shale,
as in the porous sandstones of anticlinal ridges when
covered by other shales or impervious limestones. But
if the heat were only sufficient to produce the oil, but not
enough to volatilize it afterward, it would as fluid
seek the valleys instead of the ridges. The product,
also, of the ridges or anticlinal differs from that of the
valleys, the former containing more illuminating
oils. No evidence has appeared so far that western oils
are deposited in the anticlinal.

"Upon the eastern and western slopes of the Rockies
Mountain uplift is found the Fox hills group of the
cretaceous formation. This group contains a blue shale
that is from 700 feet to 2000 feet thick. This shale is
probably just about as blue as 200 feet of coal would
make 1800 feet of white clay.

"There is much material for the production of oil in
the Fox hills' shale, and this shale is, it is very prob-
able, the original source of oil found in many localities,
as in Colorado, Wyoming, California, Kansas and
Texas. In some localities in the West, the oil stays
in the Fort Pierre sandstone, which is immediately
under the shale. In other places it has found a reservoir
in sandstones of the Jurassic age, lower down. In a
place in Wyoming it is obtained from sandstones of the
Quebec group, which is not far above the granite.

"This blue shale extends southeasterly down its dip
from the eastern slope of the Rockies, through Western
Kansas into Texas, and under the Gulf. From the
depths of the borings at Beaumont, I think it will be
found that the oil deposit there is in the Fort Pierre
sandstone. Western petroleum products which are ex-
posed for any length of time to the air absorb oxygen
and become asphaltic, which is the condition of oils
collected from streams and springs in Southwest Mis-
souri. Oils from near the surface may be asphaltic,
which left a deeper reservoir containing no asphaltum.
The surface and shallow oils from Merwin are asphaltic
in appearance. I do not know of any analysis having
been made. If oil exists there at greater depths, the
asphaltic conditions may not yet have been assumed."

Picturesque and Scenic California.



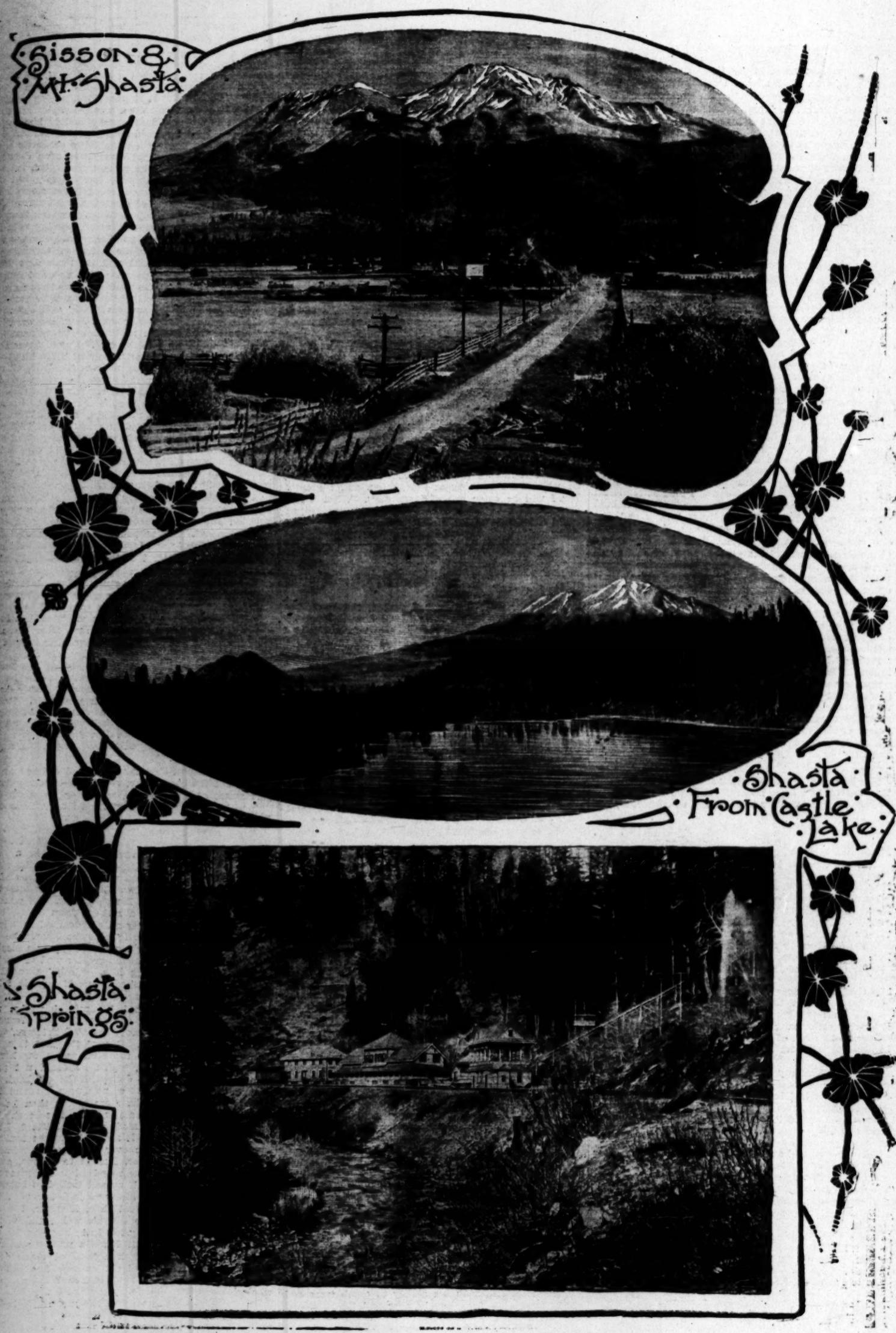
From photo furnished The Times by Putman & Valentine, Los Angeles.

The M

Sisson & Co.
Mt. ShastaMt. Shasta
Springs

From photo furnished The Times by Putman & Valentine, Los Angeles.

The Mighty Mountains of the North.



[All photos furnished The Times by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles.]

6:35 a.m. except Sunday) 7:05, 7:35, 8:05, then every 15 minutes
8 p.m. then 7:35, 8:35, 9:35, 10:35, 11:35 p.m. Flyers leave 5:03,
6:03, 6:20 p.m. Last car leaves Santa Monica for Los Angeles 11:10 p.m.
152 Daily Trains Los Angeles to Santa Monica
155 Daily Trains Santa Monica to Los Angeles

6. Weather Report.
Liners: Classified Advertising.
5. At the Churches Yesterday.
6. Editorial Page: Paragraphs.
Modjeska Welcomed at Lomberg.

house burned at
Chino....Eminent Methodist divine ad-
dresses Pasadena congregation....Mag-
gots kill a man at San Bernardino.

PACIFIC COAST. Northwest's great

members of this committee will
be appointed by the Secretary of the
Interior, who will prescribe suitable com-
pensation for their services.

ned to the hut. Expectingchievous tricks of the day, he lay down in his bed. Later, when the bones ends among the poor who the good man's forgiving a monkey of him, and gave himself better. The and they resumed their life.

ed by without any occurrence one night our mischievous hut as usual, and did not the next day, when he had that, having wandered was his wont, he fell in who invited him to join the large cocoanuts which discovered some days promptly accepted, but with, for, scarcely had they entered the luscious, succulent, bursting through the them, pounding them un- and trampling upon and over, while many were.

It seems, according to old (in those days nearly were endowed with the of trespass upon a grove as their particular. "Oh," said our unfortunate tale of his woes, "was I certainly must have star. I shall never again fear of being killed—unless ask it?" After all your own if—perhaps you will my mind; but then, you it is a virtue to conceal still, I would have you sing. Oh, no! After all not be so ungrateful as to sit. But I cannot help would have been had you with. Ah, that I were quite happy, indeed."

to dissuade him from his the ape to have his will into a splendid, great, with many protestations our huge friend took with delight as he

ured size, strength and apparently clumsy, he continued to push on speed until late in the far from home, he a spreading banyan tree be for the night. His fore caused him to sleep morning, when he was numerous heavy bodies rest near him. Raising of elephants coming to their request, he traveled day, finally arriving at a country often amused

had ordered an elephant his servants, ere they were close upon the herd his lot. All the other this sort of thing, and, into the jungle and white elephant became and round in a circle, my mark for the sharp without difficulty, and, second trained elephants, stables. He was now out from India, to be and learned rapidly, both the King, who took speaking white elephant greater part of his time.

"Truly," thought the one. If my old friend, w!"

for several weeks, until day, after an absence of beautiful Princess, whom of the first things he stud and show her his he could not praise the elephant, who Queen, I am still the of me than he does need a fine beast. Who prime minister? I shall the first opportunity. I made prime ministers, seem to be one, and be of all controversy."

and looked no handsome and laid her soft, little men, however, the King's waist, and, bending in her eyes, he said: a million white elephants hundred times as big as this fine fellow, I beautiful hairs for the what I will do, I will bring gift. He is yours to take a little ride upon to know you and obey turning toward the down for my Queen to

mount your back for a ride. And see that you are gentle with her; if she comes to harm you shall be well beaten. Kneel!"

"For a moment the elephant was stunned. What he had just heard almost paralyzed him. He, the King's favorite, the speaking white elephant, to be humiliated in the presence of a mere woman—nay, given to her, as if he were so many cords of wood or bundles of shells for the hair, and actually ordered to kneel and carry her upon his proud back, with a threat of punishment ringing in his ears should harm befall her. Preposterous! 'Twas not to be endured—nor should it be! He would take a swift and sure revenge. Upon being called the second time, he turned, obediently approached the King and Queen, knelt as if for her to mount, then reaching round as though to assist her, he wrapped his trunk around her delicate waist, rose to his feet, and suddenly whirling her rudely in the air, hurled her to a great distance, where she fell and immediately expired. The King ran wildly to her, giving vent to his grief in many loud cries of anguish. But all would not avail; his Queen was dead. In his anger he ordered that the elephant be slain, but the guards, not knowing that the elephant had heard the order, became careless as soon as the King had disappeared, and, removing the heavy chains which had been placed upon his foot, they started to lead him to the execution ground with the silken cord which they usually employed. Arrived at an open space, the elephant dashed from its captors, breaking the cord, and made for the jungle as fast as it could run, where it remained hidden until night, when it hastened to the hut of the bonze, to whom it related all that had befallen it, concluding with these words: "Was ever elephant so unfortunate as I? What have I done that I should be pursued by so unkind a fate? Why did you not make me a Queen in the first place? Then I should have been happy, indeed. But I will be a Queen yet—you shall make me a Queen." The bonze explained that that was impossible, saying that, even if he should do so, he would not be able to provide a kingdom for the newly-made monarch. But all would not do; the elephant begged, coaxed and entreated, and finally, becoming angry, threatened to kill the bonze unless he would do as requested. The holy man, accordingly, although he could not transform the unhappy beast into a Queen, did the best he could, and made of him a beautiful girl, whom he named Ah-pi-ien.

"One day, while the bonze was absent, the King of that country, who was a handsome young man, having lost his way in the wood while hunting, stopped at the door of the hut to inquire the way, and there he saw Ah-pi-ien, who told him she was a Princess whose father and mother, the King and Queen of a near country, had been devoured by wild animals while on their way to pay a visit to a neighboring King. Thereupon the King fell desperately in love with Ah-pi-ien, and the next day sent for her to the palace, and married her. The ceremony was performed in the courtyard, under the spreading branches of an immense palm tree.

"And now comes the strangest part of this tale. The rings that princes used in those days in marrying their queens could only be worn by those of royal blood; if placed upon the finger of one descended from others than kings and queens, one of these rings would produce instant death. So, when the King began to place the ring which his mother had worn upon the finger of Ah-pi-ien, a most wonderful thing occurred. First, she turned into a great, white elephant; then, in the space of less than a moment, she became a monkey or ape; next, with startling rapidity, she changed into a big dog, then into a cat, and finally, last of all, was transformed into a squeaking little rat, which, immediately upon the last change being completed, fell down stone dead, right at the feet of the wondering and terrified Prince. The Prince commanded that the rat be buried exactly where it died in the garden. He then sat for the bonze, who bade him not to grieve, but take a lesson in content and gratitude from the history of the discontented rat who became a Queen. He then consecrated the ground in which the rat was buried, which caused a beautiful flower to spring up from the grave immediately. This flower was named after the girl who became a Queen—Ah-pi-ien," which is the Chinese name for opium and also for the poppy flower. Thus ends the story of "Discontent, The Poppy Queen," to which an American author (E. P. Baker) recently added the following stanza, first in Chinese, later in Eng'ish, for Munsey's Magazine, as a warning to discontented ones who endeavor to fill positions for which they are not fitted:

Content; the Fool's Philosophy.

"My heart is sad, good Sir Nonsense. Come, make me merry," quoth the King; "And thou shalt have for recompense (A kingly gift) this jeweled ring. What secret talisman, O fool, Aye makes thee gay and wont to sing? What is the philosophic school That makes thee wiser than thy King?"

"Oh, richer than the flashing gems That glitter in thy king's crown; Yea, rarer than the diadems Of kings and dukes of renown— Of greater splendor, brighter sheen Than any jewel thou canst bring. Is one, my liege, thou ne'er hast seen, And I possess that gem, O King!"

"The reason I can laugh, O King, And e'en provoke thy royal mirth, I will reveal—yet keep thy ring; I have a gem of rarer worth." This head that wears the cap and bells Once bore a Prince's coronet; Yet in thy jester's soul there dwells No slight vestige of regret.

"No wish for power disturbs my brain— No wish to don the robe of state; And wish, or word, or deed were vain, If aimed to stay the hand of Fate. My reign had been a tyrant's rule— 'Twas born in strife, in warring spent. O, Sire! My philosophic school— Experience; my gem—Content."

WITCHES UP TO DATE.

BREWERS OF MYSTIC POTIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

By a Special Contributor.

TO SPEAK of witchcraft in this twentieth century seems a mingling of irreconcilable terms. Yet today in the mountains of North Carolina there is a district peopled exclusively by native Americans which is as witch-ridden as was New England before the Salem hangings. There aged hags, who have fostered for themselves a repute of mystery and terror, hold entire communities in subjection, weaving spells and charms, blighting with the evil eye and compounding potions of strange ingredients:

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adders fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing."

The black art of Macbeth may well be the prototype of this mountain witchcraft, for there is a strong current of Scotch blood in this part of North Carolina, and at least two of the noted witches are known to be part Scotch and part Cherokee. The best known of these is called Old Nance—but only in whispers, and it is by no means certain to the countryside that she does not hear these whispers, so most people prefer the safe side and refer to her as Mother Nance. Five thousand feet high in the mountains of Macon county, among the rocks of the foul buzzards, her cabin clings to a wind-beaten ledge of rock, overhanging an abyss. No road leads thither.

For a stranger to make his way there is a matter of no little difficulty. First of all he must find out where Old Nance lives, which isn't as easy as it might appear. No native will guide him. It is difficult to find anyone who will even tell where the place is.

After considerable effort the writer found a young woodsman who agreed to accompany him on the road to Old Nance's, but after some six miles of the hardest kind of tramping, from the nearest point of the roadway, the youth lost his courage and refused to go any further.

"You can't miss it now," he said, glancing fearfully up the mountain side. "It ain't more'n half a mile. There's the laide o' rocks, if yer sure you want to go. Don't blame me if yer friends don't reco'zine yer when you come back—if you ever do git back," he concluded with startling earnestness.

Superstition is one of the most contagious of ailments. It was with a somewhat daunted spirit that the writer proceeded, and presently came abruptly upon a small, one-roomed log shack without window or chimney. Outside a very old woman was stirring something in an iron pot hung over a fire. She was bowed down with age and hideous with wrinkles and grime, and her little eyes were bright and evil. At the sound of a stranger's footstep she whirled around with a swiftness that was uncannily out of keeping with her apparent decrepitude, and after a moment's study of the writer's face, spoke in so cracked an accent and barbarous a dialect that it was hard to make out her meaning.

"Yer kin some'it."

Assuming the meaning of this to be, "You know something that has brought you up here," the writer replied:

"No, Mother, I came to hear something that you know," at the same time producing a silver dollar.

With the swiftness of a snake she darted forward, snatched the coin and hid it in her bosom.

"Ter kem hur fer wot?" she snarled.

"To find out if you haven't something to tell me; something about the days that are coming."

She squinted cunningly over the edge of the rock into the abyss. "Yer come fum below," she said. "Yer'll go back ter below."

"Isn't there some charm you could give me to make it pleasanter down below?"

At this a malignant grin distorted the deep lines about her mouth. With a swift movement she disappeared into the cabin, returning with a bowl of liquid, which steamed and exuded a spicy odor. This she professed. Now there are certain tales of people who went to see Old Nance and never were heard of afterward. This might be explained by the fact that they drank steaming liquid out of a bowl. There are many poisonous plants in the North Carolina mountains, and it seemed best to evade the drink.

"It isn't considered polite to drink alone," said the writer to the witch. "After you."

With a snarl of rage she dashed the bowl to the ground, darted into her cabin and barred the door. This seemed to indicate that the audience was over. The writer returned to the village whence he had started and was welcomed as one from the dead. Also he learned many tales of the witch, some of which were so specifically corroborated by witnesses to the fact that it was difficult not to believe them and impossible to believe that the natives had anything but the fullest faith in them. Here is one: A woman had a daughter who was in love with a South Carolina youth whom the mother hated because he came from another State, a quite sufficient reason in that region. As the girl threatened to elope, the mother took her to Old Nance. Now, for some reason, possibly connected with an evil or unfortunate past, the witch hates all marriages, and will do anything to thwart one. By her orders the trembling girl was left with her. The witch, according to the story told afterward by the girl, scraped a turnip, which she gave to the girl to eat. Hardly had the girl tasted it when her nose began to pain her, and soon it had grown far around upon her cheek, almost to her ear. She was taken home, and now comes the strange part, for there are scores of people in the town who are ready to swear that they saw the hideously distorted organ. Ha-

lover deserted her, between disgust, ridicule and horror. Again she was taken to the witch, and this time ate willingly of the scraped turnip, whereupon her nose returned to its normal shape and position. But the witch warned her that if she ever tried to marry the same mishap would befall her again.

Similarly well authenticated is the case of Carr McCordle's bull. On the occasion of one of the witch's rare visits to the town the bull undertook to chase her. She turned upon the animal and looked it in the eye with so fierce a glare that it turned tail. That night it went mad, and rushed bellowing about the pasture, plunging into rocks and bushes until it finally wedged itself so tightly between two trees that the utmost efforts of McCordle and his friends to get it out were unavailing. What is more, its bones are still there between the two trees. Nobody has dared to touch them.

Even more dreaded than Old Nance is the nameless witch of Roan Mountain. Specific instances of her power are not so plentiful, but there hangs about her more of the terror of mystery. What her name originally was is either forgotten or forbidden. She is only known as "the Witch," or "the Witch of Roan Mountain." For many miles around it is believed that the mention of her brings the speaker in peril of death by flood, landslide and lightning, her allies in an unholy pact. Old man Crowe, who lives a few miles from the cave where she spends her summers, once remarked airily, under the influence of moonshine whisky, that he didn't take any stock in the Witch, and "didn't dare keefer what she could do, anyways." Though the matter could have come to her ears through no human agency, within an hour she "witched him clean crazy" with a spell that lasted for seven years. For days at a time he would be speechless; then, again, sunk in melancholy, changing to violent mania, when he would rush forth into the stormy night, running until he fell from exhaustion.

On such occasions as the Roan Mountain Witch chooses to make visits she lives on the cream of the land. Nobody would dare refuse her hospitality. The terrified people bow down obsequiously before her when she comes to their houses and set out their best food, together with presents to propitiate her. This is the procedure when she comes on any day of the week except Friday. But if she appears on that day of ill-omen the people desert their homes and fly to the woods and mountains, for then she is filled with all purposes of evil, and will blast with madness or deformity any on whom she sets eyes. Her advent on a Friday last summer turned a country picnic into a rout; even the horses, it is said, stampeded.

But the mountaineers are not left entirely defenseless to the wiles of the witches. There lives among them a witch doctor, an old, keen-eyed, bent man, who, for a consideration, will remove any curse that a witch may cast. First he must catch his witch, a feat which necessitates his traveling long distances afoot, for most of the hags live in the most inaccessible places they can find. By spells of his own he defends himself from the black art of the witch while he draws her picture on a paper pad, which he always takes with him. With his prize he returns to the person bewitched, who is often taken with spasms at the sight of the picture. This is proof that the right witch has been found. The witch doctor pins the picture to a tree and shoots it with a silver bullet; thereby dispelling the curse. It is related that once a traveling photographer encountered one of these witches, and, against her remonstrances, took her picture. This the witch doctor subsequently saw and bought. Shortly afterward he was called upon to remove a spell cast by this witch, and produced the photograph, to the great marvel of all those present who had gathered to see the shooting. His shot crumpled the counterfeit presentation up, striking fairly in the middle. On the following day some berry pickers found the witch lying dead outside her cabin.

HOW FAST CAN A BIRD FLY?

[Philadelphia Times:] If you consult the usually-accepted authorities on the speed of birds in their flight, you are likely to be misled by an exaggeration of from 100 to 300 per cent. This is because figures have been given on hearsay, appearance and very superficial observation. But recently, American, English and French observers have been comparing notes and are practically agreed, after most careful calculation on the speed of the best-known birds.

They started with the carrier pigeon, and have made him a base of comparison. He has heretofore been credited with 110 miles an hour, but it is now agreed that he is entitled to 50. A quite recent long distance, carefully-conducted test of 590 miles, from the Shetland Islands to London, showed that the most rapid pigeons made 37 miles an hour. On shorter distances none has made more than 50 miles.

Because frigate birds have not been seen far from land and have been supposed not to fly by night or to rest on the water, they have been credited with a speed of from 150 to 200 miles an hour. If they did fly at that speed they would have to overcome an atmospheric pressure of from 112 to 120 pounds to the square foot of flying surface. There is no certainty that they fly more rapidly than a passenger pigeon, or that they do not fly at night or do not sleep on the water.

The swallow, that is indeed a rapid flyer, has been credited with 180 miles an hour, but he must be cut down to 65 miles, and the marten to five miles behind him, though authorities have placed him ten ahead. The teal duck is brought down from 140 to 50 miles an hour. The mallard is five miles slower, and flies the same as the canvasback, while both of these are five miles ahead of the wild goose and elder duck.

Small birds appear to fly more rapidly than the large ones and have deceived many observers. The humming-bird does not fly as fast as many awkward-appearing, very much larger, slow-flapping birds.

[Brooklyn Life:] She: Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture.

Her Husband: Chi I thought from the value it was a hat.

members of this committee will be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, who will prescribe suitable compensation for their services.

July 7, 1901.]

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

The Camera's Testimony.

PROBABLY no human invention has aided the cause of justice to a greater extent than the camera. It has been instrumental in condemning criminals, and has also been the means before now of saving innocent lives.

A case in point is that of Alfred Grayson, who was living a few years ago at Rio de Janeiro. He was accused of the murder of a Brazilian named Linares, a clerk in the same office with himself. The two were known to have quarreled some days previous to the Sunday on which Linares met his death. Apparently, however, they had made up their difference, for they went out sailing that day on a small yacht which Grayson had hired.

In the evening Grayson brought the dead body of Linares home. His story was that the latter had fallen from the mast and fractured his skull. But medical evidence was of the opinion the wound on the head had been made with a stick or oar. An oar was missing from the yacht's dingy. The mast-climbing story, too, sounded improbable, for the rigging was all worked from the deck. Taking the recent quarrel into consideration, and Grayson's well-known violent temper, the case was black. The coroner's jury had already found him guilty of murder, when a passenger on a Marquette steamer, which had arrived in Rio on the Sunday afternoon, came forward with a new piece of evidence.

This was a snap shot photograph taken as the vessel entered the harbor. Far away, under the cliffs, a tiny vessel was sailing, and against the white sail was a dark mark which a powerful magnifier proved to be a falling man. By an almost miraculous coincidence the camera had been snapped just as Linares fell. The photograph turned the scale in Grayson's favor.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Turning the Tables.

DURING a recent raid on a swindler's den at Brunswick, the police found an album which contained not only the portrait of every member of the force, but accurate anthropometric descriptions and records of physical peculiarities for his identification. This is the first recorded instance of the Bertillon system being turned against the police.—[Berlin Correspondence London Express.]

Misers Who Lived in Safes.

ONE of the most extraordinary women in Paris died a few weeks ago. Her name was Ernestine Duverger. Forty years ago she was the idol of Paris—the favorite actress of the city. For nearly thirty years none but a few servants have seen her face, and all that time she has lived in the center of the most remarkable private fort ever built, a building more resembling a gigantic safe than anything else.

Mme. Duverger was always extremely fond of jewels, and this love of gems developed into a mania when her elderly husband died and left her seventy million francs. She bought stones literally by the peck, and every day would gloat over them and even bathe in them. The house in which she kept those amazing treasures had been an old castle. Madamme renewed the fortifications so that there was first a ditch, then a bastion, earthworks, and finally a center walled with steel and curtained with asbestos. Here, with a few pets and her jewels, she spent her hermit life, from which death has so recently released her.

Mme. Duverger is not the only person whose fear of being robbed has led them into queer ways of life. There was a very old man living near Worcester, in England, a few years ago who had lost a large sum of money by burglars, just before he was about to be married. The loss necessitated a delay in the marriage. In the meantime, his fiancée's people induced her to marry some one else. Probably the shock turned the young fellow's brain, for his precaution against robbery became the talk of the neighborhood. He had a cellar under his house fitted with very heavy doors, and every night, armed with a gun, he went down into this dismal sleeping place, carrying with him everything of value he possessed, and there spent the night.

Victor Ward is well known in Vermont for a similar fear of thieves. He has built himself a residence in a cave on a hillside, and provided it with steel doors like those of a bank. In this resort he is supposed to keep thousands of dollars in gold and silver. On one occasion burglars did attempt to raid the place. They never tried it again. One was found on the hillside, literally shot to pieces by a charge from an old duck gun, and long-trails of blood showed how the others had suffered.—[Newark (N. J.) News.]

Her Strange Introduction.

IN ANSWER to a message thrown into the sea midway between this country and Europe nine years ago Miss Ida M. Griffith of Newark started for Europe Saturday on the City of Rome to meet the man who found the message and persons in Smolen, Norway, with whom she has been in correspondence through the finding of the bottle.

Little did Miss Griffith think when crossing from Europe nine years ago she threw a bottle containing a message into mid-ocean that she would ever again hear from the bit of paper. On it was written her name and address and a promise to pay \$2 to the finder if the note were returned to her.

The incident had gone out of Miss Griffith's mind when a month ago there came a letter from Mrs. Ada E. Bodtke, wife of the master of the University of Smolen. The letter inclosed the message from the sea, and a short note from Mrs. Bodtke, saying that the bottle had been found off the coast of Norway by a poor fisherman. Not

being able to read English he had carried the message to Mrs. Bodtke.

In her appreciation of the finding of the bottle Miss Griffith sent \$5 instead of the \$2 promised. The money arrived at a time when the fisherman was ill and in want.

Then came correspondence between Miss Griffith and Mrs. Bodtke. Some days ago Miss Griffith received the following letter from Mrs. Bodtke:

"It would be very pleasant to make your acquaintance, so I hope you will let me know if you think of a tour of Norway at any time. Perhaps you could take in our little town enroute. It lies very conveniently for the tourist's route. It would be a suitable and charming end to the story of your message from the sea to make the acquaintance of those whom it reached after its long journey."

Miss Griffith's mind was made up at once. She had been looking forward to going to Europe, and the invitation so strangely brought about was quickly accepted. She will be in Norway one month.

The message which now prompts the trip to Norway was thrown from a steamship in September, 1892. Miss Griffith was traveling with a party. In the party was W. U. Byington. The message was inscribed to Mr. Byington.

"It is indeed a message from the past." Miss Griffith said, "as Mr. Byington, to whom I addressed it, is dead."—[New York World.]

Baby's Costly Luncheon.

THE little granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brown swallowed a \$50 bill a few days ago. Mrs. Brown had received two \$50 bills in a letter and had laid them on a table by her while she read the letter. The little girl came in, picked up one of the bills and began to chew it and swallowed all of it except the corner on which the figure \$50 was stamped. This was taken to a banker to see what could be done to get a new one for it, but he said nothing could be done, as the government required the number of the bill.—[Emporia Gazette.]

A School for Detectives.

IN AN out-of-the-way corner of France there exists an academy that is probably unique among the schools of the world. It never advertises. Few people, indeed, know of its existence.

Yet the school is always full. It is known as the Academy for the Acquisition of Criminal Lore, to give a translation that conveys, as near as possible, the actual title in French.

The school is no government affair. It owes its origin to private sources, to a man who has earned distinction in detective work among the best criminal investigators in the world—the French.

The fees are, of course, high. The youth is supposed to have received the usual school education. He must, in addition, be proficient in English, German and Spanish.

The school building consists of an old chateau, set in grounds of some 800 or 900 acres, a part thickly wooded, a part again wild heath land, the rest under cultivation.

On entering the school the detective-probationer is first of all trained gradually in the use of his eyes and hands. This is done by means of simple examples. For instance, he is introduced to an apartment brilliantly lighted and full of furniture. He is given a few seconds, then the room is immersed in total darkness, and he is required to draw on a piece of paper a rough sketch map of the room indicating the position of the furniture to the best of his ability. Sometimes a face appears for a moment before the room is darkened. He must then describe that face, the color of its eyes, if possible, and be ready to identify it at once if it be placed before him in the form of a photograph to be selected from hundreds of others.

This is only a test case, but the value of it can readily be seen. Then comes the education of the hands. Again the would-be detective is placed in a room pitch dark. The chamber is full of curious things. He is supposed to touch them rapidly, and to remember what it is he has touched, so that he would be able to write a description of the thing. For example, a jeweled knife lies in the darkness. He must say, by touch, what the jewels are—whether rubies, diamonds or opals. These are only a few of the lessons that young "Lecoq" received in true Gaboriau fashion.—[New York Journal of Commerce.]

A Fifteen-hundred-carat Turquoise.

GEORGE BELL, the lapidary, is cutting for Dr. George Hamilton of La Jara a matrix turquoise weighing 1500 carats. Dr. Hamilton brought the stone from his newly-discovered mine, a mile and a half west of the Rio Grande River, and near the New Mexican line, in the San Luis Valley. The mine was worked long ago, and when it was rediscovered, a few months ago, the stone hammers and axes and the deer horn pickaxes of the savage workmen were found in numbers.

The mine is on the side of a hill, and its ancient workers had furrowed for 200 feet across it and for 100 feet uphill. They filled in the workings before they left, and it was only by accident that the mine was found again.

Dr. Hamilton has filed on twelve claims, covering the whole hill, for the company which he has formed. The mine will be developed in systematic fashion and by modern methods, and Dr. Hamilton believes will pay well. He brought to Denver, along with his big block of turquoise, a sackful of smaller pieces of the blue stone.

The big block is in a brown matrix, but most of the stone is found in a white matrix, which Prof. R. N.

Hartman of the Colorado State School of Mines says is hydrated silicate of aluminum.

As long as the present rage for matrix turquoise persists, Dr. Hamilton is sure of having a paying turquoise mine. It is said, indeed, that this is the first turquoise mine carrying "pay ore" ever opened in Colorado. George Bell himself owns a turquoise mine, which he got when he first came out here from New York twelve or fifteen years ago. It is in litigation, and no stone is being mined.

Aside from the fad for the matrix turquoise, the price of the clear stone runs from \$4 to \$12 a carat. It depends a great deal on the fineness of grain in the stone, the absence of flaws and of curds. Until Dr. Hamilton's "run of mine" has been graded, the exact value of his find cannot be determined.—[Denver Post.]

A Fisherman's Luck.

THE prize of \$20,000 in a French lottery has been won by an old fisherman, who is over 60 years of age, and has not missed a day fishing for over fifty years. He can neither read nor write, and allowed his little niece to choose the number of the ticket for him.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Button or the Buttonhole.

ONCE upon a time a case was brought before a learned judge, in which the question at issue was as to whether the button was made for the buttonhole or the buttonhole for the button.

Counsel for the button held that it was so plain as to render argument superfluous, that the buttonhole was made for the use and behoof of the button; still, for form's sake, he would give a few reasons why his contention was the correct one. It was apparent, he said, that without the buttonhole the button would be unable to perform its function, and hence it was plain that the button preceded the buttonhole, and that the latter was invented in order that the button might be of service to mankind. It should be clear to everybody that had it not been for the button, the buttonhole never would have been thought of. Its existence necessarily presupposed the existence of the button.

The lawyer for the other side was equally positive in the stand he had been employed to take. He averred that the buttonhole reached the button; that, in fact, the button was merely an afterthought. He said that, as everyone knew, the buttonhole can be employed without the button, as witness Farmer Jones, who invariably uses a nail or silver or wood instead of the conventional button, whereas it was impossible to make effective use of the button without the aid and assistance of the buttonhole. Hence it was shown beyond peradventure that the buttonhole was of greater importance than the button, and it was natural to infer that the buttonhole was first invented, and that the button came later simply as an ornament, or, at least, as an improvement upon the nail, silver or other instrumentality wherewith the buttonhole was made to perform its duty. To show the relative value of the buttonhole and the button, he said, take this simple example: When a button comes off, the buttonhole can still be made serviceable, but if the buttonhole is slit open, the button is of no use whatever. With this the learned counsel rested his case, although he claimed that he had not exhausted the subject.

When the court came in after recess, the learned judge promptly decided the case in favor of the buttonhole—clearly a just decision, although it was whispered about the courthouse that the decision might have been different, but for the fact that while changing his linen between adjournment and reassembling of the court, His Honor dropped his collar button, and hunted for it without success for half an hour, and perhaps might never have found it had he not stepped upon it. But, of course, this suggestion came from the partisans of the button, and may fairly be referred to their disappointment and chagrin.—[Boston Evening Transcript.]

Recreation Flower.

WHAT must be considered as a wonderful curiosity of the floral kingdom is the so-called "recreation flower," a specimen of which has for the first time been brought to this country.

No mention is made in botanical science of the existence of this marvelous flower. It is a mystery at present that is well worth clearing up. When in a closed condition the recreation flower is in color and in form something like a mature and dried poppy head cut with its stem to it.

Submerged in a bowl of water for a few minutes and then taken out and placed by its stem in an empty bottle, the outer petals begin after several minutes to open out. This process is slow, but distinctly noticeable. The petals continue to rise and to expand until they gradually recede backward. When this action is completed a so-called base is formed of the flower which resembles in appearance the starry sunflower, but as regards the shape only.

The radiance and splendor which the opened petals present and the inner rosette that now stands out so boldly are both indescribable for their surpassing beauty and lustrous effect. The "recreation flower" remains thus open for about two hours, during which time, the state of humidity is seen by degrees, the fibres begin to shrink and the petals close up gradually in the same way as they opened, until the flower resumes its former condition. But if this performance is already puzzling in itself, the most phenomenal part about the recreation flower is that by the same simple process it can be made to unfold and close up again and again ad libitum. It is also asserted that properly nursed with regard to temperature and air, and carefully handled, the recreation flower never decays nor degenerates in its effect of radiance and splendor.—[New York Herald.]

Answers to inquiries have been received.

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July 7, 1901.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

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viewed in this Maga-

surely one might be
an author of "The God of
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fidence much of an Amer-
he can trace an Amer-
revolution. He was
ur years ago; lived on
0 years old and worked
a grammar school edu-
cated before the most
the Russian coast. A
rest in economics and
through the United States
he entered the State
completing his course
where, during an ex-
life of the adventurous
northland. His stories
attest to the keen ob-
servation of his life has made a part

work of a man who
in service of deaf un-
as a soldier of the

After the war he
in the Wisconsin Photo-
was far-reaching and
remarkable interest
by one of Mr. Binner's
name so perfected by
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her master's instruc-
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gives an account

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the deaf, and it is to
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life and character
good and noble man,
Graham Bell, in-
of Paul Binner will
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work Among the Deaf.
avenue, Milwaukee,

of this book, is a
in these sketches she
and since the war
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and brilliant speaker.
Woman's Christian
of the Woman Suff-
personal friends of
book is a narrative of
missionary she has
and abroad, and the
expenses of the people
of interest connected

with her sojourns. These wanderings include the Far West and Alaska. The book cannot but interest all who follow the ideals of the author. It will have a memorial interest as a picture of the Old South and the tone and spirit of its domestic life.

[A Slaveholder's Daughter. By Belle Kearney. Fifth edition. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

METAPHYSICAL.

Destiny of Man.

"The boon most ardently desired by the average human heart is immortality—the assurance of it. Hope dies when it faces oblivion."

The pages which follow discuss the question of immortality, but do not deal with theological doctrine or religious belief. They take the subjects which are recognized facts, and show the thinker how he may work out the problem for himself. The duration of substance, the existence of force, the continuity of life, and the infinity of space, are among the first pages which lead on to a study of mental action. "The gift of consciousness could only have come to us from a conscious being. A conscious God is the only thing that can impart consciousness to all men in a long succession of generations, age after age," is a part of the argument, which must be read in its logical sequence in order to arrive at the full interpretation of the author's belief.

The book is written in a concise form. The work will repay careful reading, even though the author and reader are sometimes at variance in conclusion. There are pages of eloquent thought, especially in the consideration of immutable law, and the life beyond the grave, "which must be so populous that the people on the globe are a handful in comparison." The shadowy existence the author believes to be "a body of subtle substance freed from physical pains and penalties, and endowed with powers of perception, reasoning, expression, and enjoyment beyond those of the present time in a place of larger opportunities, with enlarged capacity, with fields for infinite and exhaustless study." The book cannot fail to interest any thoughtful mind.

[Whither: A Study of Immortality. By William Edgar Simonds. John B. Alden, New York.]

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

Reading Character.

The author of this book, who has published several medical works, tells in these lectures many psychological truths, which are included under the motive temperament, the vital temperament, and their characteristics. He compares the nerve force to electricity and has illustrated his book with portraits of a number in whom the mental temperament is asserted to be peculiarly characteristic. The book is one of studious and informing type, and teaches that "the mind is the pilot, the body the ship that it guides, the mind is the musician, the body its harp of a thousand strings." It is a study in the estimation of the powers and capabilities of man.

[The Mind and its Machinery. By V. P. English. Vol. I. Ohio State Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. Price, \$1.]

The Kingdom of Heaven.

This book is built on the faith that matter is only known through mind, and man is a spiritual being. Truly apprehended, the visible world is an embodiment of the divine presence. To carry the consciousness of the divine presence into all one's acts is to live in a perfected life on earth. The study is one of earnest thought and suggestion. The book is a dainty white and gold pocket edition.

[The Christ Ideal; A Study of the Spiritual Teachings of Jesus. By Horatio D. Dresser. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Civic Improvement.

This book was written at the request of the Committee of Fifty. It is a practical study of the saloon, and its place in the life of the workingman. It shows the immense social influence of the saloon, due to their being the popular clubs, and their consequent hold upon the community. The work treats of the progress made by substitutes for the saloon in lunchrooms, coffee houses, social clubs, athletic associations, reading-rooms, etc.

One of the interesting chapters deals with the housing of the working people, and the author also points out the fact that the problem of home and its solution rests largely on the personal influence and obligation of women. Many sensible and practical suggestions are given, and all students of ethical or economic issues should find the work one of practical guidance. Hon. Seth Low, LL.D., president of Columbia College, is president of this committee, which includes many celebrated names. Among the numbers of those who have contributed to the book is Prof. Dave Coolidge of California.

[Substitutes for the Saloon. By Raymond Calkins. An investigation directed by Francis G. Peabody, Elgin R. L. Gould and William M. Sloane. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.30 net.]

Retrospections.

This series of sketches of boy life, air castles, day dreams and romance is a comprehensive retrospective of life along universally familiar lines. The author is a native of Georgia. He was educated at the State University of Athens, Ga. He has been interested in the ancient civilizations of America. He led in a scientific quest of newspaper men from New Orleans which visited the five republics of Central America. A second expedition formed by Mr. Miller included Peru, Chile, Brazil and other regions. An account of this journey

is being incorporated into a work on Latin-America by this author.

[Old School Days. By Andrew James Miller. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

A Bridal Souvenir.

This dainty little book, bound in silver and gold, is intended as a wedding gift to the bride. It contains the form for the solemnization of matrimony, the certificate of marriage, and directions for keeping the plant of love in the sunshine. The wife is directed to be one of the true-born gentlewomen, because she is one of the King's daughters, and the husband is told the motto, "Noblesse oblige toujours." The chapters are sensible and the expositions lead in the ways of consistent lives and unselfish deeds, and unwavering loyalty to the highest ideals. The author reminds the husbands of their duty of tenderness to the women whom they have sworn to defend, and that the joy of married life is delicately poised and affected by trifles. No loving husband will command his wife, and "no true wife will hesitate to count his wish as law when consistent with her loyalty to God, and the nature He gave her."

[Lovers Alway. By F. B. Meyer. Fleming H. Revell Company. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

Theological.

The Christian Science of Mrs. Eddy as a system is attacked by this author. "Faith Healing" and "Absent Treatment" are the introductory subjects which are declared to be unscientific and unscriptural. The origin of Christian Science, its teachings and tendencies, are explained. The book has an introduction by Rev. J. Herndon Garnett. These authors have written some earnest chapters concerning the claims of the followers of this science.

[Christian Science and Kindred Superstitions. By Charles F. Winbigles. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

Lyrical Efforts.

The author of this collection was for some years engaged in newspaper work. He resides in Covington, La. The poetry is mediocre, but the sentiment is on the whole unobjectionable. The book is dedicated to the author's four-year-old daughter.

[Thoughts in Verse. By Duncan Francis Young. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The complete novel of Lippincott for July is Louise Betts Edward's "A Woman for Nothing." Mary E. Wilkins writes of "Two for Peace." The issue is a fiction number and Inar Bevoort Roberts, William Le Queux, Martha Wolfenstein, Edwin L. Sabin, Harold Ballagh, and Albert Payson Terhune are represented in the lists of entertaining summer stories.

The Book World for July, among its special features, tells of "The Pan-American Exposition, as an Artistic and Educational Achievement." "The Beaumont Oil Discovery" is one of the illustrated articles. "Representative American Sculptors" will interest students of art. "The Influence of Our Literature in Japan," by R. Van Bergen, is an interesting study of the transformation of Japanese thought.

Everybody's Magazine for July contains a character sketch of "The Real Abdul Hamid," by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. Dr. H. W. Wiley writes of "What to Eat to Live Long." "An Explanation of Mental Healing" is contributed by Thomas Jay Hudson and W. D. McCracken. Ludlow Brownell contributes a valuable sketch in "Where Earthquakes Write Their Autographs." "Uninvented Inventions," by Francis F. Coleman, tells of unsolved problems which offer great fortunes to any who can master them. The initial article, "Photography as a Fine Art," has some attractive illustrations. Sketches of zoological value and entertaining fiction make the number one of claim to popular interest.

The Engineering Magazine for July contains an important illustrated article by A. H. Ford on "Russia as a Machinery Market." The particular interest lies in Mr. Ford's authoritative analysis of the effect of M. de Witte's tariff reprisals on American exports to Russia. He concludes that this will be to drive the trade into underground channels through British and German middlemen, who will thus reap intermediate profits, and ultimate credit as the apparent original manufacturer.

The frontispiece of the July Critic is a portrait of John Burroughs, taken by Husted. Prof. Lewis E. Gates discusses Prof. Harper's "Essays" on Churton Collin's "Ephemera Critica." A. D. Albert, Jr., writes of "Joseph Jefferson as a Painter." Christian Brinton writes on "Maxime Gorky," the Russian novelist. The "Real Conversation" is between William Archer and George Moore. Joseph B. Gilder tells of "A Latter-Day Odysseus," in an exhaustive review of W. J. Stillman's recently published autobiography.

The July number of the Criterion is devoted to short stories, which are represented by the names of Kate Upson Clark, Elmore Elliot Peak, A. E. Thomas, Edgar White, and others. Stephen MacKenna tells of the great French sculptor, "Rodin." "Oliver Wendell Holmes on Fitz Green Halleck," is contributed by Gen. James Grant Wilson. Numerous other contributions add to the interest of the number.

The Ladies' Home Magazine contains as its initial number, James F. Metcalfe's "Goin' Fishin' With Joe Jefferson." The place was Palm Beach, Fla. The article is illustrated, in which Joe Jefferson says that if the government had anything to do with the theaters, politics would be bound to enter and we would have four years of Republican theaters, followed by four years of Democratic players. Ernest Seton-Thompson writes a delightful sketch on "The Mother Teal and the Overland Route." T. H. Benton (Mme. Blanc) tells of "A Girl's Life in France." "The Story of a Maple Tree" is an illustrated sketch by William Davenport Hurlbert. Edward Bok, in "The Case Against the Editor," makes

some amusing disclosures. "The Country of Sheridan's Ride" and "Where Our Country Began" are subjects of interesting historical illustrations.

The World's Work for July gives the usual interesting consideration to the subjects connected with the present march of events. The Chinese and Cuban problems, the decision of the Supreme Court, and the chronicles of the "New Bureau of Forestry" are included in these papers. A. Radcliffe Dugmore tells of "Photographing Tropical Fishes" caught at Key West, Fla., in an illustrated sketch of artistic value. J. D. Whipple writes of "Our Relations With China." Prof. L. H. Bailey describes "The Revolution in Farming." Sydney Brooks tells why "The French Republic is Strong." Booker T. Washington has an article on "The Salvation of the Negro," which is illustrated with views of life at Hampton. Francis Nelson Barksdale writes of "Alexander Johnston Cassatt," the railroad president and man of affairs. L. A. Nelson gives glimpses of "The Machinery of Wall Street." Senator John L. McLaurin of South Carolina tells of "The Breaking Up of the Solid South." Gifford Pinchot, who is the Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture, tells in an illustrated article of special interest, of "Trees and Civilization." Edwin Le Feore writes of the methods and personality of "James R. Keene, Manipulator," in the realm of the New York stock market. It is of interest to know that this Wall-street leader came to California, a frail boy, to regain health. That he endured privation and penury and was a miner, a farmer and a cowboy all goes to prove that California outdoor life may be a fine physical school.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

"A History of Chinese Literature," by Heribert A. Giles, M. A., LL.D. (D. Appleton & Co.) has been announced. Such a work would probably have a wider claim to interest on the Pacific Coast than in any other portion of the United States.

"The Land of Cockayne," by Matilde Serao, is pronounced by Max O'Rell a clever story. It is published by Harper & Bros. Edmund Gosse pronounces the author to be the most prominent imaginative writer of the latest generation in Italy. W. L. Alden, in his London letter, tells how far this Italian woman outranks other authors of fiction.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have recently published "A History of the American People," by Francis Newton Thorpe, Ph.D.

The preservation of old manuscripts of historic or other value has been very much simplified by the use of Japanese silk at the Library of Congress. It is asserted that this transparent material, which is thinner than tissue paper, is being pasted over the old manuscripts there for their preservation.

Dr. Charles W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely, writing of Annie Nathan Meyer's novel, "Robert Anny: Poor Priest," speaks of it with unqualified praise as a fine piece of historical work, and also a charming romance.

Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D., has written of "The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.)

"The Home Life of Wild Birds," by Francis E. Herrick, is one of the publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, which is said to please alike both scientist and layman.

WHAT FIVE BIG CITIES SPEND.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] The five great cities whose municipal expenses are usually compared are London, the most populous city in the world; New York, the greatest city of the New World; Paris, the oldest of the European cities of the first-class; Berlin, the European city which is growing most rapidly in population, and Vienna, whose affairs are administered under conditions which have changed little since medieval times.

London has by the last census a population of 4,500,000; New York, 3,500,000; Paris, 2,500,000; Berlin, 1,885,000, and Vienna, by the census of ten years ago, 1,385,000, which has probably been increased to 1,500,000 now.

The cost of the government of London is approximately \$65,000,000 a year, or at the rate of about \$15 per capita. The municipal expenses of New York are \$98,000,000 a year, or at the rate of about \$28 per capita. The municipal expenses of Paris are \$72,000,000, or about \$28 per capita, the same as New York, though Paris has a burdensome municipal debt, and has been expending for many years millions of francs on adornments and embellishments, the pressing utility of which would not probably be agreed to by many New York taxpayers.

The municipal expenses of Berlin are \$21,000,000 a year, or at the rate of about \$12 per capita, and the municipal expenses of Vienna are \$12,000,000 a year, or at the rate of about \$8 per capita—the smallest average among the five cities.

London expends more for education than New York, New York expends more for its police department than London, Paris expends more than either London or New York for the improvement of its streets and the enforcement of laws as to buildings.

BEDBUG DESTROYERS.

The American Druggist pronounces the following preparations useful in fighting bedbugs and similar vermin:

First—Corrosive sublimate, 150 grains; ammonium chloride, 300 grains, and decoction of quassia (about 1 in 20.) 32 fluid ounces. Mix and dissolve.

Second—Soft or green soap, 1 ounce; caustic soda, 20 grains, and water, 14 fluid ounces.

Third—Naphthalin, 3 ounces, and benzine, 30 fluid ounces. This mixture may be used indiscriminately on bedding, furniture, textiles of all descriptions, and wall paper.

Fourth—Camphor, 1½ ounces; paraffine wax, 2½ ounces; cottonseed oil, 5 ounces, and benzine, 25 ounces.

Fifth—Naphthalin, crude, 2 ounces; tobacco, cut (or Scotch snuff,) 3 ounces; benzine, 32 ounces, and oil of melissa, enough to flavor. Mix the naphthalin, tobacco and benzine, macerate for five days, agitating occasionally, decant the clear liquid and flavor with the oil.

Powdered dalmatian net flowers is a good powdered insecticide, though a mixture of equal parts of this and powdered bellitory is often recommended.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.)

Mining in Sonora.

A COMPANY known as the Sonora Development Company, with headquarters at Kansas City, was organized some time ago, under the laws of Arizona, for the purpose of developing mining property in the Moctezuma district, of Sonora. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000. Charles W. Goodlander of Fort Scott, Kan., is president, and the Graybill Brokerage Company represents the enterprise in this city.

The Moctezuma district was extensively worked for minerals by the Jesuits, a century ago. After the Jesuits were driven out of the country many of these mines became filled up and forgotten. Sonora affords a profitable field for investment in American capital in mines.

Firewood from Arizona.

ACCORDING to an Arizona paper Yuma furnishes a large part of the supply of firewood consumed in Los Angeles. Many Yuma Indians are engaged in cutting and hauling mesquite, receiving for it \$3 a cord, delivered at the track. The wood is even better than oak for heating purposes.

Examining the San Gabriel Valley.

THE Pomona Progress states that "J. G. Holmes, with an efficient corps of assistants, has for the past two months been making a study of the San Gabriel Valley, preparing soil maps, and looking up the general agricultural interests of the valley, including irrigation and an underground water supply, and has been making a scientific and practical analysis of our soils and fertilizers.

"This work is being done under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture of the government. The report will be published shortly and will be of much interest to the ranchers of this valley."

Gold Nuggets.

THE San Luis Obispo Tribune notes the find, in the Burros gold mine, on Los Burros Creek, of several gold nuggets, one of which was worth over \$70. These mines have been sold by the owners to San Francisco people, who expect to wash out a considerable amount of gold after the next rains.

Development of the Territories.

A PRELIMINARY report on the manufacturing industries of the Territories of Arizona, Indian Territory, New Mexico and Oklahoma has been announced by the census bureau: It shows for Arizona, 314 establishments, with a combined capital of \$10,157,008, an average of 3268 wage-earners; total wages, \$2,369,065; miscellaneous expenses, \$132,272; cost of materials, \$8,461,410; value of products, including custom work and repairing, \$21,315,189. These figures for 1900 include nine establishments engaged in copper smelting and refining (not reported in 1890), with a capital of \$7,265,659, and 1649 wage-earners; \$1,276,729, total wages; \$265,518, miscellaneous expenses; \$6,370,884, cost of materials, and \$17,286,517, value of products. There were seventy-six establishments in 1890, with \$616,629 capital; 458 wage-earners, with aggregate wages of \$332,146. The value of products was \$947,547.

"The figures for New Mexico show 420 establishments, against 127 in 1890. Other New Mexico items for the censuses of 1900 and 1890, respectively, follow: Capital, \$2,698,876; average wage-earners, 2690; against, \$49; total wages, \$1,350,586, against \$479,361; miscellaneous expenses, \$204,337, against \$76,633; cost of materials, \$2,914,138, against \$691,420; value of products, including custom work and repairing, \$5,605,795, against \$1,516,195."

Ventura County Crops.

THE Ojai, of Ventura county, says that there will be about two hundred thousand tons of sugar beets harvested in that section this year. There are now growing in the valley 14,000 acres of beets, which will, at fourteen tons to the acre, produce a crop of 196,000 tons. This is considered to be a very conservative estimate. The journal referred to says:

"It will be the largest ever raised here. On the Patterson ranch 1600 acres are in different stages of growth. Allowing fourteen tons per acre, this ranch will produce 22,400 tons. It is possible that the Oxnard factory may not be able to handle the entire crop, and it is possible that many tons will be shipped to the Chino factory.

"It is estimated that the lima bean yield will be over 500,000 sacks.

"About 300,000 sacks of this amount will be raised in the valley surrounding El Rio, Oxnard and Hueneme. The Los Posas, Pleasant Valley, Simi and the other side of the river will produce the remaining 200,000 sacks. This year over a third more land will be planted to beans. Beans are a valuable product. Buyers are now contracting at \$3.50 per cental. Many thousand bags of beans have been contracted.

"The grain yield is now estimated at 350,000 bags,

mostly barley and wheat. The Simi will produce 75,000 bags, and the Conejo over 150,000. Former Sheriff W. H. Reilly will harvest 30,000 bags. The yield will be the largest since 1897. The recent rains were of great benefit.

"For instance, W. H. Hughes of Moorpark, estimated before the rain that his 240 acres would produce 1200 bags. Now he expects to secure 3600 bags. The rain is worth thousands to the farmers. It is estimated that Ventura county products will be worth over \$3,000,000 this season."

Lower California.

ALEXANDER ROACH, who is engaged in mining at Magdalena, Lower California, was recently in the City of Mexico, and spoke with a representative of the Herald of that place. He reports that Americans are drifting slowly into Lower California, and says that they are all making money. Mr. Roach is quoted as follows:

"There is a great deal of prejudice abroad against Baja California, which is unjust. Sometime it will be one of the most productive sections of the Mexican union. There are splendid mines all through the mountains. Near Magdalena, where I am interested, there are five different American gold properties all doing well."

"Of course we are out of the world. The steamships do not make regular calls at our port and we sometimes go for many weeks without the slightest news from the outside world. But we manage to get along and have a pretty good time."

"There are also excellent farming lands throughout the peninsula. From San José del Cabo north for a hundred miles you can raise anything in the way of semitropic fruits. At the latter place the shipment of date alone amounts annually to more than a hundred thousand dollars. Deciduous fruits grow well in the mountain regions and there are the best pasturage and stock ranges in the world, where water can be found. Land is ridiculously cheap at the present time, and I expect to see the day when it will all be taken up, by an intelligent class of foreigners who can make good homes."

Arizona Indians as Farmers.

THE following interesting extract is from the Native American, a little magazine published at the Indian school in Phoenix, Ariz.:

"We would like to see the government offer the Pimas citizenship and 160 acres of first-class farming land! How quickly it would be accepted. There would be no misunderstanding on the part of a majority of these Indians in the Southwest as to the terms or nature of the transaction. There would be no leasing of the land either. Instead you would see houses going up on every side, fields opened up and smiles on the faces of the Indians interested. Each would understand how far his land extended and would see that no one trespassed on his rights. Land possession among the Pimas is as secure as in any white community."

"The land is here in plenty—thousands of acres of it—but it lacks water. To allot land as it exists today would be sheer cruelty and wickedness. When water is provided by storage, then conditions here will be as favorable as in Oklahoma or the Indian Territory.

"But if the time comes when land is allotted to the Pimas and Maricopas, it will be found that 160 acres is too large an allotment. Under irrigation and proper cultivation, the productive capacity of land is three or four times as great as in localities where there is three or four times as great as in localities where there is no irrigation. Allotments will in consequence be necessarily reduced in size."

"One authority says the Gila River reservation embraces 357,120 acres, and at least 200,000 acres can be covered by irrigating canals. The proposed San Carlos dam would have a storage capacity of about 375,000 acre feet. It is estimated that two acre feet a year are required for irrigating properly. According to this, the San Carlos dam would just about furnish enough water to cover all the land available in the Gila River reservation.

"But it is claimed this estimate is considerably reduced when roads, corrals, fallow land, etc., are counted out; so that there would probably be some surplus water available to sell to white settlers. This seems to be all the foundation there is for the belief that prevails in the East that the San Carlos dam proposition is 'an entering wedge' for special legislation on the irrigation problem."

Arizona Marble.

FOLLOWING is from the Phoenix, Ariz., Republican: "While so much is being said about Arizona's wonderful resources, agricultural, stock raising, and mineral, her various stones, not usually referred to in the use of the word mineral, should not be overlooked. Most notable among these is marble of all colors and qualities. Reference to the quarry in Cochise county, in which Messrs. Pomeroy, Legier and others are interested, has been made in these columns two or three times, when specimens of the stone were placed on exhibition. Mr. Legier now has a small supply of it on hand at his yard, and says it works up satisfactorily in every particular. Asked if the quarry was being developed, he said that a considerable quantity of stone had been taken out, though it is not being operated on a large scale yet. That will come later, with the application of more capital to the enterprise. But enough of it has been taken out and worked to prove its superiority over most marbles known in commerce."

"J. A. Porter, in speaking of marble, said he knew of a deposit in the Grand Cañon country of remarkable dimensions. Its drawback is the fact of its being almost inaccessible at the present time. With the construction of more railroads and other methods of trans-

portation that will some day follow, this deposit will doubtless be made available for the stone worker. It is what is known as the marble cañon, a dry gulch tributary to the Grand Cañon in Mohave county, and running north from the Colorado River near the Grand Wash.

"Mr. Porter visited this place in 1877, while traveling toward some early day copper mines being worked by a party of Mormons from Utah. He says the view of Marble Cañon was one most beautiful to behold, and the stone, of every conceivable color, exists in enormous quantities.

"Many other vast marble deposits are reported from time to time and no doubt the time will come when Arizona marble will be a well-known commodity in the interstate commerce of the nation."

To Push California Products.

HERE is not the slightest doubt that there are many California products, now almost unknown to a great majority of the people of this country, not to speak of Europe, for which a vastly greater market could be obtained if they were only made known to the public in a persistent, business-like manner. Our people can raise some of the finest horticultural products known in the world, and they have recently learned how to put them up in appetizing form, but they are still in the kindergarten stage of placing these products before the consuming public. On this subject the San Francisco Examiner recently said:

"California is badly in need of a business man who knows how to advertise. There is scarcely a single California product that is properly represented abroad. There is not a single concern in this State, of which we have knowledge, that has had sense enough to get up a first-class brand of anything and advertise it in an intelligent style. Every hotel, restaurant, and most of the private houses in California, have on their tables a number of condiments—Worcester's Sauce, Blatz Ketchup, Tabasco Sauce, Crosse & Blackwell's pickles. Not one of these condiments has any superiority over fifty of a like character produced in California, yet wherever the white man goes they are known and used, while superior articles put up in California are unknown and unused. We want somebody in California like Heinz, who advertises 'fifty-seven varieties.' Heinz makes good pickles, but no better than fifty packers in California make. But California people put out California goods which mean nothing. Any one can sell California wine, and most of the wine sold as California wine in the East is the worst wine made in California. Any one can put up California peaches, California prunes, and fruits bearing those names sold in the East are in nine cases out of ten the meanest, vilest product that is put up in this State, hence the name California has no value in the East. There are a hundred qualities of all the goods packed in California, so the name has lost its value.

"In nearly every swell hotel in the East the bill of fare announces Bouldin Island asparagus. The reason is that the firm that puts up this brand has sense enough to keep up its quality and advertises it in the proper manner. No doubt there is other canned asparagus in the State as good as the Bouldin Island, but the people who have canned other asparagus have not had sense enough to advertise it.

"California can make a jelly just as good as the famous Bar le Duc, which is composed of white and red currants, sweetened with honey instead of sugar, but no one here has had sense enough to put up a jelly of that character and advertise it as Bar le Duc has been advertised.

"The prune people of Santa Clara are just waking up to a knowledge of what advertising special brands will do. They may not retrieve all their losses and rid themselves of all their troubles by the expenditure of the thousands which they have devoted to the purpose, but they certainly are on the road to success, and if they keep the work up their brands will be particularly valuable.

"It is no use trying to permanently push a poor article, for there is no sense in producing poor articles in California for foreign consumption. The raw material here is cheap. Our fruits can frequently be bought for the price of the transportation. We would like to see the California canneries take this question up and spend some money in advertising in the East and elsewhere some special brands of exceptionally fine canned goods.

"One product that offers an enormous fortune is the ripe olive. Most of those sent East are not properly packed, many of them are not properly cured. Every Californian who has sent an eastern friend a case of properly prepared and properly packed olives can testify to the gratitude with which that splendid relish is received. We know one swell restaurant in New York that offered to take a carload of ripe olives if the proprietor could be guaranteed a fruit equal to some sent him by a friend, but there was no firm in California shipping olives that could make such an order good.

"The California walnut is the finest in the world for pickling, and yet on nearly every California table Crosse & Blackwell's pickled walnuts can be found. There was a cannery here seven years ago that made a specialty of putting up pickled walnuts, but they called them California walnuts and raised immediately a prejudice against them, because other canneries had put up goods of inferior quality. We hope to see the day when the name 'California' will be entirely disassociated from any product of the State. It has been made absolutely valueless for business purposes. Our people must begin to realize the value of individual brands and trademarks, and then advertise them properly."

The tailor-made girl may be first in the swirl of tea and of beans,
Who receives the most calls.
But she'll have to admit it's the telephone girl
—[Ohio State Journal]

July 7, 1901.]

CARE OF THE B

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR

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Compiled for The T

Adulterated Olive Oil.

IN THE report of the Connecticut Experiment Station, previously referred to, given the result of tests made of samples bought in the Connecticut market, is rather more satisfactory than might have been expected, considering the wide extent to which oil is adulterated.

The committee states that, owing to the finer grades, olive oil has been adulterated with the oils of cottonseed, linseed and poppy, as well as of cheap oil samples examined, 60 were from drugstores. In 27 of the brands bought adulteration was detected. Most of the samples contained cottonseed oil, and a few probably contained cottonseed oil, and a few were in the French language, and declared of the bottles to be olive oil.

Vegetarianism.

PROF. FERDINAND HUEPPE recently wrote in the British Medical Journal, in which he deals with vegetarianism from the scientific point of view:

"Such a diet can be consistently borne by it from infancy, and accustomed to hard work. There is no advantage as a working diet. The same amount of (33 per cent.) consumed as food appears to be carnivorous dog, the herbivorous horse, or man. No vegetarian animal, not even camel, or elephant, can carry the weight of the carnivorous lion, on the other hand, equal to himself in weight, can jump high. The lifting power of man, the needs of any other mammal, is like an overheated steam engine, in danger of explosion, owing to the use of fuel. His digestive system is forced to bear a greater bulk of food, and energy used for the higher purposes of mental and physical exertion. Only in the condition of hard manual labor can a purely vegetarian diet be borne who consumes milk, eggs, butter, and considered a vegetarian. Vegetarianism sometimes suggested, lead to a mild for the wild buffalo, the rhinoceros, and Chinese pirate are alike remarkable for their doctrines, pushed with fanatic expression on the healthy, and only tend to the balance of others who, like themselves, of an unnatural mode of existence."

This is a somewhat one-sided presentation. In the light of obvious facts, it is absurd to suppose that human beings may live and be strong in mind and body without consuming flesh. To do this, however, judgment is cast as to the kind of vegetable food. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that the vigorous and healthy on a diet of cabbage and potatoes, and apples, or any water of that kind. On the other hand, millions of people live entirely on vegetable choice or necessity. It is a well-known fact that beans, or peas, or lentils, or grain, contain twice as much muscle and fat-forming pound of lean beef, upon which so many people are placed by many people.

Animals which live on vegetable food longer lived than carnivorous animals. The German professor to the relative carnivores and of animals which consume meat is an unfortunate one, for his side of the argument that a lion or a tiger can exert greater time than a horse, or an ox, or a camel who has partaken of a dose of brandy, time put forth more strength than either the drinking man nor the camel possesses the endurance of temperate meat beasts. The lion and the tiger would be able to perform the protracted hard labor of the horse, and the ox, and the camel.

Principles of Health.

FOLLOWING is a condensation of a paper by F. A. Whiting, at the recent graduation of the Pacific School of Osteopathy in this city.

"To best fit a child for the duties of life, and to care for by a mother, who first of all appreciates his physical needs. To not only know her child but herself, and this requires a knowledge of physiology in the broadest sense of the word, does not mean the anatomy which ends in the names of the several parts of the body. The physiology which enables one to digest bread or a bit of cheese, which enables one to see the location of the various parts, and understand the relationship of the various parts, but he must call to his aid the

July 7, 1901.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

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CARE OF THE BODY.
VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Adulterated Olive Oil.

IN THE report of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, previously referred to, there is given the result of tests made of samples of olive oil, bought in the Connecticut market. These tests are rather more satisfactory than might have been expected, considering the wide extent to which olive oil is known to be adulterated.

The committee states that, owing to the high cost of the finer grades, olive oil has been extensively adulterated with the oils of cottonseed, sesame, peanuts, linseed and poppy, as well as of cheap animal oils. Of 81 samples examined, 60 were from grocers and 21 from druggists. In 37 of the brands bought of grocers no adulteration was detected. Most of the adulterated samples contained cottonseed oil, and a few of the samples probably contained no olive oil whatever. All the labels were in the French language, and declared the contents of the bottles to be olive oil.

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Vegetarianism.

PROF. FERDINAND HUEPPE recently had an article in the British Medical Journal, in which he attempted to deal with vegetarianism from the standpoint of modern science. In the course of an article, the professor says:

"Such a diet can be consistently borne only by a man bred to it from infancy, and accustomed to the doing of hard work. There is no advantage in vegetarianism as a working diet. The same amount of potential energy (33 per cent.) consumed as food appears as work in the carnivorous dog, the herbivorous horse, and the omnivorous man. No vegetarian animal, not even the horse, ox, camel, or elephant, can carry the weight of his own body. The carnivorous lion, on the other hand, gripping a calf equal to himself in weight, can jump a hurdle six feet high. The lifting power of man, the mixed feeder, exceeds that of any other mammal. . . . The vegetarian is like an overheated steam engine which is in danger of explosion, owing to the use of a wrong kind of fuel. His digestive system is forced to deal with a far greater bulk of food, and energy which might be used for the higher purposes of mental activity is wasted. Only in the condition of hard manual labor in the open air can a purely vegetarian diet be borne. Of course he who consumes milk, eggs, butter, and cheese cannot be considered a vegetarian. Vegetarianism does not, as is sometimes suggested, lead to a mild and gentle spirit, for the wild buffalo, the rhinoceros, and the rice-eating Chinese pirate are alike remarkable for ferocity and cunning. Finally, the vegetarian is exposed to as many chances of poisoning as the flesh-eater. The vegetarians of our time, Prof. Hueppe tells us, belong to the class of neurotic men who, failing to meet the strain of town life, ever seek for a 'heal-all' in one or other crank. Their doctrines, pushed with fanatic zeal, make no impression on the healthy, and only tend to overthrow the balance of others who, like themselves, are the victims of an unnatural mode of existence."

This is a somewhat one-sided presentation of the case. In the light of obvious facts, it is absurd to deny that human beings may live and be strong and healthy in mind and body without consuming flesh foods, in any shape. To do this, however, judgment must be exercised as to the kind of vegetable food that is consumed. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that a man can be vigorous and healthy on a diet of cabbage, and turnips, and potatoes, and apples, or any watery vegetable food of that kind. On the other hand, millions of well-developed people live entirely on vegetable food, either from choice or necessity. It is a well-known fact to all who have studied the science of dietary, that a pound of dried beans, or peas, or lentils, or grain, contains more than twice as much muscle and fat-forming matter as a pound of lean beef, upon which so much reliance is placed by many people.

Animals which live on vegetable food are usually longer lived than carnivorous animals. The reference of the German professor to the relative strength of the carnivora and of animals which consume vegetable food is an unfortunate one, for his side of the case. It is true that a lion or a tiger can exert greater force for a brief time than a horse, or an ox, or a camel, just as a man who has partaken of a dose of brandy may for a short time put forth more strength than an abstainer, but neither the drinking man nor the carnivorous animal possess the endurance of temperate men, or vegetarian beasts. The lion and the tiger would be totally unable to perform the protracted hard labor which is done by the horse, and the ox, and the camel, and the elephant.

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Principles of Health.

FOLLOWING is a condensation of a paper read by C. A. Whiting, at the recent graduating exercises of the Pacific School of Osteopathy in this city:

"To best fit a child for the duties of life, he must be cared for by a mother, who first of all fully understands and appreciates his physical needs. To do this she must not only know her child but herself from a physical standpoint, and this requires a knowledge of anatomy and physiology in the broadest sense of those terms. It does not mean the anatomy which ends with a knowledge of the names of the several parts of the body, and the physiology which enables one to tell where a piece of bread or a bit of cheese is digested, but the anatomy which enables one to see the location and structure, and understand the relationship of the various parts of the body. To do this one must not only use his eyes and hands, but he must call to his aid the microscope, and

the microtome and the refined methods of modern histological research.

"The physiology which is of use is that which enables one to understand the condition of the body which various external symptoms indicate. One may have a most excellent conventional knowledge of physiology and yet be perfectly ignorant of the real condition of a child when he has a bounding pulse or is burning with fever.

"The conventional knowledge is of no use, while a real knowledge of conditions might be the means of saving life. Any rational, moral and intellectual training must be founded upon a thorough knowledge of the physical constitution of the child.

"It is difficult to overestimate the seriousness of the handicap which poor health imposes upon one, and when we realize that in many cases this handicap is imposed by the gross ignorance of parents of some of the most fundamental laws of health, it seems that no stronger argument would be needed to convince every one of the importance of an education which will fit him to guard those intrusted to his care against the easily-preventable diseases.

"We are living in a world of cause and effect and the future success of the child largely depends upon his clear recognition of this fact. If he grows up in an atmosphere where disease is regarded as fortuitous or comes from any other reason than a violation of the laws of his being, he is in danger of applying the same false conclusions to other departments of thought, and the mental and moral results of such reasoning are always disastrous.

"In the words of Huxley: 'The only alleviation of the ills of mankind lies in resolutely facing the world as it really is, with all of the make believe thrown off.'

"In one of Longfellow's poems, 'Resignation,' in speaking of the death of a child of a loved friend, he says:

"These severe afflictions not from the ground arise, But oftentimes celestial benedictions assume this dark disguise."

"If I were talking with a mother who found comfort in these lines, while mourning over the death of her child, I would certainly not attempt to analyze the sentiment from a scientific standpoint. If she could see a 'celestial benediction' in her sorrow, I should feel that 'where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise,' but were I talking with a mother whose child was yet living, I would, on all proper occasions, try to impress upon her the thought that death does not come to the young as a 'celestial benediction.' It comes from the surrounding condition being unfavorable for the continuance of life, or from the inheritance of an impaired constitution from parents who were so ignorant as to disregard the laws of their being. These 'celestial benedictions' do arise from the ground. They come from old cesspools, from the ground alternately saturated with household slops and dried by the sun, they come from the dark, unventilated cellar, in which decaying vegetables are to be found in the corners.

"These 'celestial benedictions' come from improper diet, from irregular hours of sleep and from improper clothing.

"The little girls whom one so often sees on street cars late at night, returning from a party, clad in their white dresses, and who have 'partaken of refreshments,' and who have already lost the sleep which should come in the early part of the night, are the not unlikely future victims of a 'celestial benediction.'

"Surely no education can be more valuable to the mother than the education which fits her for the sacred office of motherhood. Education along these practical lines may be had in all of our reputable medical and osteopathic colleges. As the osteopaths are less hampered by tradition than their brethren of the older schools, they are in the front rank as educators along the line of household hygiene."

* * *

The Influence of Fear.

DR. TANNER, who obtained some celebrity by his long fasts, recently sent a letter to the Denver Republican, in which he makes some interesting statements in regard to the effect of fear upon human beings, as a promoter of disease:

"In your issue of May 25, I find under the caption 'Microphobia,' an editorial reviewing the barbaric action of a frenzied mob in Cleveland, who made a futile endeavor to burn a hospital ambulance containing a smallpox patient. In view of such an outrage, you wisely suggest that the doctors, en masse, make a 'concerted action' to disabuse the public mind of its erroneous conceptions as to the dangers of contagion.' The suggestion is timely, and should be acted upon promptly and energetically. But alas! the prospect of such 'concerted action' is as dim as that of the near advent of the millennium. Why? Because there is no money in such a procedure, and most doctors, like the rest of mankind, are on the 'make.' Educate the masses that it is wisdom to subordinate their fears in all times of peril from epidemics of disease, and the people so educated, would be ripe to give 90 per cent. of the M.D.'s a furlough for life. A large per cent. of doctors are not willing to be thus shamed, for obvious reasons. We as a people point the finger of scorn at the 'Heathen Chinee,' but in many respects they are much wiser than their brethren of the Occident. It is a custom among the orientals to employ their physicians on a salary—by the year, it being stipulated in the contract that the pay continues so long as the family remains well, and stops when any member of the family is disabled by sickness. Adopt the oriental method on this continent, then there would be hopes of 'concerted action' as suggested. Amid such environments, the Chinese doctor is virtually compelled to look closely to the prevention of disease, rather than its cure. He must therefore fit himself to be an educator, as well as a practitioner. A plethoric bank account largely depends on his success in keeping his clientele in health, while the very opposite is the ruling sentiment in the West, where physicians receive pay per visit.

"In this land of boasted civilization, the 'dear people'

support a physician to every 500 people. In New Mexico a physician would starve to death with a clientele of 5000 people, if natives. That is the difference in being civilized and semi-barbarians. The Apache Indians of our continent are acknowledged to be one of the strongest—if not the healthiest and strongest—races on the earth. These Indians know neither gymnasium nor drug doctors. They never studied anatomy, never read physiology; for this reason they are physically perfect. The Indian's ignorance, as it is often termed, has been his salvation. The white man educates himself away from nature, so the more he knows, paradoxical as it may seem, the less he knows. A physician located among 10,000 Apaches would starve to death if dependent on their patronage for support.

"Some time since I visited Danville, Ky. A smallpox scare was in full blast; doctors were kept busy vaccinating the gullible, panic-stricken people. A resident physician told me that the over-credulous people of Danville might be likened to a goose, the picking of which, in that one scare, had enabled him to 'tear his nest' to the amount of \$1500. The doctors, as a class, foster the fears of a panic-stricken community because there is money in it. What ground is there for hoping for 'concerted action' by them to prevent such barbaric outbursts of 'Microphobia' as the one under consideration. There is a class of physicians, however, who are putting forth faithful endeavors to disabuse the public mind as to the prophylactic value of vaccination in smallpox and their efforts are steps in the direction indicated in your editorial.

"If the newspaper men are really in earnest to see 'concerted action' by physicians, along on the lines indicated, let them lend their influence in favor of anti-vaccination. Then the people will have reached the half-way house, to the goal of 'concerted action,' etc. But pending the quarrel between the vaccinationists and the anti's, I feel that I have a duty to perform as an individual physician, to create that enlightened public sentiment that shall tend to prevent a recurrence of mob violence such as disgraced Cleveland lately. A Brooklyn physician asserted, before a convention of doctors, that a 'blind fear of contagion is nearly as bad as the disease itself.' I go further, and say it is worse by far than the disease itself.

"I am not in the field as an iconoclast in medicine, but a builder up. I recognized that the people have rights as well as the M.D.'s. I am working with the firm conviction that the masses should be educated to know themselves, physically, mentally and morally, with the view of preventing disease, not only physical, but mental and moral also.

"Speaking for myself I can say I have made a study of the laws of life and health in the experimental school, and have been forced to the conclusion that the healing principle inheres in myself and not in the doctor or his medicine. I subjected myself to privation and suffering for the purpose of getting at truths by total abstinence from food for forty days on two different occasions. The knowledge, gained from my experiments, is far better than knowledge gained by vivisection, and enables me to bid defiance to all disease—contagious or otherwise—I never was successfully vaccinated, I rejoice to say, yet during my army life I had from twenty to fifty smallpox patients under my professional care. I had abundant opportunities, during my six months' service in the pesthouse, to note the fatal effects of fear and also I had abundant opportunity to note the potent power of the will to deprive the disease of its power to disfigure, or to palsy the patients with fear of death."

Dr. Tanner goes on to tell of an instance which came to his knowledge during the war, where Confederates suffering from smallpox, who refused to be treated by Yankee physicians, and who took their cases into their own hands, almost all recovered, while on the other hand, among the smallpox patients from the Union army, who were treated as the text-books direct, the mortality was at least 7 per cent.

It does not necessarily follow that everybody should ignore medical assistance, in all cases. That would be reverting to the errors of the Christian Scientists, and other fatalists. It is, however, undoubtedly a fact that there is a general tendency on the part of the public to overestimate the dangers of disease, and to rush to drugs and doctors on the slightest provocation. Quite naturally, the physicians do not take much trouble to disabuse the public mind of these erroneous ideas, any more than the lawyers are in the habit of advising people to keep out of court. That would be expecting too much of human nature. When we adopt the sensible Chinese plan of paying physicians as long as the patient is in good health, and stopping the pay when he is sick, the doctors will soon find out that we can get along with much less medicine and medical attendance.

SOME ENTERTAINING SOAP-BUBBLE TRICKS.

"Any one can perform these soap-bubble tricks by the exercise of a little care," writes Meredith Nugent in the Ladies' Home Journal for July. "To make a bubble rest upon a flower dip a dahlia or other stiff-petaled flower into the solution and then with a pipe or funnel blow a bubble upon the top of it.

"To make bubbles and noise, dip the end of an ordinary tin fish horn well into the solution and blow gently until quite a large bubble has been formed. Then four or five loud blasts may be sounded on the horn without injuring the bubble in the least.

"To make six bubbles inside of one another, dip the end of a straw in the soapy water and after resting the wet end upon an inverted plate or sheet of glass, which should have been previously wet with the solution, blow a bubble about six inches in diameter. Then dip the straw well into the solution again, thrust it through the center of this first bubble and blow another. Continue in this manner until the bubbles have all been placed."

[Detroit Journal:] The Photographer: Do you wish to pose three-quarters full?

The Colonel: Just as I am, suh! I don't carry a graduated scale with me.

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A GIRL'S GOOD SENSE.

By a Special Contributor.

"If Jerry Hanscomb would marry some nice, quiet, sensible girl and settle down, I think he'd make a fine fellow," said Mrs. Martin.

Miss Betty looked up quickly. "It always makes me sad to hear anyone say that," she said crisply. "I want to ask, 'What spite have you got against the girl?' Make a fine fellow of him! That usually means that he is a pretty poor specimen to start with."

Mrs. Martin glanced apprehensively at Clara, who was bending lower over her work, a flush on her delicate face.

"From what I hear," Miss Betty went on, "I should say Jerry was pretty poor material to make a nice fellow out of. It seems to me it would be a pity to sacrifice such a girl as you describe—on the doubtful chance of getting a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"We are too hard on Jerry," Mrs. Martin protested. She was clearly uneasy and glanced significantly toward Clara.

"I am fully aware that Clara is in the room, Mrs. Martin," said Miss Betty. "But that is not going to prevent my saying my say about that young man."

"You can say what you are a mind to," retorted Mrs. Martin. "You never did like Jerry, but I tell you he's got his good points."

"Drinks, don't he?" Miss Betty demanded bluntly.

Clara started and looked shocked.

"Lots of men take a little when they are young," said Mrs. Martin, uneasily, "but they get over it when they settle down."

"You don't deny that he drinks—we won't say like a so-and-so, but enough so he has had to be helped home several times. Then he smokes like a house-a-fire, and when he isn't feeling good-natured he's got a fiendish temper and swears like a pirate."

"Can't you say some more nice things about him?" asked Mrs. Martin sarcastically.

"Yes, I can," answered Miss Betty promptly. "He's inclined to be lazy, and he stays out late nights, galavanting around with nobody-knows-who."

"He's been more steady lately," said Mrs. Martin decisively.

Miss Betty raised her eyebrows, looked meaningfully at Clara and coughed slightly. "I'm glad to hear it, but I guess you are the only one that has noticed it."

There was an awkward silence, though Miss Betty did not seem to notice its awkwardness.

"On the other hand," she continued more slowly, "he is certainly very handsome. He is pleasant and agreeable when he wants to make a good impression, and he is strong and capable and a good worker when he's a mind to be."

"Well," said Mrs. Martin, triumphantly, "that's something, and I say again, if he married the right kind of a girl, he'd probably settle down and be all right."

"That may be," said Miss Betty, "and if a girl wants to try that kind of an experiment, why it's a free country and she has a perfect right to, but I do hate to see her going into it blind. If she wants to start a reformatory, all right. Some folks have a taste for that sort of thing and are fitted for that kind of missionary work. But if a girl wants to start a home, and thinks that is what she is doing, and then finds out after a month or so that instead she has got a sanitarium for drunkards on her hands, why—it seems to me she will be sort of unpleasantly surprised, not to say disappointed."

Mrs. Martin was fast losing her temper. "She won't be an old maid, even then," she snapped.

Miss Betty smiled a m'ny. "I expected we'd come to that. We've got through. I've been an old maid now for at least twenty years. You take a woman that has been to a drinking man for that length of time and just compare us. If you don't say I look the healthier and wiser of the two, why—I'll never say another word against Jerry Hanscomb."

There was a moment's pause and then Miss Betty went on:

"The worst of it is, girls are such fools, the most of them. Just because a fellow is handsome and dashing they think he's perfectly lovely and they pass by steady, honest young men, like John Trent, for instance, and let them become old bachelors."

Miss Betty folded up her work and reached for her shawl and fascinator. "It's getting on toward supper time," she said, as she rose to go.

Mrs. Martin sewed very fast and did not look up, but Clara went with the caller to the door. "I'm coming over to see you soon," she said timidly.

"Well, I hope you will," said Miss Betty, heartily.

As she walked along the road she spoke aloud. "I'm glad I did it, and I guess I took it in time. I don't believe she cares anything about him yet, but if I'd waited any longer—I don't know."

Clara went back to her aunt and faced her with flashing eyes. "Is it true—what she said?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, I suppose so—only she made it out fully as bad as it is."

"And you never told me. You let me think he was a good man. What made you do it, Aunt Martin?"

"I always liked Jerry, and I thought you were just the one to improve him." Mrs. Martin looked a little surprised. She had never seen her niece in such a mood as this.

Clara was silent for some time, then she asked:

"And how about John Trent? I used to play with him when we children and I came out here visiting. I always thought he was a nice boy. But this time, whenever he has called you have snubbed him, or have managed so I should not see him. You have made me think there was something wrong about him, and that the other fellow was the better one. It seems that I can't trust you any more, but won't you tell me truly what is the matter with John?"

Mrs. Martin was crying weakly. "He—he's so slow—"

Clara interrupted scornfully. "And you thought I preferred someone who was fast!"

"And he isn't good looking like Jerry, and he doesn't dress well, and he just plods along so awful steady—oh, dear! don't look at me so."

Clara began to laugh. "I'm glad I've found out the truth," she said. "Don't feel badly, Aunty. I see you meant well, but you made a mistake. I've been quite unhappy about John, but now it is all right. And as for Mr. Hanscomb, I don't think I care to see any more of him."

"You might be the making of him," urged Mrs. Martin, wiping her eyes.

"It is too much work and too much risk," laughed Clara, "especially when there are plenty already made, like dear old steady John."

SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

A DEGENERATE SCION.

THE INDEPENDENT YOUNG WOMAN ENTERTAINS HER SOUTHERN AUNTS IN NEW YORK.

[New York Tribune:] Just what led the Misses Fairman to leave their Virginia home and betake themselves to the South of France is not essential to this tale. To make a long story short, they arrived in New York en route to Southampton, and their niece met them, with the results that follow accurately recorded. The two little old ladies had lived for fifty years in the quietest of southern villages, with just enough money to make a show of keeping up the big old house. They had never been lively, even in their youth, and as time passed they shut themselves more and more closely into their shady garden and rambling old mansion. Friends of their childhood on calling would be received with such obvious shyness that they felt it kinder to stay away, and finally they were left quite alone, with a family servant or two. Among the younger generation there grew up a tradition that Miss Jane and Miss Bethie Fairman lived behind the big trees; but few even of those whose parents had played in the garden ever saw the quaint little old ladies. With such an existence behind them, they came to New York and saw their extremely up-to-date niece for the first time in many years. Now, the niece was an orphan, and the aunts felt more or less responsible for her actions.

"My dear," said Miss Jane, as they left the station in a drizzling rain, "has it become customary for young ladies to wear skirts which expose so much—ankle?" She shuddered a little as she said ankle, a portion of the human frame never mentioned in good society unless it happened to be sprained.

"Why, yes, auntie," returned the niece. "You can see that everybody does."

Miss Jane was more dignified than ever as she observed: "The Fairmans, my child, have never felt it incumbent upon them to follow undignified fashions."

Arrived at the hotel, the niece left them for the night, to return the next morning. She found them pale, and the room in disorder. "My dear," said Aunt Jane, with a fine tragedy air, "we hardly slept all night. When we were about to retire we observed that the door between this room and the next had no key! Imagine our feelings! It seemed quite possible that the key might be on the other side, thus leaving us to the mercy of some person who might be not only undesirable, but even (shuddering) criminal." (The idea of a criminal in the sedate hotel which sheltered the old ladies was nearly too much for the listener.) "So, we dragged everything before the door, and I endeavored to stay awake in order that your Aunt Bethie might rest." Aunt Bethie was delicate, so frail and slight that it had never occurred to anyone to drop the babyish name she had received in her childhood. To have her alarmed was a sufficiently serious matter to make the niece promise to brave the smiles of the clerks and see that the door was fastened to her satisfaction. This duty done, she suggested breakfast. "We couldn't think of dining in a public restaurant; you forget yourself, my dear," said Aunt Jane to this suggestion. "We will have breakfast in our own apartment. Never mind the expense, child, of such 'luxuries' as you call them. A lady keeps herself a lady under all circumstances, although she starves. A Fairman may go without food, but she will not eat in an unbecoming manner."

After breakfast a drive was suggested. Aunt Jane vetoed it, but there was a gleam in little Aunt Bethie's eyes which made the girl press her point. Finally, permission secured, she ordered a hansom for herself and Aunt Bethie. The drive was accomplished without incident, except that the little lady remarked as they drove off: "My dear, do you think you enter a carriage in a dignified way? I should call it a hop, which is to be avoided. Your Aunt Jane and I were taught at school how to step gracefully into a carriage."

"It wouldn't be much use to me," suggested the niece, "to study that—on \$15 a week," and Aunt Bethie agreed that the reduced circumstances of the family should be blamed rather than any ill breeding on the part of the unfortunate younger scion of the house.

That evening when the niece prepared to go home, there was a wild fluttering of the two little doves because, without sense of shame, she announced that she intended to walk the six blocks alone, at 9 o'clock at night. The shrieks of Aunt Jane and the tears of Aunt Bethie reduced her to walking home with a bellboy—who gayly paraded the streets whenever she chose, and scorned the escort of man. "Didn't I feel like a fool!" she remarked afterward.

The little ladies stayed but a day in the city. As the niece kissed them on the steps, Aunt Jane slipped into her hand a \$50 bill (much needed by the sisters themselves, although they would never have allowed themselves to think it,) and said: "My dear, it has been a great pleasure to see you. You are not what you would have been had we retained the wealth which that dreadful war took from us; but you appear like a lady and a Fairman. Yet we cannot help thinking that it may be for the best that your dear mother was taken. Your Aunt Bethie and I have always been rather liberal in our views; but your dear mother—she might have been shocked!"

THE BABY'S SLUMBER SONG.

Oh, what is the baby's lullaby
In lands where the north winds blow—
Where icebergs sail on the frozen seas,
And deep lies the drifted snow?
The seagull's scream is his lullaby,
And snug in a bearskin nest,
He gives no heed to the storms without—
They cannot disturb his rest.

Oh, list to the brown babe's lullaby—
The babe of the far Southland;
All day he dreams 'neath the date palm's shade
Or rots in the shining sand.
The amber wavelets that lap the shore
Sing the baby's slumber song,
And like beads strung on a golden cord
The bright hours slip along.



And what is your by-low, by-low song
Oh child of the Orient?
You funny cherub with shaven poll,
And eyes that are set astain.
The wind in the budding almond tree
Croons over you as you lie
On your white straw mat, in the warm sunshine;
And this is your lullaby.

But sweetest of all, the slumber song
That's sung when the lights are low,
While shadow-folk on the nursery wall
Fly silently to and fro.
For what like a mother's tender voice
And a mother's gentle hand,
To guide the baby along the way
That leads into Slumber Land?

J. TORREY CONNOR.

CORN-HUSK DOLLS.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Miss Nellie Morrison of Salina, Kan., is making a fortune by making dolls from corn husks. Her trade extends all over the United States and Europe. When a child, she made these dolls for her little friends. The demand was so great that she sold them for 25 cents each. Now she is 28 years old and she sells the dolls by the hundred at the same price. The first corn carnival held in Atchison in 1895 brought Miss Morrison prominently before the public. Her dolls exhibited there leaped at once into popular favor and she received more orders than she could possibly fill. She has never been able to find an assistant who could put the corn husks together as skillfully as she herself does the work. She is kept busy day and night supplying the demand. She has sent the queer dolls to Germany and France and recently shipped a large lot to England. She says she does not know exactly how many dolls she has made, but the number would run into the thousands.

Miss Morrison uses about as many husks as are found on an ordinary ear of corn to make each doll. The cob serves for the body. The face is covered with a husk and the features painted on. The corn silk is used for the hair. The dress is a full skirt of husks, with a shirt waist and Eton jacket. A corn-husk sash encircles the waist. The hat is a big scoop bonnet trimmed with tassels. In her right hand the doll holds a dainty parasol made of firm straw, with a particularly silky husk for a cover.



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members of this committee will be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, who will prescribe suitable compensation for their services.

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THE FLORAL PORCH PARTY.

ADVENTURE HOT-WEATHER GAME—YOUNG PEOPLE
MAY TEST THEIR SKILL.

By a Special Contributor.

During these hot days, when active games are often out of the question, the hostess is frequently called upon for an enjoyable, yet quiet way of entertaining friends. There is a fresh and attractive idea called *florist building*, which is admirable for porch parties and similar affairs. It can be played by any number of persons, by either sex, and any age. The necessities for it are a dozen or more sheets of tissue paper, including all the primal colors and popular tints; needles, thread and a couple of pairs of scissors.

Each player is told to choose, mentally, a flower—any well-known blossom—without mentioning the name to the company. He is then to endeavor to reproduce the bloom in tissue paper. Every player, whether in wins or not, must make a flower, but his task can be simple or complicated, according to the choice he makes.

Twenty minutes are allowed for cutting, crumpling, adjusting and sewing the blossoms. At the end of twenty minutes these are collected by the hostess, who attaches to each a little tag having a number written on it.

The floral collection thus ticketed is arranged in rows upon a table. Each flower maker then receives pencil and paper, with a request that he write down the names of all the flowers represented, and, if possible, a poetical quotation regarding them. The hostess secures from each botanist the name of the flower intended, and keeps these for reference.

Another twenty minutes is allowed for this work. The player who is successful in naming all or most of the blooms is announced first-prize winner. A second prize is in waiting for the girl or man who gave most quotations correctly.

A vote is then taken to decide which flower of all the bunch is cleverest in design, and most accurately resembles nature.

No little trinkets in floral pattern are at hand to be given as prizes. The flowers made by the different comers can be divided into three large bunches, tied with appropriate ribbons and presented as trophies and mementos of the occasion. But if some little outlay can be made on the first, second and third prizes an amusing booby can be evoked by gathering all blossoms into one great bouquet. These are presented to the lady winner in overwhelming magnificence.

The floral nature of the party can be suggested in a number of charming ways. The porch may be decorated with jars loosely filled with daisies or June roses. Refreshments may consist of iced, cake and bon-bons, all in flower form; or lemonade, served in flower-shaped glasses. The china, even, upon which the edibles are served can be made to suggest the occasion by selecting from the closet shelves a set decorated in floral design.

DON'T NEED LEAP YEAR.

BOSTON FIRM OF WOMEN ARE GETTING MORE PROPOSALS THAN THEY CAN ATTEND TO.

[Boston Post:] Goodwin Sisters, dealers in cigars and tobacco, pioneers in their line, have been asked thirty-six times to enter a state of wedded bliss since the story of their commercial success was published in the Post, a short time ago.

A huge batch of letters lies on the desk in the sisters' office. They contain all sorts of sweet proposals, but all bear marks of "genuine feeling and fond, untying affection."

From the sweet-scented shores of Lake Sunapee, in New Hampshire, comes the offer of "a beautiful home and an intellectual and poetic husband, who loves to weave mystic, charming fancies from out the curling wreaths of smoke."

"I am a poet," he wrote, "and perchance, yea, perhaps, you have read some of my humble verses. 'Twas I who penned that romantic, grotesque, yet touching, ballad, 'Lillie Picadill.' Here on the borders of a gorgeous sheet of water, I sit and dream the day away, thinking and whistling—thinking of you, whistling a tune for us both. If you cannot come to my cottage, I will write and sell another poem, and lie myself in your cosy shop. I am a smoker, and do not object to the smell of the weed about the house; so, you see,

we would be a happy, ideal couple. I enclose a 2-cent stamp for reply."

Miss Hattie Goodwin, to whom the letter was addressed, did not respond to the outpouring of this poetic soul, and he is still yearning in solitude.

A Back Bay physician, whose name is not unknown to some measure of fame, has sent love epistles and theater tickets without number. His regard has developed into the practical sort, and he has become one of the most profitable customers the Goodwin Sisters have.

From New York City a man who describes himself as one of the unfortunates driven from the cigar business by women, writes to say that he would be willing to marry Miss Sadie Goodwin, and that as a saving in clerk hire he would prove a wonder.

"I have had more than twenty years' experience in the business," this modest man says, "and know more about cigars than you will, shou'd you live to be a thousand years old. Send me a ticket, and I will come on approval. If you don't find me as described, I'll pay my own fare home." He has not started for Boston yet.

Maine farmers, too, have been affected by a vision of presiding over the Goodwin cigar stores. From the town of Houlton, a farmer who raised 3000 bushels of potatoes last year sends word that he is willing to sell the farm and go to Boston. He has 200 tons of hay and an incommensurable number of farming implements.

"Ever since Tiza died, thirteen years ago, I've been off my vittles and sort of pining. So I am in a frame of mind that robs matrimony of all terrors. I will come up as soon as you send for me. Am a Baptist, and will bring the cow."

Miss Goodwin wrote the Houltonite that he could come when she sent for him.

"We do not know just what to think of our position," Sadie Goodwin said to a Post man yesterday, "so many men are writing to propose matrimony. They seem to think that girls cannot get along alone. I am afraid if this keeps up I shall be obliged to marry for protection's sake." Miss Hattie Goodwin declares that she won't marry till she is 50.

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Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced his profession for the past twenty-eight years, is now located in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats people suffering from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous and organic diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and without medicines.

It is the knowledge of the law of suggestion that enables us to control and cure disease. By suggestions properly made, we lift people from conditions of despair and distress, exhaustion and disease and start them to living new lives. People who are actually sick, or who suffer from habits or vices of any kind, no matter what their ailments may be, or how long they may have existed, if a cure is possible, can be certainly and radically cured by suggestion—by suggestion alone; no drugs of any kind employed. Suggestion is a peculiar method of cure, unlike any other. That it is a success is no longer a question. It is an absolute victory, and takes rank as a leading method of cure among the highest scientific authorities in America and Europe.

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Flemish Oak Side-board \$125.00.

The Flemish oak sideboard pictured in the heading is one that we have reduced from \$225.00 to \$125.00. It is one of our richest pieces of furniture, 6 feet wide and most elaborately carved all over. Exactly \$100.00 has been taken from the price.

Flemish Table to Match, \$90.00.

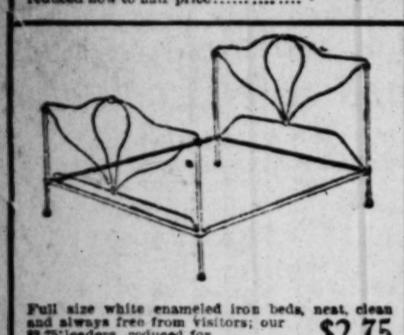
A five-foot round dining table that can be extended to 12 feet, matches the sideboard exactly. Flemish oak, carving and everything. It is reduced from \$180.00 to \$90.00.



Brass and white enameled iron beds of very elaborate pattern, highly decorative in every respect, our regular \$25.00; reduced now to half price..... \$12.50



Cobble seat Rockers, made of solid hard wood; our bargains at \$2.50; sale price..... \$1.50



Full size white enameled iron bed, neat, clean and always free from visitors; our \$2.75; leaders, reduced for this sale to..... \$2.75



Mahogany finished writing desk, nicely finished inside and out; our best leader at \$5.50; reduced now to..... \$3.75



Solid oak bedroom sets of three pieces, common and simple, but will retain many times their price in value. From \$20.00 to..... \$1.30



Elm tables like the picture—small, round, with a picture frame on top; Green Tag price is almost too low to be believed..... 40c



Mahogany dressing table similar to picture or with four small drawers in addition, perfect beauty, cut to half price..... \$30.00



Mahogany, big quartered oak sideboard with two bevel plate mirrors, much prettier than the picture represents it to be; very well made, and elegantly finished; reduced from \$80.00 to..... \$30.00



Combined secretary and book case of either oak or mahogany, an artistic and most useful piece of furniture; reduced from \$10.00 to..... \$1.00



Oak book case, 3 feet wide and well finished, five shelves, regular price \$6.00; Green Tag price..... \$4.00

\$1000

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Have no equal in quality, and the purity is guaranteed by \$1000. No jelly makers anywhere pretend to equal the "Bishop quality" but they say "we'll let the grocer have ours so he can sell it for five cents less than Bishop's maybe a good many people won't notice the quality." You get more fruit and sugar for the money when you get "Bishop's." Ask your grocer for "Bishop's Medallion brand" handsomely packed in glass jars or in the buffet size for lunch baskets and small families. The buffet size sells for 10 cents.

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NEWMARK BROS. LOS ANGELES.

Mahogany dressing table with picture frame mirror. A rich piece of furniture. Green Tag sale reduces it from \$15.00 to \$10.00.

\$20 LEATHER SEAT CHAIRS FOR \$10.

These highly desirable chairs have leather seats and backs, then, too, they have French legs. You'll like them when you see them. Reduced from \$20.00 to \$10.00.

\$30 FANCY ROCKERS FOR \$15.

Oak rockers with leather seats and backs, handsome chairs that will appeal to every furniture buyer. Green Tagged from \$80.00 down to half price, \$15.00.

\$60 SETTEE CUT TO \$30.

A handsome settee in davenport style, mahogany frame upholstered in rich green velvet. Someone will get a bargain in this handsome piece. Only one of them.

\$60 CARVED HALL CHAIR FOR \$30.

Another half-price offer. Our most handsome Flemish oak hall chair, entirely hand-carved. As rich as they make them; \$30.00.

\$150 SECRETARY BOOKCASE FOR \$75.

A magnificent three-winged bookcase of selected quartered oak, generously carved and altogether lovely. One of the most desirable bargains in the whole Green Tag sale. Exactly half price; \$75.00. There is a secretary bookcase to match at the same price.

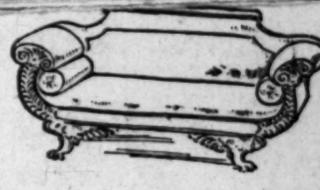
\$65 LIBRARY TABLE FOR \$32.50.

This piece matches the one mentioned above. Same wood and carving, a bookcase and secretary combined. Only one of them.

Beautifully carved oak table for the library. Usual size, but very unusual in its carving. You can't help liking it. It has been greatly admired. Take it for half, \$32.50.



Cane seated rocker with spindle back, the same ones we sell at other times for \$1.75; Green Tagged to..... \$1.25



Mahogany davenport, richly upholstered in satin damask, plentifully carved and of very artistic shape, one of our finest pieces; reduced from \$100.00 to..... \$60.00



Our regular \$1.00 hard wood dining chairs, excellent cane seats and extra well made; Green Tag..... 65c



Hall chair of quarter sawed and selected oak, gracefully shaped seat, very artistic; reduced from \$6.00 to..... \$2.50